045106

The Saturday Evening
POST
August 25-September 1, 1962 20¢

Robert Mitchum
His Unvarnished Story
By Bill Davidson

A Top Jockey Tells How To Diet

Psychoanalysis:
New National Pastime

Our Image Abroad
By Robert F. Kennedy

Frank Robinson

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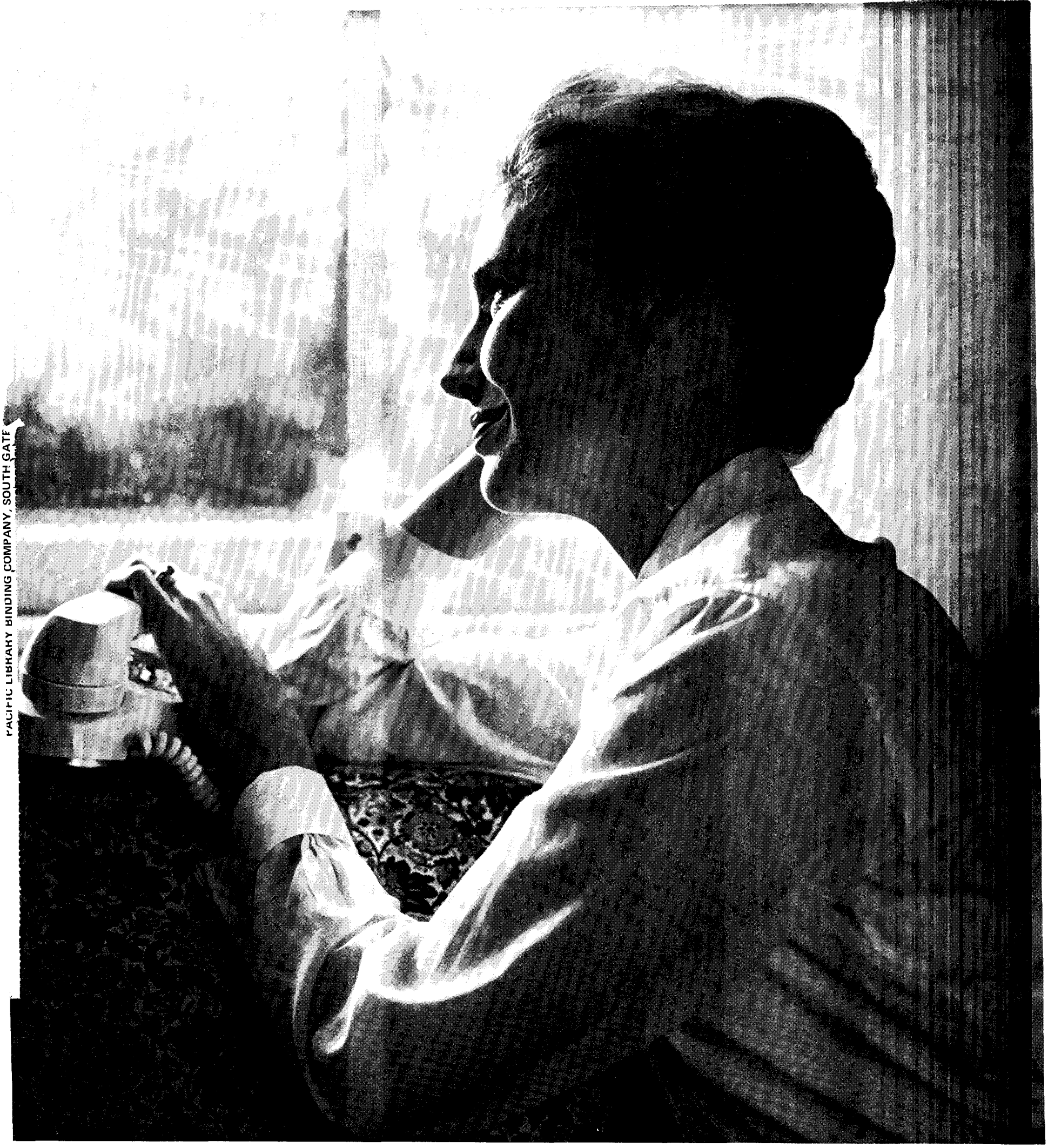

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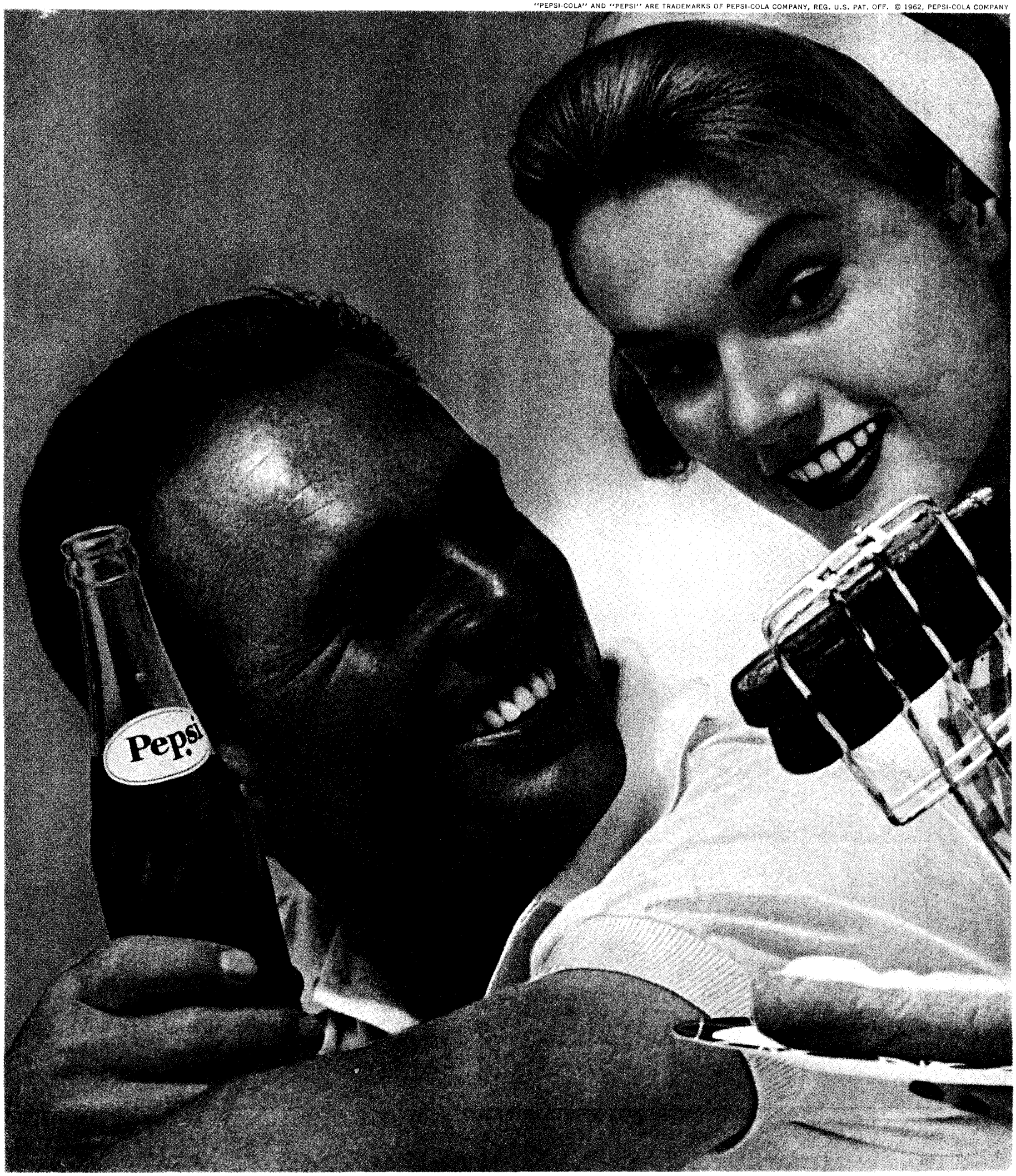

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Robert F. Kennedy. Upon returning to the United States last February after his world tour, Mr. Kennedy resumed his busy schedule as Attorney General and wherever he found time—in hotel rooms, in planes, trains and automobiles—worked on the book-length account of his trip. (His previous work was the best seller *The Enemy Within.*) Our article, drawn from the new book, expresses Mr. Kennedy's conviction that overseas "there is a tremendous reservoir of goodwill toward the United States that will disappear if its potential is not properly realized." His conclusions are based on his uninhibited give-and-take conversations with students, labor leaders and politicians in fourteen countries. The title of the book, *Just Friends and Brave Enemies*, is derived from a line in a letter written by Thomas Jefferson to Andrew Jackson in 1806: "We must meet our duty and convince the world that we are just friends and brave enemies."

Other By-Lines. **Evan Hill** takes his outdoor recreation where he finds it—outside his home. He lives fifty yards from the South Branch of the Sugar River in Newport, N.H. . . . **Frank J. Taylor** is a frequent contributor who lives in Los Altos, California. . . . Jockey **Eric Guerin**'s experiences with keeping his weight down to 112 pounds have left his collaborator, **Jimmy Breslin**, unmoved. "I outweigh him by one hundred pounds and some change," says Breslin, "but I have no plans to diet." . . . Contributing Editor **Bill Davidson** gives us another unsentimentalized view of Hollywood in his account of the turbulent life and times of Robert Mitchum. . . . Since he resigned as an editor of *The Post* in January, 1961, **Jack Alexander** has divided his time between Europe and the United States. . . . Forthright **Earl Lawson,** baseball writer for the Cincinnati *Post and Times-Star*, leads both major leagues in being slugged by ballplayers. A few years ago second baseman Johnny Temple swung on him; center fielder Vada Pinson did the same thing this spring. Both men objected to Lawson's habit of calling the shots as he sees them. So far Lawson has not been slugged by Frank Robinson. . . . **Bill Byron** works for the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*. . . . **Berkely Mather** is a pen name for a member of a well-known family in Australia. . . . **Jacob Hay** wrote *The Hot Bookmobile* during a sojourn in Europe. . . . **Borden Deal** writes short stories and novels. His recent books include *Dragon's Wine* and *The Insolent Breed.*

The Cover. *Forty more minutes to go,* broods Amos Sewell's thwarted young angler, *and then Dad will waste still more time washing up and eating and dawdling over his coffee.* From the look of this somnolent scene it is clear that no fish will be disturbed until at least seven o'clock, and then, as any youngster knows, the fish will be settling for a siesta. Why, wonders the young sprat, can't fathers coordinate their sleeping habits with those of fish?

To Our Readers: This issue of *The Post* is the last of our biweekly summer issues for this year. With the September 8 issue, (on sale September 4), we return to regular weekly publication.

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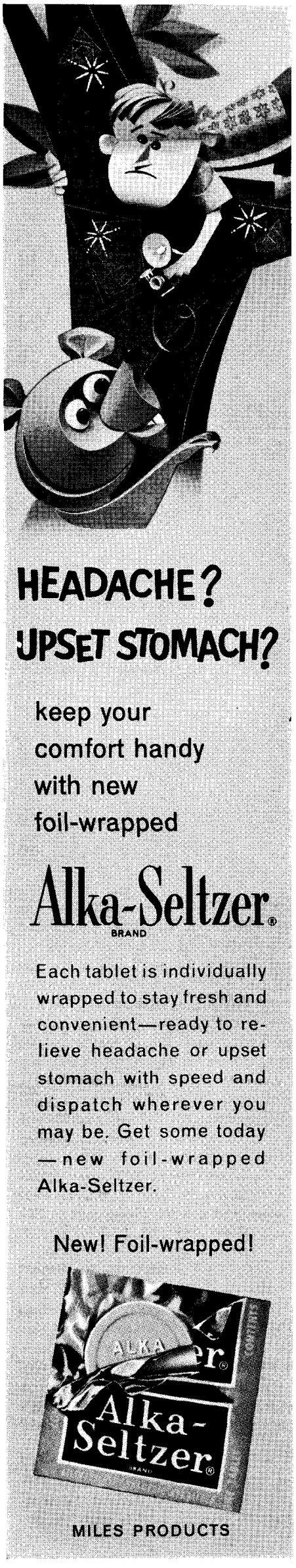
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LETTERS

Blasting a Block-Buster

Dear Sirs:

I want to congratulate you for publishing CONFESSIONS OF A BLOCK-BUSTER [by Norris Vitchek, as told to Alfred Balk, July 14-21]. This article presents an accurate picture of what goes on in racially transitional areas. It is this kind of real-estate operation that has made the word "integration" a bad one. In fact, in the public mind integration has become a euphemism for all-Negro. . . . Our league does all in its power to oppose the kind of real-estate speculation described.

EDWIN C. BERRY, *Executive Dir.*
Chicago Urban League
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Your deliberate aim at generating hate and misery and increased racial tension is nauseating.

VIVIAN OLIVER, *Realtor*
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

If Vitchek felt so justified in his greedy crusade for money at the expense of his fellow white man, why did he bother to use a nom de plume?

MARY RUSSELL
San Antonio, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

The Post's exposé of "block-busters" certainly ought to make many angry with these unscrupulous scoundrels. . . . However, there are a number of persons here who are much disturbed by the implication the article leaves that nothing can be done about these vultures. . . . Our organization for four years has been carrying on a very effective program of stabilizing a 200-block area in northwest Washington.

DR. ROBERT C. GOOD, *President*
Neighbors, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

So the truth finally came out that Northern whites really don't care for Negro neighbors!

N. EARL MUSGRAVE
Tampa, Fla.

Moral Decay or Poor Memory?

Dear Sirs:

I'm sure I won't be the only member of the "younger generation" to be grateful to *The Post* for its editorial ["MORAL DECAY" IN AMERICA, July 14-21]. I'm always amused by the "hell and damnation" kicks indulged in by some of our counterparts of thirty years ago. I think they're all suffering from a common malady: poor memories.

MIKE BURNS
Lebanon, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

The editorial made me sick!! When we become a nation that looks back to the past for reassurance that the present is not so bad, instead of looking to the future to see what evil we can destroy and what good we can create, then America may as well be dead.

KATHRYN EDWARDS
Newell, S. Dak.

Boats Are for Riding in Water

Dear Sirs:

As a vice president of the Western Pennsylvania Safety Council, I must say I am disturbed by your July 14-21 cover picture [below]. It's true you point out in small print on page 3 that on the open road you don't recommend riding in towed vehicles. However, it can be just as dangerous, if not more so, on uneven, unpaved beach, and the power of suggestion of this cover will make it difficult to tell children they should not do it.

W. B. GILLIES JR.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

What your cover artist [George Hughes] depicts is against the law in this state and is making life miserable for us parents who are trying to bring up our children to observe the law. . . . "You can't ride in the boat unless it's in the water, regardless of *The Saturday Evening Post*," is the word to the children.

FRANK J. KROPP, M. D.
Franklin, N.H.

● *More than fifty other letter writers also protested. Cover artist Hughes replies that the station wagon was traveling only three miles per hour.*—ED.

The Senate vs. McCarthy

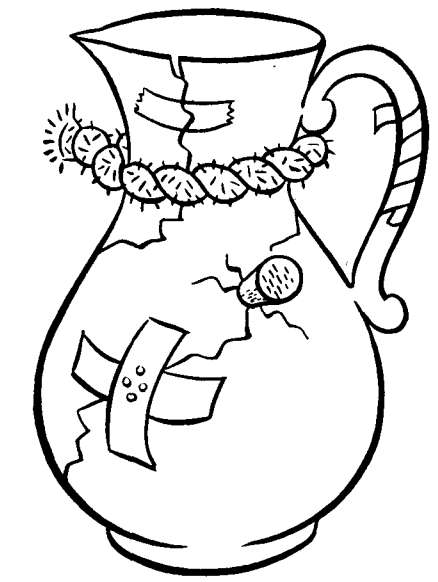
Dear Sirs:

Your article on the censure of Senator McCarthy [THE FINAL IRONY OF JOE MCCARTHY, by Edward Bennett Williams, June 9] demonstrates the forensic skill of his lawyer, Mr. Williams. But it doesn't help *The Post*'s reputation for responsible treatment of history.

Mr. Williams says nothing critical of me, although the Senate's action on the McCarthy censure resolution of 1954 followed in train from my own resolution of 1951 asking for McCarthy's expulsion from the Senate. Wholly unjustly, Williams traduces the Senate of the United States and the fairness of its procedures—and you make no comment.

Senator McCarthy was censured largely on two counts: (1) his outrageously contemptuous treatment of the Gillette committee studying my resolution, and (2) his contemptuous treatment of the Watkins committee studying Senator Flanders's censure resolution. In my judgment, the Senate and the public saw these as parallels to the contempt McCarthy had shown for the rights of scores of Americans over the previous five years.

Mr. Williams claims that, had the Watkins committee or the Senate discovered that the Gillette committee had ordered a "mail cover" on McCarthy, "the outcome might have been different." . . . Williams fails to report that



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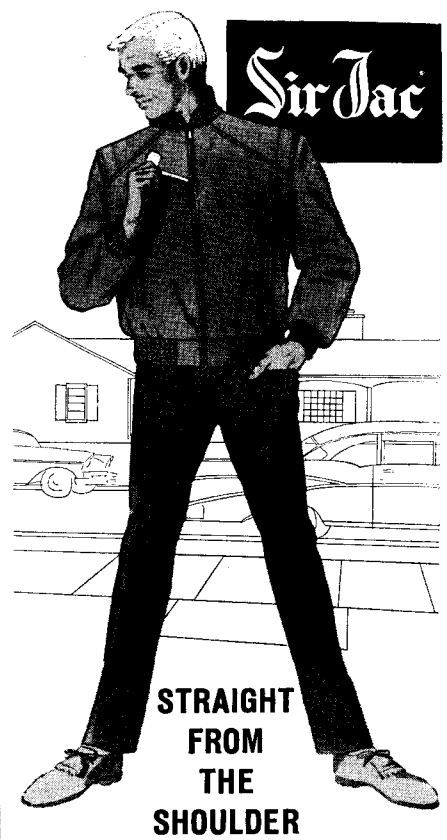

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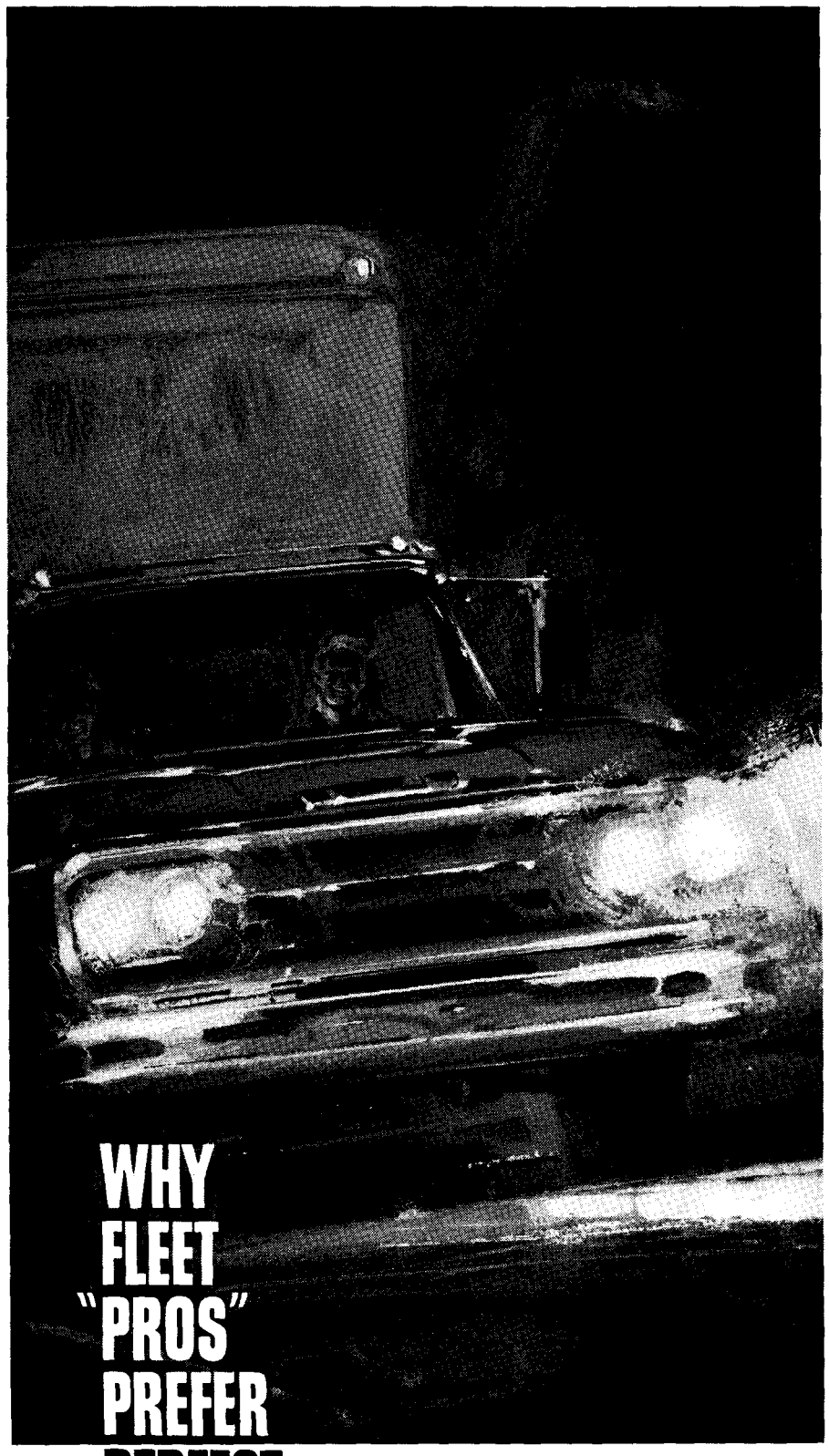

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LETTERS

the "mail cover" *was discussed on the floor of the Senate before the final vote for censure.* Senator Hayden, one of the Senate's most respected members, described the "mail cover" as legal (no mail was opened) and customary in investigations, said that it had become necessary in this case because of McCarthy's refusal to testify and gave its purpose as an attempt to learn the identity of McCarthy's brokers—for a follow-up on the charge that McCarthy used contributions to his "anti-Communist crusade" for personal investment. . . .

Mr. Williams implies that McCarthy's contempt of the Gillette committee was accidental—that the telegram inviting McCarthy to testify arrived while he was on a hunting trip. Williams fails to report that in the weeks and months preceding this telegram the committee sent McCarthy seven different written requests to testify; McCarthy either ignored these or answered with derisive "open letters"; even the telegram delayed by the hunting trip evoked an insulting reply.

Williams suggests McCarthy wasn't in contempt because no subpoena was issued—but he surely knows that the Senate doesn't subpoena its own members, and a request of this kind is a courteous kind of command.

Williams claims censure might have been avoided had McCarthy agreed to a compromise resolution. He fails to report that several proposed compromises were resoundingly defeated on the floor before the final crushing vote of sixty-seven to twenty-two.

Above all, Williams gives no inkling of the depths of McCarthy's abuse of senators. One example: McCarthy warned Senator Hendrickson, the Republican who remained on the Gillette committee, to expect a blast if he signed the Gillette report. Hendrickson signed and was promptly dubbed by McCarthy, on the front pages, "a living miracle, with neither brains nor guts." Senator Watkins was termed a "coward" and his committee a "lynching bee." Senator Flanders was "senile—they ought to bring a man with a net."

There is a vital national lesson in the censure of Joseph McCarthy. Mr. Williams's article blurs and undermines that lesson. The lesson is that the U.S. Senate will put up only so long with the kind of tactics McCarthy made notorious.

WILLIAM BENTON
Southport, Conn.

● *Former Senator Benton is now publisher and chairman of Encyclopaedia Britannica.*—ED.

Trees Accidentally Axed

Dear Sirs:

I was flattered to see Stewart Alsop's reference [SPEAKING OUT: AMERICA THE UGLY, June 23] to my article. However, I was distressed to find that... Mr. Alsop says that I said, "the FHA appraisers give little or no credit for defacing the landscape with garish billboards in the name of promotion." I said the exact opposite.

PETER BLAKE, *Managing Editor*
Architectural Forum
New York, N.Y.

● *Editor Alsop originally quoted Mr. Blake as saying, "The FHA appraisers give little or no credit for planting trees, while a builder can get generous credit for defacing the landscape with garish billboards in the name of promotion."* The Post *regrets that through a typographical error ten key words were omitted, changing the meaning of the sentence.*—ED.

Coming... in the next Post

The New Negro Generation:
Idealistic, Determined, Impatient

Pigskin Preview '62

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How JFK Cast a Movie
By Bill Davidson

The Great Narcotics Debate

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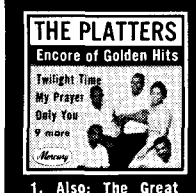

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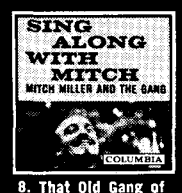
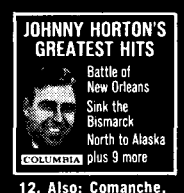


8. That Old Gang of Mine, Sweet Violets, etc. $4.98



12. Also: Comanche, The Mansion You Stole, etc. ...$4.98

25. Also: September Song, I Got Rhythm, etc. $4.98

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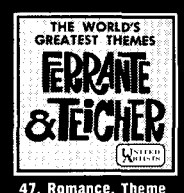
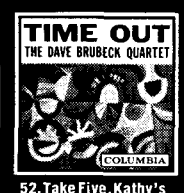


47. Romance, Theme from "The Apartment," etc. ..$4.98



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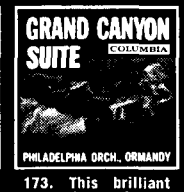

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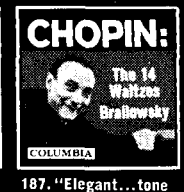

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Merrily We Probe Along

The analysis fad—and talking about it—has turned us into a nation of psychic Peeping Toms.

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

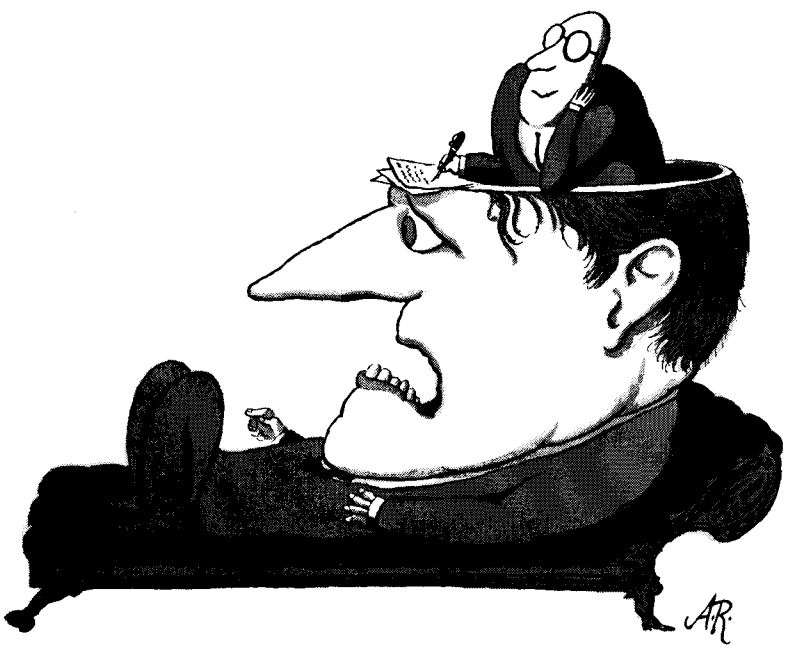
The Great American Game is no longer baseball. It's psychoanalysis. Those who don't play are considered odd, even suspect, by the properly disturbed pillars of society. Touched by Freudian fever, people who'd always thought they were happy are suddenly learning how very sick they are. "You poor fool!" a woman recently exclaimed, regarding me with pity. "How can you dare tell me you're happy when you haven't even been analyzed!"

I now realize that for all my mellowness, I could also be Ralph the Ripper; for any adult American who has never been analyzed is apt to feel that he must join the psychoneurotic vogue to prove he's normal. Quite apart from its value in treating serious emotional disturbance, psychoanalysis has become a fashionable pastime for mild neurotics who are trying to keep upset with the Joneses. These are not the people who need help, but the faddists who actually enjoy analysis—or talking about analysis, which is cheaper.

What has this great fad, this stylish pastime, this new religion been doing to us? Though I'm a layman who failed his Rorschach test (I said it looked like an inkblot), I've still observed the depressing effects of Freudian fever. First of all, it has made us a nation of psychic Peeping Toms. Like the woman who found me unqualified for happiness, the sophisticated American now explores the interior of every stranger. In preanalytical days, a casual acquaintance would say, "How are you? What about these tidal waves? Do you suppose the Phillies will finish this year?" But now he says, "How do you *think* you are? Are you still in love with your father? Is it tied to that nail-biting?"

Ironically, though Freud has made us rude, the findings of psychoanalysts and psychiatrists have also made it impossible for us to call anyone crazy. Remember the satisfaction you had in the days when you could proclaim with absolute certainty, "That guy is a *nut!*" But psychiatry has taken all the fun out of nut gathering by showing us that we're all in the same shell. Last year David Susskind put six psychiatrists on a television seminar. After a half hour of probing discussion, no two of them could agree on a definition of "normal."

Fortunately the American Psychiatric Association succeeded in making a definition. In typically crisp and scientific style A.P.A. researchers asked themselves, "Does 'normality,' as evidenced by lack of intrapsychic tension, adequate social, economic and familial adaptation, and harmonious integration with other individuals at all levels, necessarily imply a lack of creativity, imagination and spontaneity?" Their answer was equally forceful: "Our data is suggestive of this conclusion."



What Makes Happiness?

Psychiatrists have had similar success in defining happiness. Robert Ruark writes, "At the end of a long and scholarly treatment on marriage, a psychiatrist whose name escapes me said, 'Nobody knows what makes a happy marriage.'" Happiness, like love and humor, dies when dissected, when it is too fiercely analyzed by someone who is possessed to reduce the wonders of life to pat generalizations.

In *The Wild Duck*, Ibsen writes of a sensitive and charming young girl who happily thinks that she's the daughter of a certain fine couple, though actually she's illegitimate. A friend of hers, who feels that no one can be happy with illusion, makes her focus on the facts about herself. At last she relates to reality, embraces the Truth and kills herself. The point is clear: Never tell anyone how to be happy. Pirandello, another great poet of the theater, also warned us about tampering with happiness when he said, "Right you are, if you think you are." But Ibsen and Pirandello aren't heard in our land, for recently I told a friend I was happy, and he said, "You just *think* you're happy. My doctor says that's the worst case." I spent the next few days worrying about my happiness, wondering what serious trouble it was indicating.

Not only are we losing track of our happiness, but also Freudian fever has stopped us from labeling our sinners. It is actually driving evil from the world, for those who do wrong are no longer punished: they're explained. "Today nobody is held responsible," says Monsignor George A. Kelly of the Archdiocese of New York. "Everybody is considered sick." When I was a boy, and there were still good guys and bad guys, a Nazi was technically known as a rat; but now he's a love-starved father seeker who merely compensated for hurried toilet training.

We are just as adept at explaining rotten children. A high-school girl flips her sewing teacher out a window. "An honor student," says the principal, "who understood the Electra complex too well. It's unfortunate that the teacher looked so much like her mother."

Neurosis in the Nursery

And so the parent wonders: Do I spank my child and give him the neurosis caused by too little love, or should I be nonviolent and give him the neurosis caused by too much love? It's often the same neurosis, for psychiatry delights in finding opposite causations of the same effect. One ax murderer may have been made to put his toys away, while another was allowed to fling them about. No wonder they both turned out the way they did.

A few years ago in New York a ten-year-old boy took a little pal to the Hudson River and pushed him in. Soon many people were grieving for the pusher instead of his victim; and one newspaper even tried to excuse him. Although this paper had apologized for dozens of killers, often giving touching justifications for their crimes, this boy foiled all analysis. He had no special reason to deposit his friend in the river; in fact, his home was as happy as any these days. He simply had an offbeat definition of fun. He should have been called a nasty kid, had there been such a thing. He would have been understood by Lillian Hellman who reminds us in *The Children's Hour* that people of all ages can be evil. Like Pirandello, she knows truths to which the analysts seem blind.

Psychoanalytical theory is also destroying something as important as morality: Free will. Making decisions has become passé as more and more people put their lives in the hands of godlike analysts who must approve every act. Why bother to solve your own problems when you can slough them off on the tribal medicine man? I know one girl who needed her analyst's permission to take a trip; another needed it to have a baby, though I suppose her husband was also consulted.

Freud and Cupid

Among my friends are two persons whose romance shows what Freud has done to Cupid. They fell in love—sorry, they formed a mutually compulsive complementary interrelationship of egos—and they wanted to marry. Since both were in deep therapy, each had to ask his analyst for permission to get married. Then the analysts had to ask each other. Let us hope that they at least conferred by candlelight.

Such inability to act is common among the addicts of analysis. My wife and I recently sent a party invitation to a girl who didn't reply.

"Why didn't you answer our invitation?" I finally asked her.

"Maurice doesn't think I should have to," she explained. "You see, having to write a letter is an obligation and that's bad for me right now. He thinks my resentment of obligations stems from the way my mother made me stop throwing food."

Ralph Schoenstein, whose best-selling autobiographical book, The Block, *grew out of an article originally printed in this magazine, is a columnist for the New York* Journal-American.

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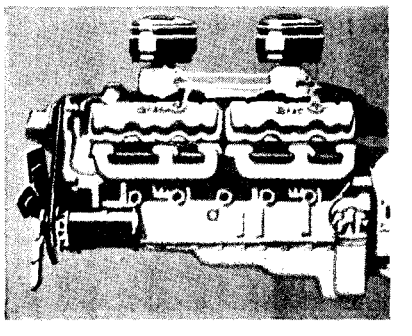

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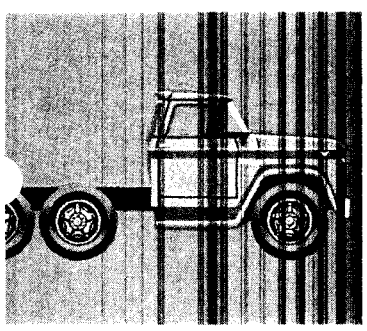

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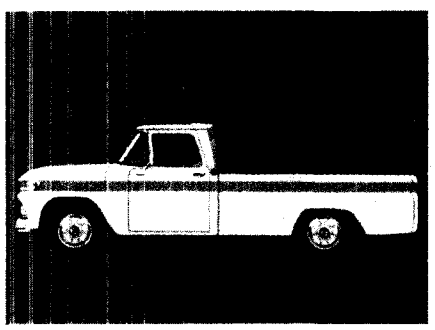

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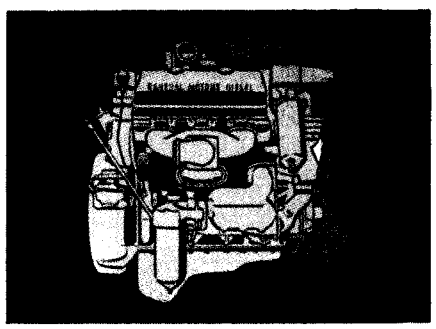

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SPEAKING OUT

"Can you accept invitations in person?" said my wife. "We want you at our beach house this summer."

"Oh, Maurice won't let me leave the city. You see, this ninth year of analysis is the important one. If anything went wrong now, I might be set back to a point where I couldn't do anything by myself."

Thus Freud doth make cowards of us all. Will this girl ever be allowed to take vacations, fall in love and answer invitations? Perhaps not. Psychoanalysis is such a potent narcotic that many addicts never get the couch off their back; and many of those who do can't figure out if they're cured.

As examples, I offer the two young women who recently visited my wife. "I like it best when I'm sitting in Harvey's rocker," said one of them.

"Oh, no," said the other. "It's much more fun when you pace."

"Harvey himself is a fun guy," said the first. "He even lets me have a sandwich—and he really shouldn't because I'm seeing him for being overweight."

"Well, Jimmy always lets me eat an apple. You know, last week I forgot it, and the *first* thing he said was, 'What's the matter?' He's such a perceptive doll."

What were these girls comparing? Masseurs? Gynecologists? Lovers? No; they were comparing psychoanalysts.

Faddists like these have such fun being fashionable that it's irrelevant to ask if analysis has helped them. "You've been going to analysts for years," said Vladimir Horowitz to Oscar Levant. "Does it do you any good?"

"I don't know," said Levant, "but at least it gives me someplace to go every day."

Did Levant undergo analysis because he wasn't feeling right? "No," he said, "any time I think I'm feeling right, *that's* when I've got to see my analyst."

Both his answers are examples of humor flashing truth; but the truth about analysis often tops any joke. An Australian psychiatrist named Dr. Ainslie Meares has confessed in a journal called *The Lancet* that when some of his patients get better, he hasn't the slightest idea why.

Food for the Psyche

Perhaps most sadly, psychoanalysis is killing mystery; it's taking wonder and romance from the world. Why cheer the man who swims the Hellespont? He's merely sublimating a death wish. (English Channel swimmers, on the other hand, usually compensate for paternal rejection.) Why honor the man who climbs Mount Everest? He's not only a masochist but a voyeur, as well.

Like adventure, love has also lost its mystique, its dark beauties and grand heroics. The boy and girl who swear eternal devotion are only making narcissistic boasts based on a wish-fulfillment fantasy about an interpersonal relationship with dependent ids. The teenage Italian girl who falls in love with the son of her family's enemy is simply punishing her mother, perhaps for giving her too much love, while her Romeo's passion is clearly an exhibitionistic compulsion to prove masculinity.

The destruction of the creative mystique has upset me the most. I'll never swim a channel, and I was lucky enough to fall in love before I knew it was vengeance upon my father, but I do intend to spend the rest of my life writing. However, Dr. Edmund Bergler, a noted Viennese analyst, says that this desire is abnormal, that writing is a sign of neurosis, like alcoholism or homosexuality. In fact, he says, the three are often found in one author; but writing is the triangle's ugliest side, for publishing one's work is also a form of exhibitionism that's seasoned with touches of sadism, voyeurism and narcissism.

Though all these neuroses make the average writer tick, Doctor Bergler feels that masochism is the biggest drive. He says that writing is the symptom of an illness that begins when the omnipotence of the hungry infant is threatened because his mother keeps him waiting for her milk. Enraged, the infant imagines that the mother intends to "starve, devour, poison, choke, chop to pieces, drain and castrate" him. He tries to take revenge on the mother by acts of aggression, but finds they bring punishment. The normal child channels this aggression into games; but the budding neurotic continues it and is punished often, punishment he finally learns to like. Now he even provokes it so he can enjoy a sense of guilt. He's become an "orally regressed psychic masochist."

Why Writers Write

The doctor has discovered what this writer already knows. I'm well aware that every time I write I'm punching my mother. Just last week I did a short story that had her down for nine; but the novel I'm now completing will really finish her off. If I'm lucky, it will finish me off too, for every book is a public attempt at suicide. I've never forgiven mother for keeping me waiting so long for those first meals. The book will be doubly sweet vengeance, for by killing me it will deal her an extra blow. Doctor Bergler should sympathize with me because he himself has written at least ten books.

I know of one writer who underwent analysis to cure such hostility, in spite of the fact that he'd also been working well. This analysis was one of those rare ones with total success. It made him mellower than Santa Claus. And there was an interesting aftereffect: He stopped writing well, for his aggression had been the spark that drove him. He is now quite tolerant and loved by all. He is also a rotten writer.

One shudders to picture a Doctor Bergler tampering with the fury of Beethoven, from whom the need to write music might have been removed, perhaps in group therapy with Schiller. (And to think that he lived in *Vienna!*) It is equally frightening to imagine a mellow Michelangelo, with no aggression to channel into hunks of sublimity. If masochism produced *The Last Judgment*, then may every artist be his own worst enemy.

Though psychoanalysis may be destroying ethics, free will, self-reliance, mystery and romance, it's helping the growth of a modern wonder called "togetherness." A friend of mine is married to a girl in group therapy, whose fellow confessors sometimes meet at her house with all the glee of a Cub Scout pack. Whenever his wife is the hostess of these sessions, my friend must leave the house, for ten people baring their souls need privacy. Sometimes he sees a movie, but often he just sits in a bar and broods about the way he's been driven from home. Lately he actually has developed a feeling of rejection. When I asked him what he planned to do about it, he said he thought he'd join the group. **THE END**

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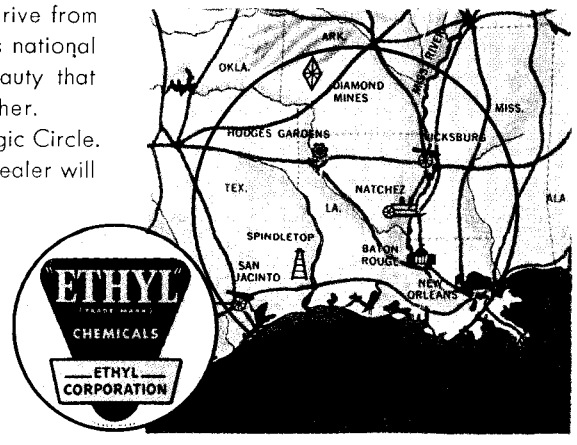

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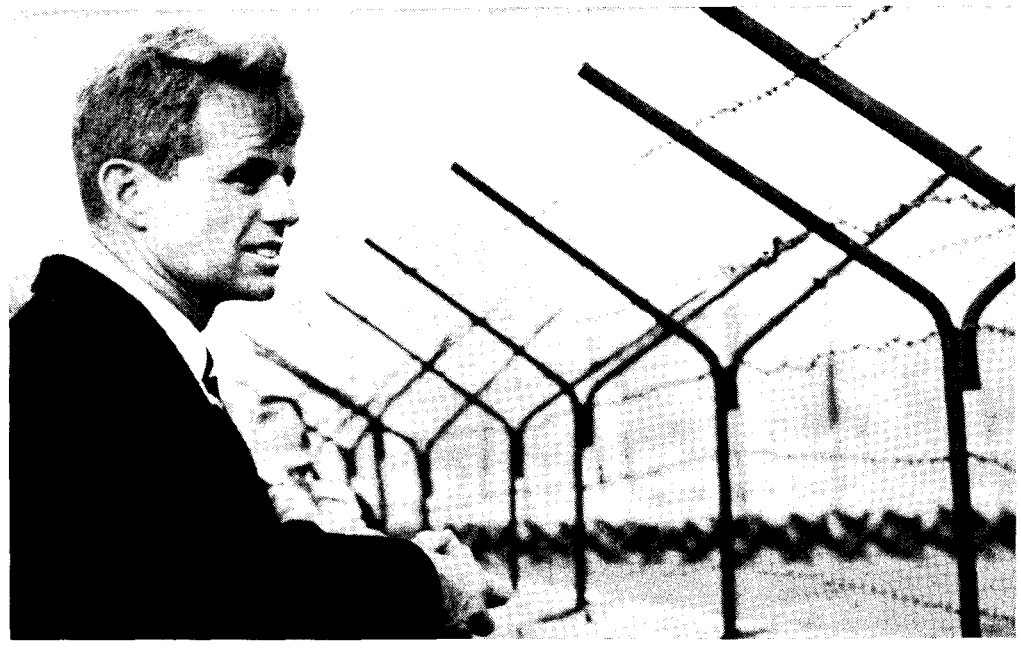

Author Kennedy examines the "workers' paradise" across the Berlin Wall.

This article by the U. S. Attorney General is adapted from his book, Just Friends and Brave Enemies, *published this week by Harper & Row.*

The World Needs The Truth About America

Writing from the experience of his recent world tour, the President's brother proposes a plan to sell U. S. ideals on an open market.

By ROBERT F. KENNEDY

Last February in Indonesia an aggressive young Communist student insisted that the United States supports colonialism because we do not stand with Indonesia in its dispute with the Netherlands over West New Guinea. I was interested in learning if he and his vocal companions, who were loud in their criticism of colonialism, were sincere or just propagandizing. Did they oppose the Chinese in Tibet or the Russians in Hungary, I asked them. They responded that these were not examples of colonialism as the people in those countries supported the regime and had asked for the help of the Chinese and Russian armies. What about East Berlin, I asked. If the people supported the regime, how did they explain the wall?

"Let's talk about West New Guinea. We don't want to discuss details. We want to talk about West New Guinea," the young Communists replied.

I received no support from any other member of the audience of thirty or thirty-five youth leaders. After the meeting four or five students came to see me, however. They said I was absolutely correct about Communist colonialism. I asked why they didn't say so at the meeting. They explained that they could not speak up because it just was not done. No one criticizes Communism, they said.

This incident illustrates one side of a paradox—that the Communists have taken the initiative in seeking to win the allegiance of young people in foreign lands, particularly the new countries, and in some areas have absolutely no opposition. The other side is that despite this, but because of other things we have done throughout our history, there is a tremendous reservoir of goodwill toward the United States. On our trip to Japan, Indonesia, Germany and eleven other countries we encountered some anti-American demonstrations, but these represented a minority point of view. In these countries and all around the world—among students, intellectuals, officials, businessmen and labor leaders—there is a profound unspoken admiration for America and the American people. We encountered it over and over again in kind words, the enthusiasm of students, the faces of children and the laughter of grown-ups. But this reservoir is as yet untapped, and this is the meaning of the failure of the Indonesian students who sided with me to participate in the meeting. This is a tragedy of the past, but it is also the challenge of the future.

Crucial Question of Civil Rights

I returned home convinced more than ever that what we do here in the United States will have a major effect on how we meet this challenge and whether we retain our position in the world. We must first keep ourselves prepared militarily, but we must also build our strength in such domestic areas as civil rights, economic productivity and social security. The struggle we face will take all our effort over the next two or three decades. It will exact a tremendous price. But it is a price we must pay, for if we do not succeed, we lose all.

Particularly in the field of civil rights we must put our own house in order. In every country we visited, at every stop we made, we were asked about the violation of civil rights in the United States. In Japan, in Indonesia, I sensed the hurt and the hostility in many of the questioners. To them I honestly admitted our weaknesses, but I also pointed out the gains we have made and the efforts of the Administration and the American people. I told them of the progress we are making in voting, transportation, Federal employment, employment by Government contractors, and also in other fields not directly related to civil rights which nonetheless have a major economic effect on Negroes, such as the minimum-wage law, housing and the extension of Social Security.

We must realize, however, that as long as major inequities exist anywhere in our country, we will have problems abroad. We have to move ahead here in the United States not only because it is right but also more selfishly because our freedom and our strength overseas depend upon our progress. We cannot successfully portray ourselves as believing in the Constitution and freedom if at home we treat a portion of our population as inferiors.

It may appear incongruous to say that our foreign position will be determined by what we do to find employment for the miners of West Virginia, for the unemployed of the iron range of Minnesota, or for the 26,000,000 young people who will join the labor market in the next ten years. But it is true. Our democratic, free-enterprise system is competing with Marxism in a worldwide arena. America's position throughout the world, as well as the general cause of freedom, will be affected by the way we handle these problems, as well as our treatment of freedom riders or sit-ins or any others who are struggling for equality. If major progress is not made in these purely domestic areas now and in the next decade, our world position will be seriously shaken.

The leaders of the nations of Asia, Africa, South America and the Middle East during the '60's, the '70's and the '80's will be the intellectuals, the college students, the labor leaders of today. We cannot change their minds and interest them in democratic principles unless we are successfully practicing them at home.

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"The amount of misinformation about the United States and our form of government is appalling...

Kennedy and West Berlin Mayor Brandt climb to look at the Communist Sector.

When I visited Bonn, the first question asked by a group of German students was, "Why is the United States so unpopular with intellectuals and university groups, especially in Asia?"

That conclusion is widely accepted here in the United States as well as abroad. Certainly that was my understanding before taking this trip. It is a verdict which I now believe to be completely unwarranted. However, unless we take major steps immediately, ten years from now it will be true. We must begin now to answer the cries that are raised against us.

An analysis of the worldwide impression that our system is unpopular can reveal the source of our difficulties, our problems and some possible solutions. First, we must recognize that in many countries, as we saw on our trip, there is a strong and vocal Communist opposition to the United States and to our way of life. This opposition is well organized. Highly disciplined cadres concentrate their activities in universities, labor organizations and intellectual groups. Most frequently the leaders are energetic, courageous and articulate. They have a party line they follow rigidly. They know exactly what they think. They know where they are going, and they are willing to use any means to achieve their ends.

Within each of their countries, these groups exploit, frequently with devastating effect, the areas of differences between their country and the United States. In those countries which were formerly colonial possessions, the local inhabitants are apt to have an anti-European bias, and the Communists are frequently successful in their efforts to associate us with that antagonism. Beyond that, they take advantage of their nation's policy differences with the United States.

Communists vocally and actively back Indonesia's claim to West New Guinea. They assert that our failure to support Indonesia's position indicates that we support the Dutch and, therefore, favor colonialism.

In Japan the Communists call for us to return Okinawa. Why, they contend, should we be occupying the Ryukyu Islands so long after the war? Again local sentiment is aroused against the United States.

Added to all this is the Communists' dedication. I think back to the young man who stood ten feet from me at the University of Indonesia in Jakarta and hit me across the face with a piece of hard fruit. He was willing to risk prison to demonstrate his hatred for a representative of the United States.

Against this, as I saw repeatedly, there is no one to question the Communist positions, their facts. There is no "pro-democracy" organization. There is no disciplined and calculated effort to present another side.

And so it is that a small, able and well-trained unit can take over a meeting or an organization, or even a government.

That was the important lesson of my visit to Waseda University in Tokyo. Approximately 100 students, a small fraction of the 3000 present, were able to cause near chaos at this meeting. The disrupters, located strategically in twos and threes throughout the jammed auditorium, began to shout and jeer as I started to speak. Bedlam spread. The Communists were yelling, "Kennedy, go home!" The anti-Communists were yelling back, and the others were yelling for everyone to keep quiet. Once, when I began to answer the extended argument of a particularly loud-voiced young Communist, every light in the house went out, and the microphone went dead. The power had failed—I could not believe by accident. It was fifteen minutes before I was able to resume.

Student Hunger for Facts about U. S.

Those devoted young Communists did not want to hear a representative of the United States, and they did all they could to see that no one else could hear. They knew that, if they succeeded, they would seize the newspaper headlines, and the impression would be created once again that university students are antagonistic to the United States. The incident would be further evidence to the rest of the world that intellectuals in Asia are pro-Communist and opposed to America.

Of course, I do not claim that the rest of the students in the hall or outside in the courtyard supported the United States. Nor does the fact that there were no disturbances at Tokyo's Nihon University, or on the campuses at Bandung or Jogjakarta, indicate an acceptance by students at these universities of the American way of life.

But such students are not Communists, they don't accept Communism, and they have open minds. That is what is important. They asked many questions about the policies and programs of the United States. Some of the points they raised implied fundamental criticisms of our role in foreign policy and of what we are doing in the United States. By and large they were looking for facts. They were hungry for knowledge, as were the vast majority in every student group to whom I spoke. The student bodies before whom I appeared were as friendly as any other group I had ever addressed, including any in the United States. They are puzzled about many things in the United States, and they want explanations. They hope the answers will give them the truth. But what they have been searching for we have not made available. True, we have given generously of economic aid, but the ideas and philosophies for which they hunger have not been forthcoming. They need—and want—more; it must be made available.

Communist Indoctrination at Work

The amount of misinformation, as well as the lack of information, about the United States and our system of government in these countries is appalling. Many of the students and intellectuals think of the United States as it was fifty or even a hundred years ago. When I met with a group of labor leaders in Tokyo, Mr. Akira Iwai, representing Sohyo, Japan's largest union, asked me in all apparent innocence, "The basic character of your nation is capitalism, isn't that true? With Morgan, Rockefeller, and all of these in control?" Even men such as Mr. Iwai, of great influence among their countrymen, know nothing of our social gains and little of the aims and aspirations of our people and our Government. The Communists' propaganda machine constantly spews out its facts and figures and its version of how to solve the problems of the world. They broadcast the line that the Soviet Union and Communist China hold the correct philosophy and that the United States is always in error. The United States, on the other hand, is to them a system of "capitalistic imperialism," and everyone from Marx to Khrushchev knows just how cruel and aggressive that system is.

Colonialism is an evil and, as I learned from repeated exposure to student groups, colonialism and capitalism, even imperialism, are interchangeable terms in the minds of many. Because the United States has a capitalistic system, the Communists can charge that, given the opportunity, this country will seek to continue a system of exploitation. The Communists, being opposed to capitalism, are therefore automatically opposed to colonialism. These arguments obviously strike a responsive chord.

No one comes forward with an explanation of the modern-day United States; no one counters with the fact that modern-day colonialism is tied to Communism, not capitalism. No one is there to talk about Latvia, Lithuania, Hungary, Poland, Tibet, or East Germany and East Berlin.

No one is prepared to counter the Communists' arguments with facts and figures. Further, if a representative of the United States arrives in a country to explain the American point of view, a small minority causes a riot, disturbs the performance or disrupts the speech. The incident makes headlines across the world and creates exactly the

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. . . We have given much economic aid, but ideas and philosophies are what the people hunger for."

impression the Communists wish to create—that students oppose Americans. On the other hand, a Communist comes to speak. Those who truly believe in the free system realize that opposition viewpoints should be aired. The Communist speaks, the audience listens, and there is no display. Because of the contrast, the student body is thus pictured as disliking the United States and supporting Communism.

We are victims of a smart, articulate, well-organized minority which has kept us continuously on the defensive. We have permitted it to happen; we have allowed it to continue. If we do not meet the problem head on, if we are not ourselves imaginative, tough, dedicated, willing and self-sacrificing, the struggle with the enemy will not be won by them, but lost by us.

In Japan today there are more than 700,000 college students; in Indonesia there are 75,000, where before the war there were only a few hundred; the same situation is true in countries all over the world. These are the people who will be making the decisions in the next decade.

There is a great deal we can do to make available to them the facts about us; to impress upon them that our system of government has made progress in the last fifty years; to let them know that our way of life is far different from what Marx described a hundred years ago; that this progress has been made under the banner of freedom. Fortunately we still have time to take the necessary steps to win the fight for the minds of these young people.

Taking the Propaganda Offensive

These are some of the basic things that we can do:

To all these nations I would send groups of men and women to lecture, not just about the United States and our form of government or about democracy generally, but also about history and philosophy and literature and even more practical matters.

I would have people talk about some of the successes that we've had in the United States and the problems we have had to overcome. I would tell them more about what we have been able to accomplish. I would tell, for instance, about our farms and farm production. This area has largely been ignored. It is the backbone of any society. The failures of the Communist system are apparent while the successes that are being enjoyed in the United States and under the free system are extraordinary. In the Free World we recognize the dignity and the worth of every individual and the aspirations he has to improve the living conditions of himself, his family and his community. The individual is not just a cog in the state machine, as he is when he lives under Communist control. History has recorded the deaths and the heartbreaks in the Soviet Union in the 1930's, during the efforts to impose the Communist system. The newspapers have reported that hundreds of thousands of Chinese have been slowly starving under the collectivization program in the past few years. Certainly comparisons

Entering a Japanese weaving factory, Kennedy faces some "well-organized Communist opposition."

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"I would send groups of men and women to lecture about the United States . . .

Well received, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy are showered with flowers in Indonesia.

can be made of the relative successes of the two systems.

In the United States a single farmer can cultivate more than three times as much acreage as a farmer on a collective or state farm in the Soviet Union. Furthermore, there is a tremendous contrast in the output per acre. The Soviet Union farm averages twenty-one bushels of corn per acre to our fifty-five bushels; eleven bushels of wheat per acre to our more than twenty-six. Most importantly, 48 percent of the labor force in the Soviet Union works on the farms, and they are afflicted with many shortages. In the United States 8 percent of our labor force works on our farms and produces tremendous surpluses.

Compare what has happened in Germany since she was partitioned—West Germany living in freedom and recognizing human rights, and East Germany existing under Communism with the individual reduced to a tool of the state. East German farms are now 20 percent below prewar production while West Germany is 41 percent above. In virtually every commodity—wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, to mention a few—West Germany outproduces East Germany in units per acre. Those are only examples of what can be done and what has been done by men under a free system. We have not made sufficient effort to tell this story. And this is only part of it. For the history of America—and, in fact, America today—is full of ideas that are far more exciting and revolutionary than the systematic, push-button answers of Communist doctrine. I would like to see more Americans making this point. By not doing so, we are leaving most of the world with the illusion that the only modern philosophy belongs to Marx. Mere anti-Communism is not a philosophy; it is no substitute for really knowing what this country is about. Its history, its philosophy, its political thought are all available. They just need to be used.

Most importantly, those we send abroad should go to learn, to listen and ultimately to report to the American people on the aims and problems of the people with whom they meet. They should go to as many universities as possible and should confer with labor leaders, farm and cooperative heads and government officials. The people sent should have a thorough knowledge of the history of the United States and the philosophy of our Government and our people.

Many people more than qualify: Frank Church, Eugene McCarthy, Hubert Humphrey, Paul Douglas and John Sherman Cooper in the Senate, to mention a few; Cabinet members such as Stewart Udall and Orville Freeman; and many members of the House of Representatives and of our state governments, both Republican and Democrat.

Outside the auspices of the Government I would also like to see private citizens, such as some of our university professors, playwrights and poets, as well as articulate businessmen and labor leaders, travel under the same kind of program. I would like to see men like Walter Lippmann or David Brinkley tour the Far East for a month, giving talks and answering the questions of students and intellectuals. They, like their Government counterparts, in question periods and at appropriate times, should discuss the United States frankly, admitting our shortcomings, stating our efforts to overcome them and pointing out this country's successes and accomplishments. We need people who have done their homework and who are not afraid to speak out.

Harnessing the Free World's Youth

I would have our Government information agencies and services talk to other peoples more about fundamentals in the United States. I would have them explain the social progress being made in this country, what people are doing for one another, what contributions altruistic organizations such as the United Funds, March of Dimes, and the Ford, Carnegie and Rockefeller foundations are making to the American way of life.

I would encourage other free countries of the world to set up their own "peace corps" with the understanding that our organization would cooperate closely with them. There is much, for instance, that young Japanese could do in Southeast Asia, and I am convinced that they would be willing to do it. Many of the young people that I saw in Germany, France and the Netherlands are as eager as young Americans to help their fellowmen in countries less economically fortunate. In all of the students with whom I talked, I found an idealism and a thirst to make the world a better place in which to live. This is a tremendous potential, and it must be harnessed.

To make this kind of program effective or to give any of our efforts real meaning, I repeat that we must live up to our ideals within the United States. We will have a difficult time in selling students in Jogjakarta or Abidjan or Montevideo on our economic system if they read about coal miners in West Virginia being chronically unemployed. It will be impossible to establish our way of life as the one being the most nearly perfect if the crime rate continues to rise four times as fast as our population increases.

And finally we must, despite the tragic disappointments of history and the agonizing betrayals of the past thirty years, constantly seek peace through controlled disarmament, while living with the bitter irony of the need for present military strength in order to maintain our freedom and that of other countries. This is a matter that is recognized by all. A high official of Indonesia, a country frequently critical of the United States, said that his country would lose its independence if the 7th Fleet, with all that it implies, were ever removed from the Far East.

Honest Talk About Disarmament

We have taken major steps to keep ourselves prepared. But all of us look and plan toward the day when the major powers of the world will sign a treaty to insure general and complete disarmament. The United States has established an arms-control disarmament agency dedicated to pursue that goal. All this agency's efforts and all its energies are trained in the direction of disarmament success.

If nations of the world are to find any solution to the challenge of disarmament, it will have to be based on honest discussions and negotiations on specific points. If disarmament is to be feasible, it must be submitted to the authority of international control under a rule of law agreed upon by the various countries. Disarmament cannot be successful if provisions are not made to prevent any state from gaining a substantial military advantage over other states. To be meaningful or effective, a system for international inspection and control must be devised and adhered to.

President Kennedy has presented to the United Nations a specific, detailed, three-stage program to reduce existing armaments and stockpiles and establish a system of inspection and control. It is the most thorough and far-reaching plan that has been suggested by any country.

Unfortunately, until now the Communist system has shown no inclination to accept adequate and necessary safeguards. And the turmoil of the world, from Berlin to Laos to Vietnam to Cuba, dims the prospects for the future.

However, we feel we must continue to make the effort; that if we do not try, no progress will ever be possible.

In the meantime, we know that nothing can be accomplished if we let down our guard—if we are weak. We learned that in the Second World War, and the lesson has been relearned many times. We must remain strong, because only through strength can there be a chance for peace.

Quite aside from the need for military strength in the absence of controlled disarmament, we must endeavor to lead in scientific exploration. The courageous flight of John Glenn, which took

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. . . We need people who have done their homework and are not afraid to speak out."

place while we were in Rome, did more to establish our prestige and our position throughout the world than almost any other single incident. It was something that was needed by all of us here in the United States. But even more than that, it was the one single event that gave our friends around the globe heart and courage.

Other countries also must realize their responsibilities. As I told an audience of Germans at Bonn, the countries of Europe, through their own efforts and ingenuity but also through generous aid from the American people, have been able to rebuild their devastated lands. These countries which are thriving economically have responsibilities now to the more backward countries of Asia and Africa. Some of them have moral responsibilities to former colonial areas, which in many instances in the past were outrageously exploited. Now that people in the new nations have gained their independence, they are entitled to help from all of us in this period of transition.

The Communists obviously have been working for years at sowing seeds which are now budding in many places. They now have fixed in the minds of the intellectuals in many countries inaccurate and false impressions about democracy.

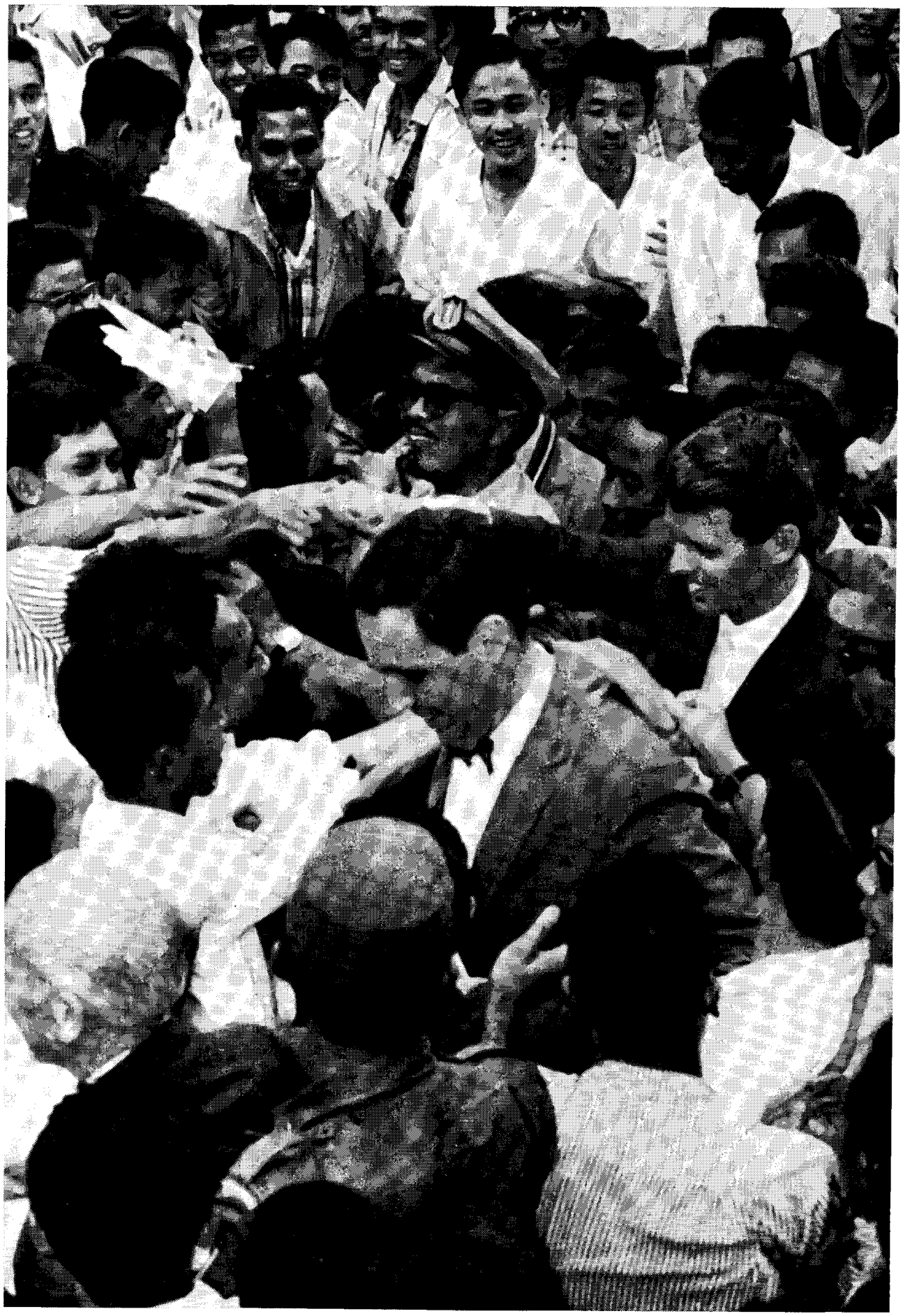
We have made mistakes; we have faults. We can admit them, tell of our progress and talk of our accomplishments, material and spiritual. We have truth on our side. But this is not enough. We must sell the truth. We must make very clear the basic distinction between Communism and the Free World: that we are the heirs of the true revolution that will not accept the *status quo* and recognizes that the state exists for the individual and that the individual is not the servant of the state; that we live by the rule of law, with all its fundamental guarantees, that the truth will be known and that citizens will be protected from injustice and tyranny.

Bankruptcy of the Communist System

Every American knows in his heart the truth of the democratic way of life. But a nice warm feeling in the heart doesn't take the place of knowing what he's talking about.

The Berlin wall has demonstrated, in the most dramatic fashion possible, the bankruptcy of the Communist system. The workers' paradise has had to wall in its people. Communism is a system that will not, despite the height of the walls, be accepted by human beings. West Berlin students rescuing East Berliners from Communist control have demonstrated that to be true. The Chinese refugees fleeing to Hong Kong have demonstrated it; the Vietnamese paratroopers demonstrate it. The Special Service Units of the U.S. Army serving in Southeast Asia demonstrate it. Gen. Lucius Clay demonstrated it in Berlin, his son in Vietnam.

The challenge is whether we as a people and a nation can demonstrate it. This struggle will be long, costly and will require dedication and hard, unglamorous work. It has already taken many lives and will take more. It can be won—but it also can be lost. The decision is ours. **THE END**



Mobbed by enthusiastic Indonesian students, the Attorney General encounters a reservoir of goodwill.

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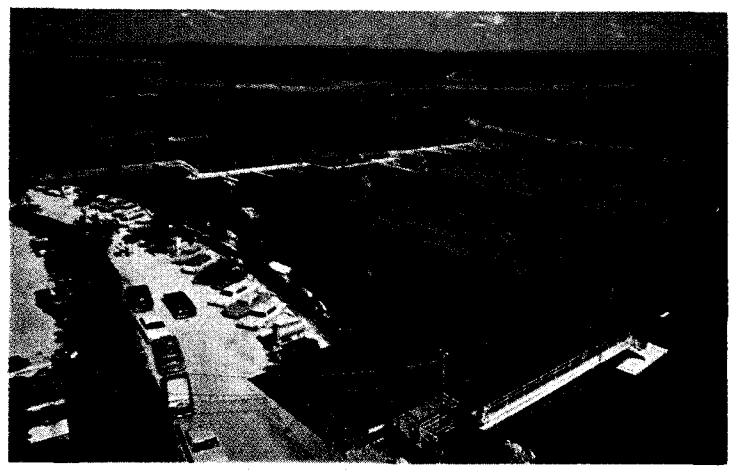

Eisenhower Marina berths part of Texoma's big boat fleet.

Water-Hole Wonderland

Thanks to a dam which they didn't want, people in the Southwest delight in good times and good business on man-made Lake Texoma.

By EVAN HILL

"Listen," the old man said. "The dam just about turned this valley upside down. It drove the people nuts, that's what it did. Try driving across Roosevelt Bridge tonight after dark. You practically can't. You'll see what I mean. Too damn many fishermen."

I was on the shores of Lake Texoma, a forty-mile-long artificial lake on the Texas-Oklahoma border, eighty miles north of Dallas. The lake was created in 1944 when the United States Corps of Engineers finished huge, earth-filled Denison Dam. The waters of the Red and Washita rivers, rising behind the dam, make the lake which today is a remarkable recreation complex.

That night I drove to the bridge and saw what the old man meant. In my headlights the roadway seemed to squirm with fishermen. Their equipment slopped far out onto the pavement—tackle boxes, bait buckets, ice chests, portable radios and gasoline lanterns. I counted 156 cars on the bridge's approaches. At night that section of U.S. 70 is not for drivers; it belongs to the fishermen.

Recreation Paradise by Accident

The perpetual frolic at Lake Texoma—the fishing and camping, the swimming, boating and water skiing—all came about by accident. The dam was designed for flood control and hydroelectric power, with little thought for water sports. Residents of the area were furiously opposed to the dam. They never dreamed that it would lay a recreation paradise at their doorsteps and bring prosperity to their communities.

Much of the nation's outdoor sport is found on lakes that weren't meant for recreation. One hundred million tourist visits are made each year to 250 lakes which the Corps of Engineers built as reservoirs; TVA and Bureau of Reclamation reservoirs draw another 60,000,000. As in the case of Lake Texoma, the dam projects were often bitterly resisted by local people because of ignorance, misunderstanding and myopic vision.

Initial Opposition to the Dam

Eighteen years ago, when the twelve great floodgates slid into position on the Denison Dam and the water began rising in the valleys, there was little rejoicing in Denison, Texas, or in Madill, Oklahoma—cities which today advertise themselves as being in "Texomaland." The dam had removed almost 200,000 acres of farmland from production and taxation. And in a region where industry was almost nonexistent and farming was just beginning to move out of a one-crop economy, such a loss of land and taxes seemed absolutely disastrous.

A former governor of Oklahoma, W. H. (Alfalfa Bill) Murray, called the dam "the biggest folly ever proposed." Red-haired Leon C. Phillips, governor during the dam's construction, labeled the project unconstitutional. Twice he carried his futile fight for work-stopping injunctions to the United States Supreme Court. He threatened to call out the National Guard at the Texoma project, and actually did declare martial law to halt construction of another Corps of Engineers dam in Oklahoma. Two hundred farmers in Marshall County, Oklahoma, staged a mass meeting in Madill to protest the Federal Government's seizure of land.

Even after the lake was filled, local people continued to complain. The water always would be muddy, they said. (It settled out sparkling clear, glinting in the sun like crinkled metal foil.)

The dam was not needed for flood control, they said. (It has prevented about $28,000,000 in flood damage to date, the Corps of Engineers estimates.)

The lake would never have good fishing. (Today, after stocking and natural increase of native fish, the lake is a fishermen's paradise with a year-round season and no catch limits on many species).

Almost everyone feared that loss of taxes from the flooded land would bankrupt the counties. (The counties have received more than $1,230,000 from the Corps of Engineers as their share of lease payments from lake resorts, a sum considerably larger than the taxes they would have collected had there been no dam.)

Actually, before the dam, there was little worth preserving in that section of the Red River valley. Economically, socially and culturally the area was as marginal as its farmland. While it was not in the backwash of progress, it was hardly in the mainstream. Denison, Texas, the area's largest city, had a population of about 15,000. It was a railroad center with some small industry, some farming. A resident remembers it in past years as "a pretty uninteresting place."

Rescued From the Doldrums

Woodville, Oklahoma, had been slowly dying for decades. Once two banks had thrived there; just before the dam came, there were none. Nearby Kingston, a longtime inhabitant told me, was "a sick town filled with old people waiting to die. Almost every business building was vacant." Madill was in the doldrums. Few roads in the area were paved, and it was a rare village that had sewerage, paved streets or sidewalks. The valley's youth, I was informed, were migrating

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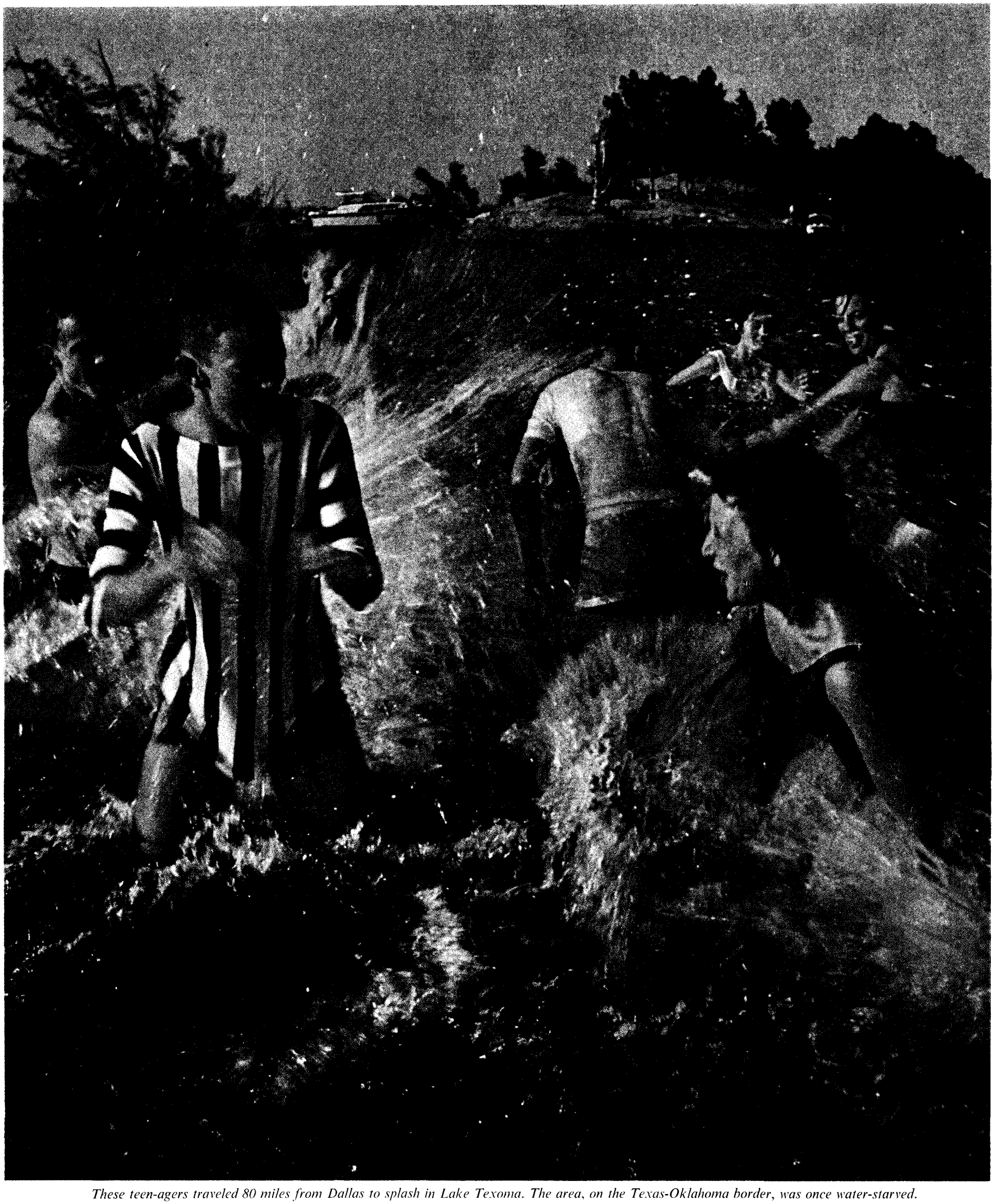

These teen-agers traveled 80 miles from Dallas to splash in Lake Texoma. The area, on the Texas-Oklahoma border, was once water-starved.

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

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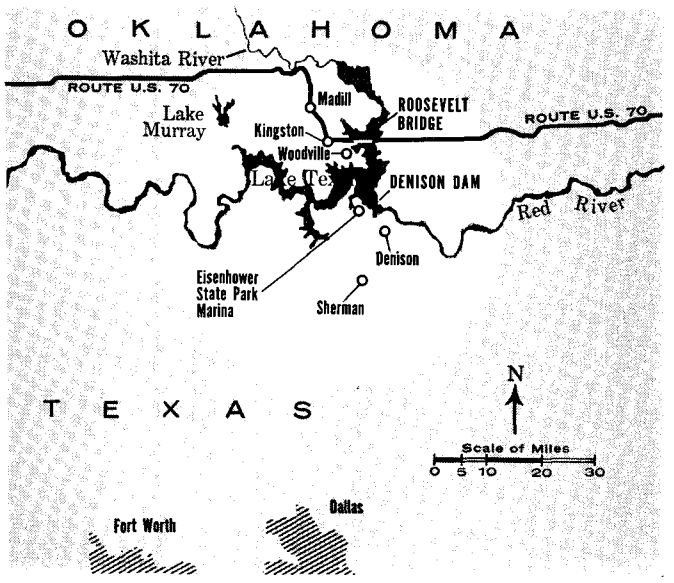
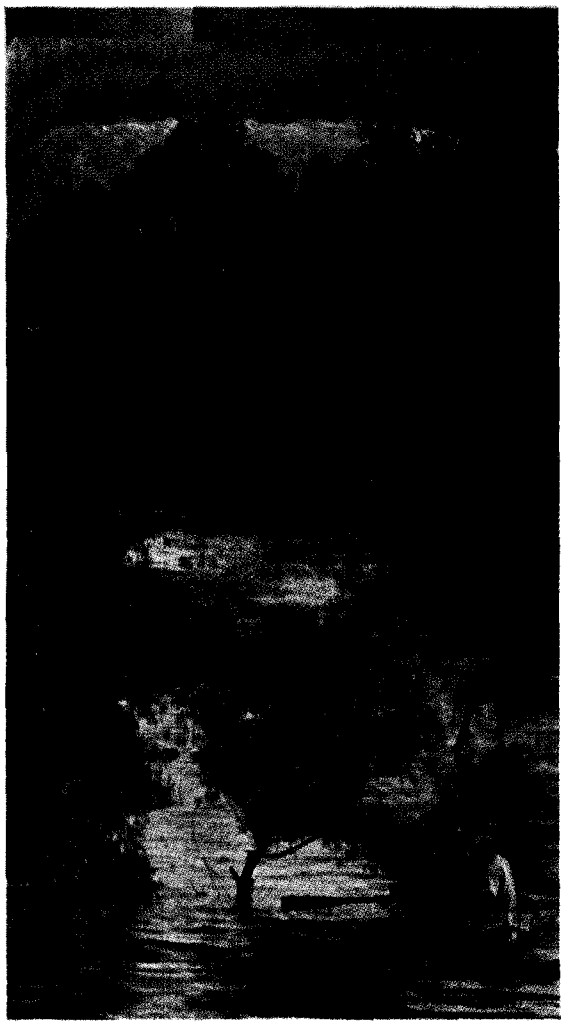
A parched and sleepy wasteland now abounds in recreational facilities and newfound wealth.



Waters of the Red and Washita rivers, rising behind Denison Dam, created Texoma in 1944.



Two fishermen on the Red River near a dam spillway. The fishing season runs year-round.

to "places not with *better* opportunity, but to places with *some* opportunity."

Then the dam came. At first there was little positive difference. There were miles of clear water, but most residents didn't know what to do with it. A few ventured out in flat-bottom skiffs and reported good fishing. There was some swimming and picnicking on the beaches, but there were fewer people to enjoy the lake. Marshall County alone had dropped from 12,000 to 8000 population as flooded-out farmers moved on. The rivers were controlled and the electric generators hummed, hardly dramatic or even noticeable events.

But a human urge had been stirred. Lake Texoma had emerged in a water-starved area. Southwesterners who had never known big water began visiting Texoma in increasing numbers, driving hundreds of miles just to see it and touch it. However, there was little to keep them there. The region, now rich with water, had few lodgings, restaurants or boats and little bait. No one had anticipated the demand.

"We didn't realize what we had," admits a Denison businessman.

Change at Texoma was inevitable as the demand for recreational services rose. Today 8000 boats, including fifty-four-foot cabin cruisers, are permanently berthed on the lake. An equal number are trailered in from as far away as Dallas and Oklahoma City on summer weekends. Loe's Highport, the largest marina on the lake, rents covered dock space to 325 boats, the total value of which is more than $3,500,000, and grosses about $1,000,000 a year.

The Corps of Engineers estimates that visitors annually spend $17,000,000 in the area. Each year sportsmen take 5,000,000 fish (white and black bass, crappie and catfish), 2500 geese and 4000 ducks. More than $30,000,000 in private capital has been invested in resorts, lodges, homes. boats and other facilities.

Perhaps the most lavish development on the Texas side of the lake is exclusive Tanglewood Hills, a private resort catering to well-manicured Southwesterners, some of whom fly in for an evening or a weekend in their private planes. Tanglewood offers its members a luxurious clubhouse, docks, a golf course, private homes, cabanas and a split-level swimming pool.

Lavish Resort Developments

Lake Texoma Lodge, a $2,500,000 recreation complex with 174 rooms, built by the State of Oklahoma on the north shore, has become the region's convention center. The resort has a lighted landing strip, a golf course. a riding stable and a swimming pool. Its huge campgrounds are jammed tent stake to tent stake during the summer season.

A few hundred yards away is Bob Johnson's Fish Arena, a year-round fishing barge that can seat up to 500 fishermen. It opened ten years ago when Johnson, a disenchanted appliance dealer, linked up a series of large floats, leaving open water—fishing wells—between them. He then enclosed his floating docks with walls and roof, and equipped the building with restaurant, television, toilets, air conditioning and heating.

Since 1958 it has been open twenty-four hours a day. Fishermen pay one dollar for twelve hours, a dollar and a half for twenty-four hours of fishing in Johnson's railed-off wells, which he periodically baits to attract more fish. Most of his customers are women, some of whom bring cribs and play pens so they can fish and baby-sit simultaneously. Last winter a woman from Shawnee, Oklahoma, fished from the barge for sixty-seven consecutive hours, occasionally dozing in her chair but always keeping a line in the water.

Spotted along the lakeshore are about two dozen areas, ranging in size from fifty to 640 acres, used by such groups as the American Legion, the Boy Scouts of America and the Camp Fire Girls. "You can't imagine what this lake means to those kids," says Sam H. Gary, a Corps of Engineers official who has been in the region for twenty-two years. "Most of their daddies never even saw water like this. Now there's miles of it."

Making a Business out of Play

The lake has four wildlife refuges, and the states of Texas and Oklahoma have together invested almost half a million dollars in fish-and-game laboratories. The major portion of this sum, however, is in the University of Oklahoma Biological Station, which is doing impressive research in fresh-water fish.

Albert Martin, a Denison banker, says, "When the lake was built, we tended to ignore it. It had been filled five years before I put a boat and a ten-horsepower motor on it, and I was a curiosity. Today such boats are commonplace. Now there are so many water skiers that there's hardly room for fishermen." Martin exaggerates, for there is still plenty of space on the lake, but a drive through Denison's residential areas reveals how the reservoir has captured the community. In almost every block you can see several boats parked in the garage on two-wheel trailers, with the cars parked outside in the sun. And in almost every town around the lake there are "boatels"—structures built especially for out-of-town sportsmen who do not wish to trail their boats back and forth, but prefer to rent indoor, dry-land storage for the boat and trailer.

Very few of the marinas, lodges and housing developments were started by local people. The old-time residents, accustomed to no-nonsense, back-breaking farm work, couldn't understand making a business out of play. They even tried to get the Corps of Engineers to buy more of their land—at about thirty-five dollars an acre—than the Corps actually wanted.

"If you're going to take most of my farm," a farmer would say, "take it all. What can I do with the little piece left over?" Today people are glad to pay $2000 an acre for the same land, just to get near the lake.

One outsider who helps them get near the lake is thirty-four-year-old Max Flinchbaugh, who arrived at Texoma two years ago with $10,000 in cash and several years' experience in lake development in Ohio and Kentucky. Flinchbaugh bought a fifty-acre tract, then sold it off. With his profits he bought more land, divided it into 1215 lots and quickly sold them. In one two-week period 10,000 autos crossed his traffic counter; sometimes he sold 200 lots a week. Flinchbaugh sold off his fourth Texoma development of 2840 lots last May, grossing slightly under $1,000,000 on the deal.

In addition to the people, the lake has attracted industry. Three fishing-lure companies and a pleasure-boat company have been founded in Texomaland. In the last few years the Pillsbury Company, the Johns-Manville and General Cable corporations and IBM have all built plants in the area. Britt W. Swain Jr., executive vice president of

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the Lake Texoma Association, says, "Without the lake, we wouldn't have them."

Texomaland is prospering after a slow start. Marshall County's permanent population has never recovered from the farmer's exodus, but it now has 5000 summer and weekend residents who spend more money and pay more taxes than the vanished farmers ever could have. Kingston, once languishing, now has four new motels, two automatic laundries, a sewage system and a fire department, none of which it had before the lake. Madill, whose only paved street a few years ago was the stretch of U.S. 70 which runs through town, now has more than half its streets paved and a new $72,000 city hall, five new school buildings and a new water-and-sewer system. Its two banks have remodeled and expanded three times since the lake was filled.

"We still lose a lot of our youth," says James Pate, twenty-nine-year-old coeditor of the Madill *Record*, a newspaper which once fought the dam, "but we don't lose as many as we used to. They have more job opportunities now. Family businesses are expanding and sons are staying because they're needed.

"None of these changes," Pate continues, "would have happened without the lake. We would have gone down and down as have other rural communities that depended on agriculture alone."

"Outdoor Recreation" Means Water

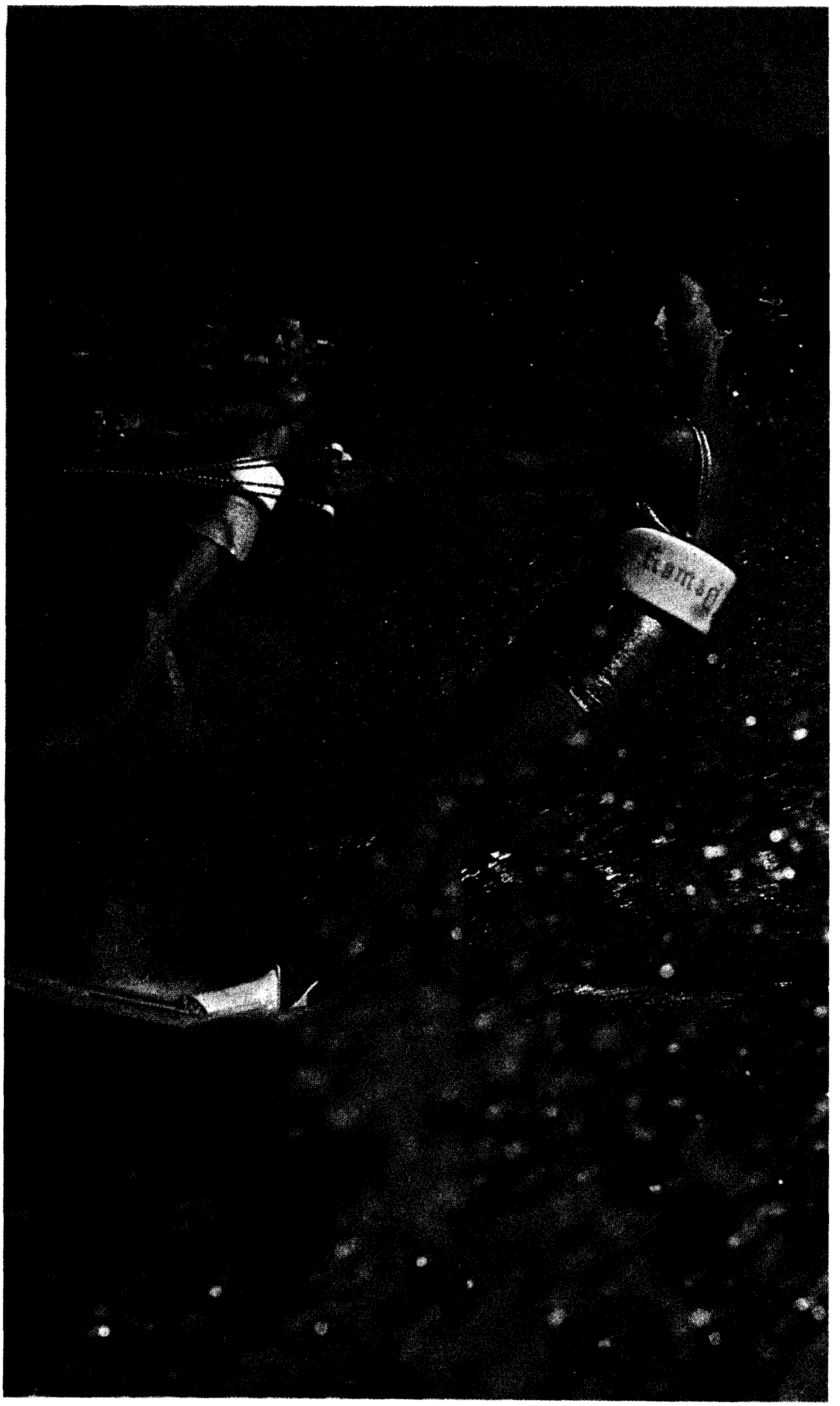
What water has done for Texomaland it has done for other regions. "Reservoir construction was never intended as a program to help depressed areas," says a consultant to the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission, "but a better one could hardly have been devised. . . . Recreation is probably the only economic enterprise that could have been introduced with such swift and favorable results."

The commission, established by Congress in 1958 and granted $2,500,000 for its studies, has pulled together what is perhaps the most comprehensive and illuminating report ever made about the outdoor recreational activities of Americans. Headed by Laurance Rockefeller, the commission has not only inventoried the nation's present outdoor recreational facilities but also forecast the needs for future generations.

"Americans are seeking the outdoors as never before," the commission reported to Congress early this year. "Water is a focal point of outdoor recreation. Most people seeking outdoor recreation want water." As if to explain all the living-it-up on Lake Texoma, it added: "Water is a stimulus, and where none was before, the effect is galvanic."

Texoma and hundreds of other flood-control, electric-power or irrigation lakes throughout the nation have dramatized America's need for a place in the sun, especially near water. The new lakes have allowed millions of Americans to escape the heat and the tensions of multilayered city living. They have helped fulfill a nation's need for exercise, rest and spiritual uplift.

In the next forty years, the commission estimates, participation in outdoor pursuits will nearly triple as the population doubles, and another 10,000,000 acres of water probably will be impounded behind new dams. With proper planning, the commission believes, it should be possible for the 360,000,000 Americans of the twenty-first century to have more of the water they need for outdoor recreation. **THE END**



Encased in safety belts, two local youngsters, Judy Dewey and Sonny Clift, water-ski on Texoma. Judy's father runs a motor lodge, part of the area's booming recreation business.

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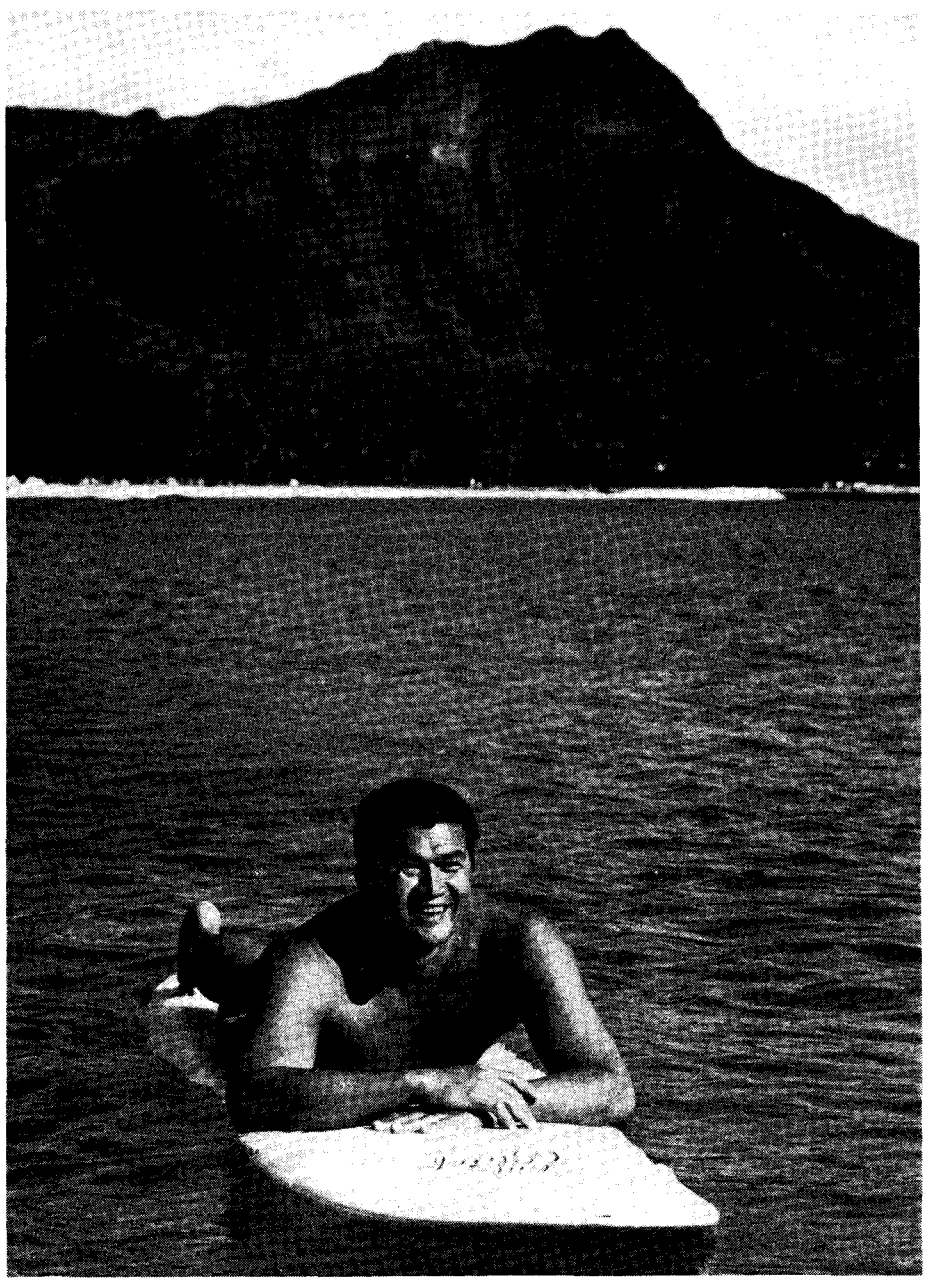
Hawaii's Hustling Shepherd

Preaching brotherhood, the Rev. Abraham Akaka is infusing new vigor into the Christian ministry of our multiracial fiftieth state.

By FRANK J. TAYLOR



An ardent surfer and ukulele player, the Rev. Akaka uses both talents in his ministry. He is sometimes mistaken for a surfboarding instructor.

Soon after he became pastor of Honolulu's sedate and puritan New England-type Old Stone Church at Kawaiahao in 1957, the Rev. Abraham Kahikina Akaka, D.D., a soft-voiced, ukulele-strumming native Hawaiian preacher, was asked to speak at a luncheon of businessmen, largely *haoles*, or Caucasians.

If the men of commerce were expecting a pleasant, lead-kindly-light talk with perhaps a subtle pitch for the church, the reverend disappointed them. He pitched for more Christianity in everyday moneymaking, pointing out that business needed the church more than the church needed business. As a starter he suggested that new enterprises in Honolulu should be launched not by the traditional Hawaiian incantations of a *kahuna*, a native priest of dubious pedigree, but by dignified Christian dedication ceremonies.

That was a startling idea for Hawaii, where most churchmen have hitherto worked the spiritual side of the street, leaving the worldly side to the enterprisers. Nevertheless, soon after his talk, a businessman phoned to ask Doctor Akaka to officiate at the opening ceremony for a new garage. He accepted. The garageman and his well-wishers apparently expected a few gracious words and a short prayer. Doctor Akaka astounded them with a talk on the problems of operating garages. He had carefully boned up on the subject to emphasize how Christianity might be practiced even by parking cars without scraping fenders.

At forty-five, Abraham Akaka is a fresh breeze in an old calling. His ministerial robes hide the muscles of a frustrated athlete, as much at ease on a surfboard as in the pulpit. Mystic and poetic, he abandoned music for the ministry, sings as do all other Hawaiians, but better than most. His *Sunday in Hawaii*, a best-selling, combination song-and-sermon record, postulates the new and greater meaning he has found in the Hawaiian's all-inclusive word, "*aloha*."

"*Aloha* is the spirit of God at work," he says. "*Aloha* is the promise of life our Lord has given to a troubled world."

Ukulele Strumming at a Synod

Known by his flock as *Kahu*—Polynesian for "shepherd"—Doctor Akaka is a rare find among easygoing Hawaiians, a venturesome theologian with ideas for modernizing not only his own church but all Christian churches. His ideas caught fire last year at the synod that assembled in Philadelphia to launch the newly merged United Church of Christ. Chosen chaplain of the synod, he unwittingly stole the show when he unlimbered his ukulele—not to liven the gathering with Hawaiian song, but to drive home a message.

Plucking the strings one by one, he said softly, "Some of God's people are white, some black, some brown, some yellow. God didn't intend all people to be alike, not even in families." Then strumming all the strings vigorously, he added, "People were intended to live in harmony, as when the strings of the ukulele blend. There is a tremendous job ahead to bring all people in tune with God. Then they will be in tune with each other."

Many churchmen are urging Christians to unite for greater strength. Doctor Akaka goes even further, championing brotherhood for all races. Hailing from a human laboratory in which Polynesians, Caucasians and Asians have blended not only their way of life but also their creeds, he

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devoutly believes Hawaii has a message for all Americans. "We in Hawaii hope and pray that the spirit of *aloha* will grow and spread through our nation. The spirit of *aloha* is the spirit of God, seeking to bring people together as a family, and not as separated brethren. *Aloha* seeks the good of the other. And this is the way God's life is."

Impromptu ukulele lessons from the pulpit are one of several devices *Kahu* Akaka employs to drive home his ideas for practicing more Christianity in everyday life. One of his regular haunts is the famous beach at Waikiki, where, on orders from his doctor, he takes time out for swimming and surfing since he suffered a heart attack from overwork three years ago. The beachboys accept him as one of their mold. When Akaka introduced himself as minister of Kawaiahao Church to Charlie Amalu, their chief, the latter exclaimed, "Kawaiahao, that was my mother's and father's church."

"Why isn't it yours?" asked the pastor congenially. "We'd welcome you."

There was a long pause. "You are the first minister who ever asked me to come to church," said Charlie. "I'm coming."

Ministering to a Novice Surfer

Amalu came and brought several other surfers with him. In his dignified robes, Doctor Akaka has married several of them since. But in his swim trunks, riding his board on the crest of a wave, he looks like a professional surfer. Recently a floundering tourist asked him for a lesson. In about twenty minutes Akaka had the visitor balancing upright on the surfboard. As they came out of the surf, the tourist said, "Wait until I get my wallet. How much do I owe you?"

"Nothing, my friend. *Aloha*," said Akaka, leaving the tourist puzzled at having found a Waikiki beachboy who gave surfing lessons for the fun of it.

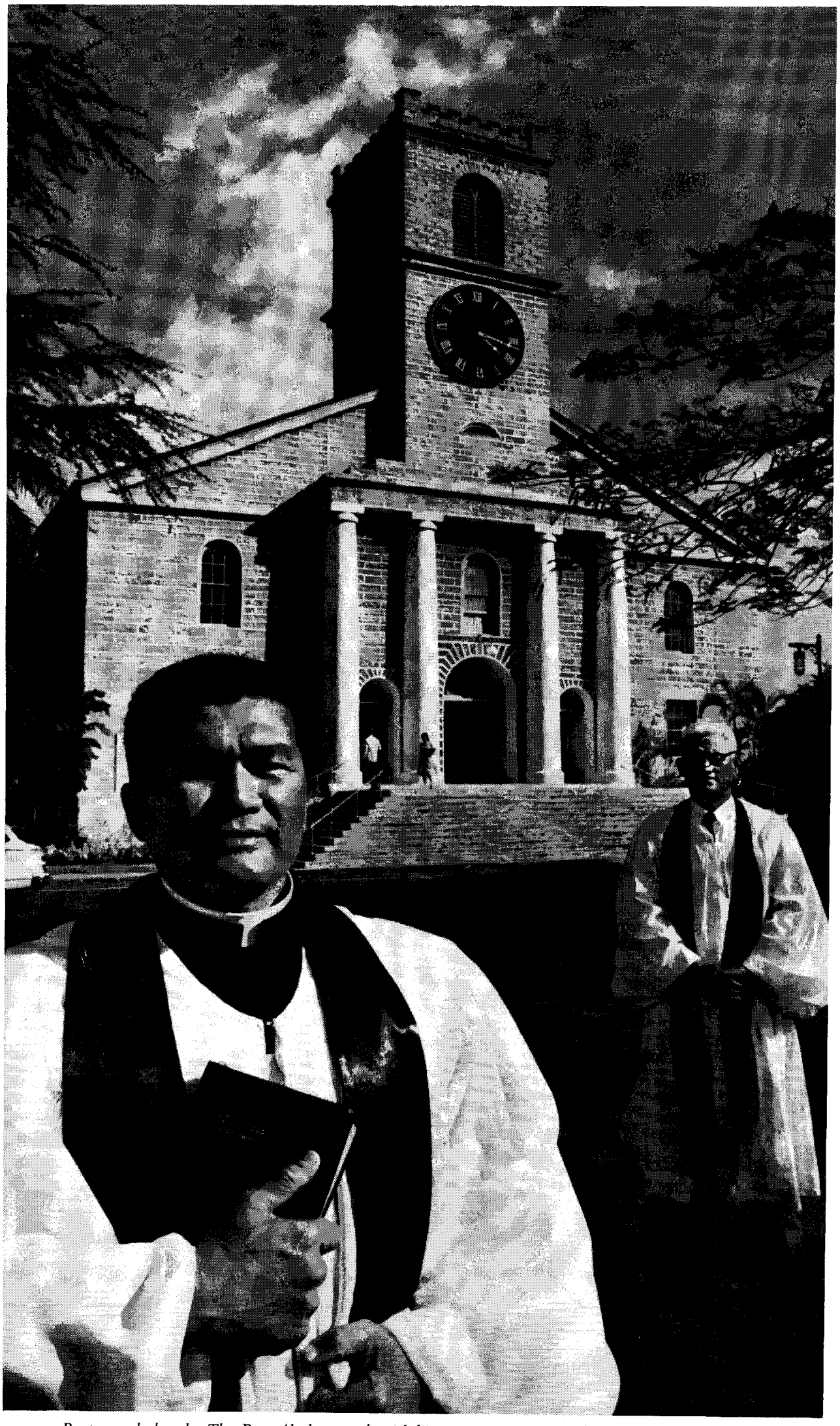
An amused surfer standing nearby dispelled the tourist's bewilderment. "That's Abe Akaka, pastor of Kawaiahao Church, university regent and chaplain of the senate."

For his duties in Iolani Palace, where the Hawaii legislature meets, Akaka rises early to compose a studied prayer related to the day's legislative chore. The senate is predominantly Republican, the lower house Democratic. Chaplain Akaka is called upon to say grace at dinners for both parties. One day a senator demanded, "Are you a Republican or a Democrat?"

"You ask God what He is, and that's what I am," replied the chaplain. "Meantime I'm a bridge between Republicans and Democrats."

Akaka found himself in a similar linking role when Gov. William F. Quinn purposefully appointed him a regent of the University of Hawaii. The regents, representing rival interests of the several Hawaiian islands, often get locked in controversy. Akaka confounds them by saying little and diligently making notes. When the right moment arrives, he reviews the issue. "The spirit he exudes is oil on troubled waters," explained Herbert C. Cornuelle, chairman of the board of regents.

Doctor Akaka has his own ax to sharpen in the field of higher education. It is finding means for more native Hawaiian youngsters to continue into college. For financial and family reasons, most Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian students quit after high-school training, while the Asiatics and Caucasians continue their studies. He thinks young Hawaiians of mixed blood should be



Pastor and church: The Rev. Akaka stands with his assistant pastor in front of Honolulu's Old Stone Church. Known as Hawaii's Westminster Abbey, it is the state's mother church.

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"A venturesome theologian with ideas for modernizing not only his own

trained for the diplomatic service, because "they would understand peoples."

Some of Akaka's well-wishers think he spends too much time and energy on his outside activities. He starts his day before dawn, rarely gets home to dinner until after an evening meeting. Rubbing shoulders with businessmen, beachboys, regents or politicians is his way of projecting Christianity into everyday life. Similarly, he squeezes out time to head the Hawaiian Council of Churches, founded at Kawaiahao to help the smaller churches of the new state find larger roles in the communities of all the islands.

Doctor Akaka has served as *kahu* on four of those islands—Kauai, Maui, Hawaii and now Oahu. The Old Stone Church at Kawaiahao has six satellite churches in the Honolulu area. Making those churches places of worship not only for Hawaiians of Polynesian blood but also for Caucasians and Asiatics as well has called for a rare degree of persuasion because of the peculiar mission background of Hawaii's Congregational and Presbyterian churches.

The Old Stone Church in Honolulu is the mother church of all of them. It is known as Hawaii's Westminster Abbey, having been the official church of the Hawaiian Kingdom. Kings and queens and high chiefs were interred in tombs outside its walls.

Built on Site of Sacred Spring

Originally a grass-thatched meeting place, built by the king in 1821 for the Rev. Hiram Bingham, first New England missionary to preach and teach on Oahu, the church derives the name Kawaiahao from its site, "by the waters of Ha'o," an ancient and sacred spring. On Sundays natives jammed the thatched church, which was enlarged three times.

It was built anew in 1842 as a typically New England-type edifice after thousands of natives chiseled 14,000 gray coral blocks from the offshore reef at low tide, then skidded them to the church site. The Rev. Richard Armstrong, who succeeded Bingham as pastor, wrote in his diary that the heroic task was accomplished in five years, "two years less than Solomon occupied in building his temple; this was a greater work for us than that was for him."

Its lofty ceiling and balconies are supported by eight pristine square columns. Balmy breezes waft through it. Its famed choir sings from a loft at the rear of the pews, just in front of the great pipe organ. From its rostrum and pulpit of koa wood, Kawaiahao's previous pastors preached mainly in the Hawaiian tongue, for this was the church of the Hawaiians. One of Mr. Akaka's first innovations was to preach regularly in both English and Hawaiian. Today Kawaiahao is a church for all races—Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Caucasians, as well as Hawaiians.

Abe Akaka shares much of the background of his racially mixed congregation. Born among the taro patches of Pauoa Valley on the outskirts of Honolulu on February 25, 1917, he was the fourth of four boys and four girls. His mother, Annie Kahoa, was pure Hawaiian, his father, Kahikina Akaka, was half Hawaiian, half Chinese. "The Hawaiian and the Chinese in me still fight," says Akaka. "But anyone with even a drop of Hawaiian blood considers himself Hawaiian."

Abe's youth was typically Hawaiian. His father, an ironworker, was the son of a Buddhist, but was brought up in the Catholic faith. When he married, the elder Akaka adopted his wife's church, becoming a devout member of the Kawaiahao congregation. Each day in the Akaka home began early with family *ohana*—prayer and singing of hymns. It ended with evening *ohana*.

To help out with the big family's expenses, Abe shined shoes, peddled papers, worked in taro patches and in the pineapple cannery. He struggled through Honolulu's McKinley High School, competing with Japanese, Chinese and whites in football, basketball, track and swimming. He never made a team. "I loved athletics but was too skinny," he recalls.

A turning point in his life came when Dr. Miles Carey, the principal of the school, persuaded him to push on for a higher education. With the help of an older sister, Annie, already a teacher, he enrolled at the University of Hawaii. He washed dishes in the cafeteria, swept out the offices, still found time after studies for Y.M.C.A. work. A natural singer, as well as a guitar and ukulele player, he was chosen to travel with groups of students to the outer islands to speak and sing at school assemblies.

In 1937, when he was a junior, Abe Akaka had a stroke of luck. A local businessman, Lloyd Killam, active in Y.M.C.A. work, offered to pay Abe's expenses to Illinois Wesleyan University if he wished to do his last year of college work there. Akaka jumped at the chance to go to the mainland. In San Francisco he boarded a train "for the tremendous experience of traveling, eyes glued to window, three days in one direction and not hitting an ocean." He worked for his board at the college restaurant, studied diligently, sang and played his ukulele and guitar in churches and homes on weekends. When he finished the year, Akaka decided to stay on another year and study music.

By then Lloyd Killam was in full-time Y.M.C.A. work on the mainland. During the 1938 summer vacation, Killam opened up "a new dimension of experience" for young Akaka by placing him on an interracial youth team—a Negro, a Mexican, an Indian, a Japanese, a Chinese, a Hawaiian and a Caucasian—that traveled through the Eastern states, speaking and singing before churches and clubs. Killam was mentor to the young men, all in their early twenties. The team's adventures provided Abe Akaka with his first jolt of racial prejudice. Some restaurants refused to serve the Negro member of the team, Carlton Lee. The whole team invariably walked out, unfed.

Traveling Jim Crow in the South

When the tour ended, Killam asked Akaka, "How would you like to be a Negro for a while? We have some work in Atlanta, in colored schools and churches." Akaka thought that would be good experience too. It was. He and Lee lived in Negro boardinghouses, ate at Negro restaurants, traveled in the Jim Crow sections of buses and trains. No one noticed that the bronzed young man looked different until one evening when he bought a ticket to go to a Negro movie. The Negro doorman looked him over.

"Are you colored?" he demanded.

"Sure, look at my skin," said Akaka.

"I said, 'Are you colored?'" The doorman was about to bounce Akaka when his Negro partner arrived and rescued him.

In 1939 occurred what Abe Akaka calls "my decisive experience." He was chosen as Hawaii's delegate to a World Conference of Christian Youth in Amsterdam, The Netherlands—2000 young people from seventy-two countries in varied costumes, speaking many tongues.

"Suddenly everything came into focus," he recalled. "Here was a gathering of many nationals united by love of God and of man. There was no common language, but they understood each other. Faith cut through all language and racial barriers and unified them. For the first time I saw the Christian faith in a new light. It dawned upon me that the ministry was my life."

Zeal Wins Seminary Scholarship

In Honolulu he asked the Hawaiian Evangelical Association for a job in a church, any kind of job at any wage. He was employed for a year as a seventy-five-dollar-per-month youth worker. In the spring of 1940 Dr. Albert Palmer, president of the Chicago Theological Seminary, lectured at the University of Hawaii. Akaka heard all of the lectures and met Doctor Palmer. The earnest young Hawaiian made such an impression that Doctor Palmer offered him a scholarship at the seminary. Akaka hustled to the mainland to take up his studies.

The summer before he finished his seminary work, he met Frank Cheley, who operated a camp in the Rockies to provide "underprivileged children of the wealthy" an adventure in cooperative living. Cheley offered Akaka a job. "You'll be assistant director. Do whatever you want," said Cheley. "I want my youngsters to have the experience of living with other races."

In camp Akaka met Mary Louise Jeffrey of Denver, in charge of the hiking program for girls. She was a Seventh Day Adventist. During two summers in camp, Abe and Mary Lou discovered that about the only difference between a Hawaiian Congregationalist and a Seventh Day Adventist that mattered to them was that they went to church on different days. That settled, they became engaged. The newly ordained minister worked his way back to Hawaii to find himself a church.

In Honolulu he faced a difficult choice. He could start as chaplain of a thriving private school with comfortable quarters and dependable salary. Or he could join two other pastors ministering to the needs of seven impoverished little churches on the island of Kauai. He chose Kauai. His salary was raised to $150 a month after Mary Lou came out to become his bride in the Old Stone Church at Kawaiahao on July 24, 1944.

In 1945 he was transferred to the island of Maui, as pastor of three small churches. He built two more. It was there that his concept of the ministry shaped up, to "live the life of the people." He and Mary Lou labored nine years to firm his ideas into reality.

"Maui is our second home," he says. "All of our children but one were born there." The Akaka family consists of Fenner-Marie, sixteen; Pualani Suzanne, thirteen; the ten-year-old twins Sarah Elizabeth Kahikina (meaning East) and

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church but all churches."

Sandra Phoebe Komohana (West); and Jeffrey Alohilani, eight.

In 1954 Akaka moved to Hilo, on the "Big Island" of Hawaii, as pastor of Haile Church, second in prestige of the old mission churches. He found himself with a run-down church whose congregation had dwindled to 200 members. It needed physical as well as spiritual rehabilitation. He had barely launched his program when emissaries from Kawaiahao offered him the pastorate of the Old Stone Church.

Abe Akaka turned them down. His work at Haile Church was just begun, and he had a job to do. Two years later Kawaiahao called him again. By that time he had built the Haile congregation up to 600. The church had been renovated, and the budget was trebled. He accepted the Kawaiahao call. The trustees met him and his family at the airport with a new parish station wagon, which the Akaka family filled. A police escort with sirens led the procession to the door of the Old Stone Church. The church was filled with people, gathered for the welcome service. The Akaka family moved into a new parish house on the heights. He had an assistant, the Rev. Edward Kapoo, and a staff.

Abe Akaka's elation was short-lived. He had nailed *aloha* greetings to the 1122 names on the church roll. More than 700 of the letters came back unopened. That meant his big new church had fewer working members than the smaller one he had left in Hilo. He went to work.

Five Disciplines for Living

Akaka's technique for building up a church membership is to make it hard to get in. His church's motto is "God first, others second, yourself third." In his ministry he emphasizes "the mark of the disciple"—five disciplines for daily living, namely, daily *ohana*, or prayer; worship of God on the Lord's Day; tithing; serving ("no real Christian is an idle Christian"); and winning souls for Christ. "They're like the fingers of the hand," he says, clenching his fist. "Clenched, they make an exemplary and effective life."

Finding the church operating in the easy Hawaiian way, with each department running its own affairs, he consolidated the work into four ministries—education, music, stewardship, and evangelism and missions. The thirty-four deacons divide the duties of the mother church and the six satellites, each maintaining personal contact with a group of parishioners. The nine trustees look after the material needs of the churches. The budget has increased fourfold. Prodded by their tireless shepherd, Kawaiahao's members are working Christians. Yet the Old Stone Church still has the easy, serene atmosphere of old Hawaii. When the Sunday services are over, visitors from the mainland go home, but the *kamaainas*, or old-timers, stay for picnic lunch in the social hall and make a day of it.

"My kind of ministry may be out of joint with some of the old concepts," says Doctor Akaka. "But I believe we must unhook our minds from the past and look to the future. We must choose between the conventional church of yesterday and the new church of today that serves the whole community. The church should help prepare people to live creatively. Hawaii is a laboratory proving what can be done." **THE END**

In a light rain the Rev. Akaka and his wife greet church members after a Sunday service. The touch of the cheeks is an ancient Hawaiian custom revived by the pastor for his congregation.

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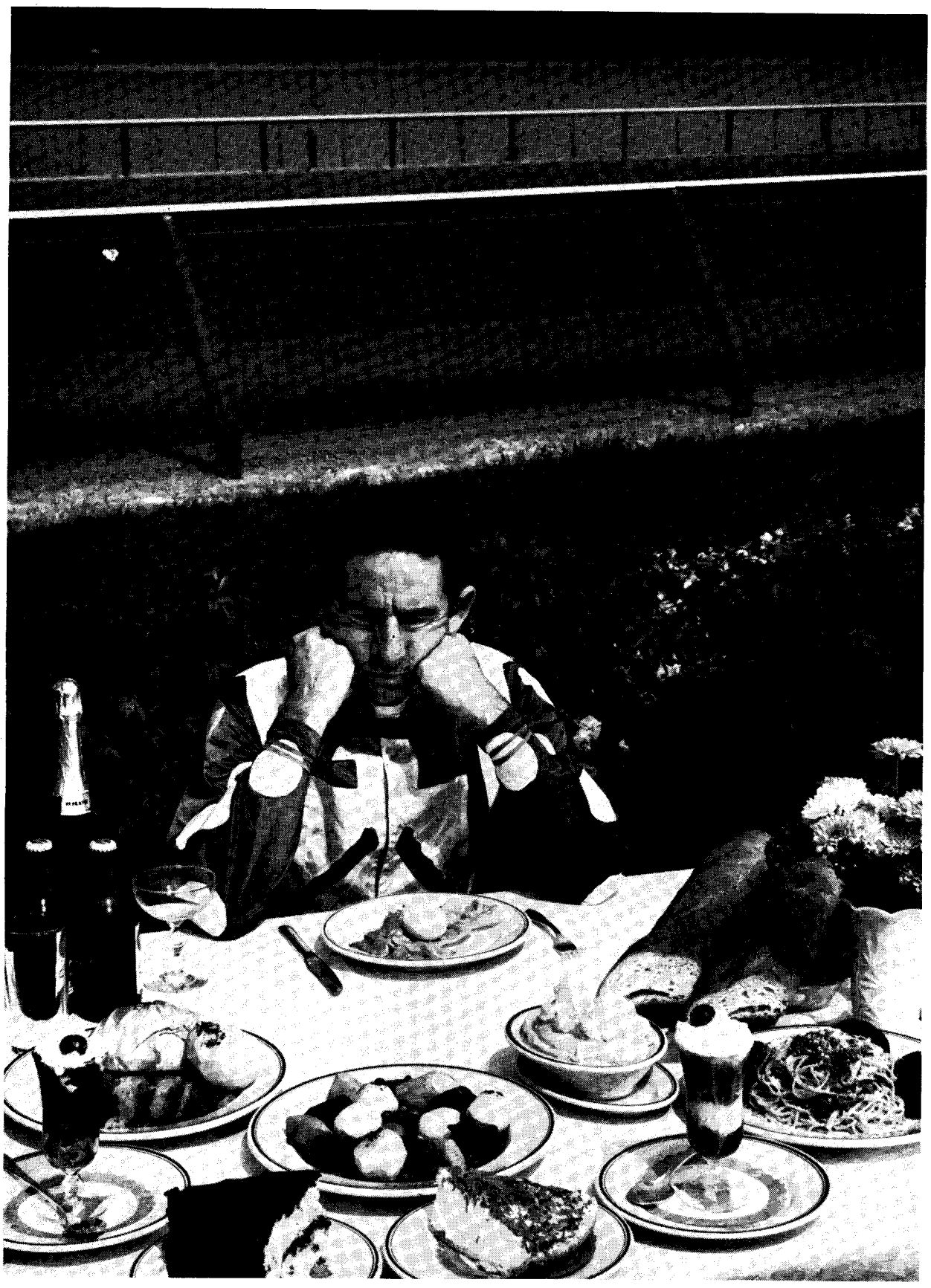
Don't Tell Me About Diets

A top jockey reveals the dieting truths he has learned during a fifteen-year struggle to avoid eating himself out of business.

By ERIC GUERIN as told to Jimmy Breslin



Viewing a sumptuous but forbidden repast, Guerin reflects on his hard lot: a hard-boiled egg on lettuce.

The nights can be the toughest part of it. For the last fifteen years dinner almost always has been the same—a piece of meat and a green vegetable, or maybe a salad without dressing instead of the vegetable. Right after dinner my wife Bessie, who treats me like a patient, closes off the wooden folding doors to the kitchen. I'm left with a half cup of black coffee in my hand and a whole night ahead of me. If I want anything else, even a glass of water, I have to sneak the doors open as if I were a burglar.

If I do take anything to eat or drink, I'm hurting my living. I'm a jockey. In twenty-two years I've been on such horses as Native Dancer and won over $15,000,000 in purses, which puts me among the top fifteen jockeys in the lifetime records. To ride race horses, the most I can weigh—stripped—is 112 pounds. I'm thirty-seven years old, and I have a body that has been trying to force me out of a job since I was eighteen.

I'm five-foot-four, with real big bones. If I ever started living like a normal human being I would be up to 130 pounds in no time, and I still would be thin. So I have to watch myself seven days a week to stay at 112. And I have to be strong at the weight too.

At night I put a couple of records on the hi-fi and listen to the music and forget about food. I've been doing it for so long that it's second nature now. Then when I go to bed, I brush my teeth pretty well, so I can cheat a little and let some water go down my throat. In the morning I have black coffee and one poached egg on light diet toast. That's all I should have, water included, until dinner.

Even with my dieting, I still have to steam off weight. Most mornings I get out of bed anywhere from a pound to two and sometimes three pounds overweight. I go to the racetrack and sit in a 130-degree steam room and let the extra pounds drip onto the tile floor.

I must do all this without weakening myself, or I stand a chance of being killed. Every working afternoon I get up on four or five Thoroughbred horses that weigh at least a thousand pounds each. Either I'm strong enough to take these big dudes and make them do exactly what I want, or I'm in trouble. When you get on a horse which has what we call a heavy head—meaning that he bows that big neck of his and tries to fight you—you have to be as strong as any prizefighter to hold onto him.

I'm lucky here. For some reason, probably because I grew up with extra-big shoulders and arms, I'm one of the

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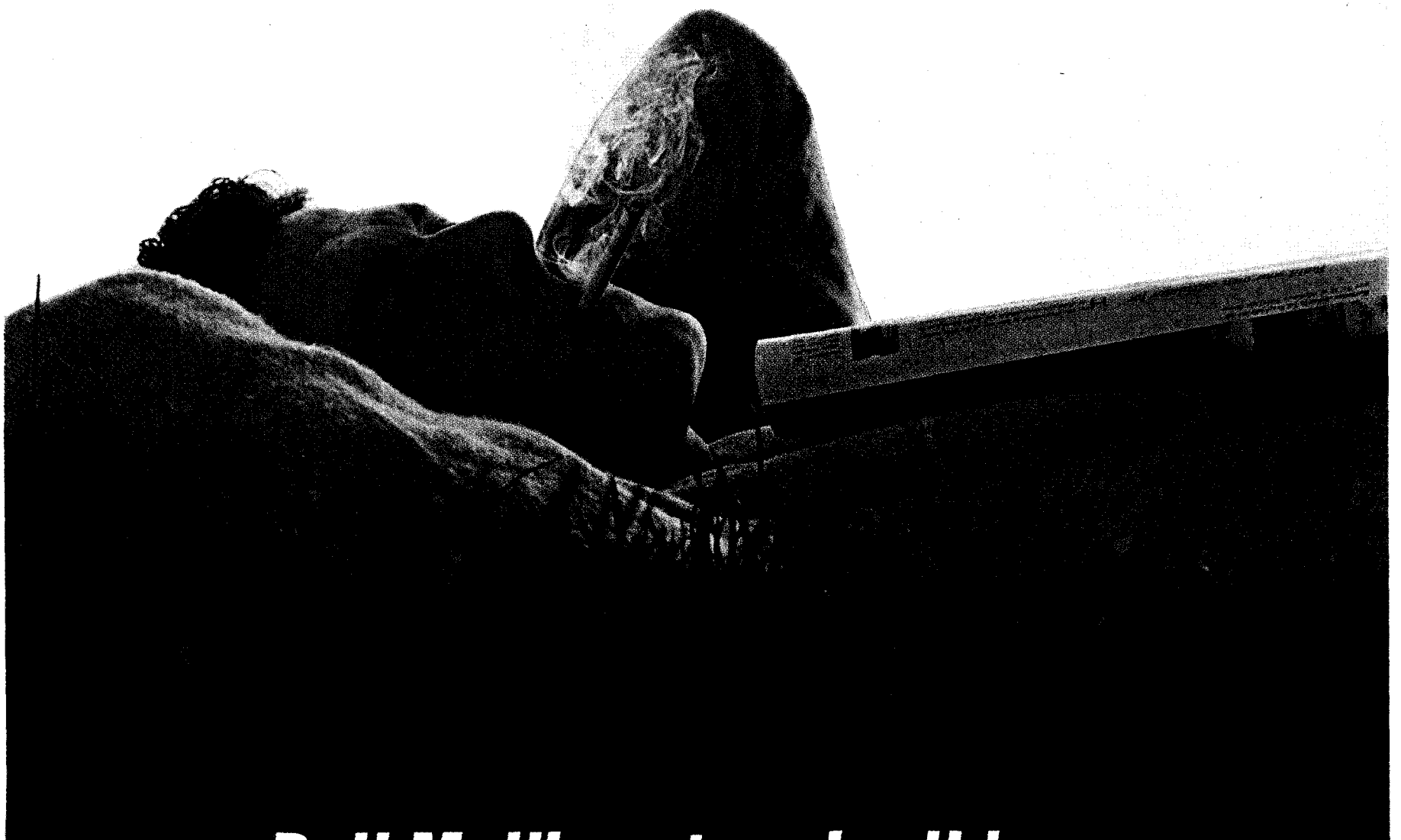
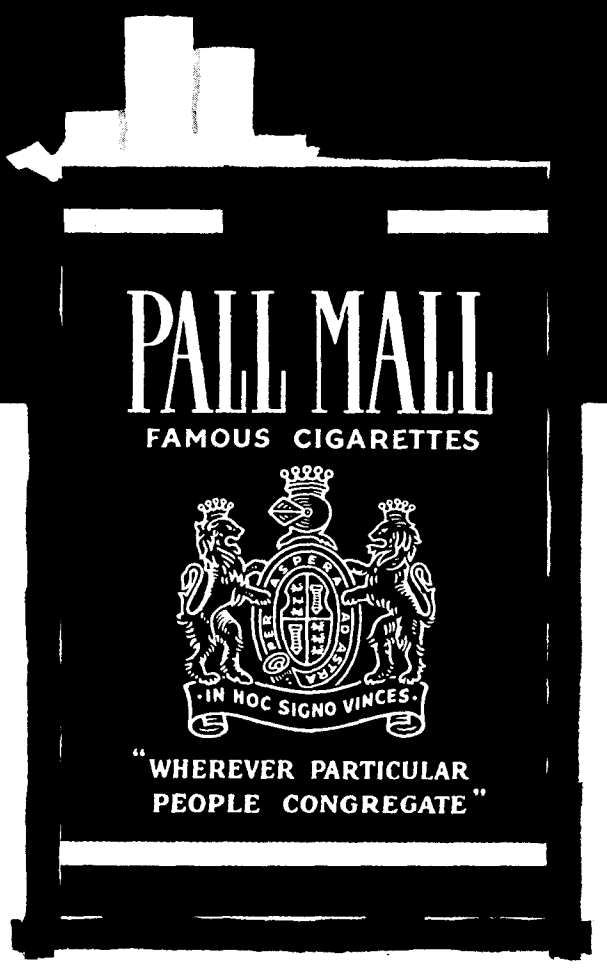


Pall Mall's natural mildness is so good to your taste!



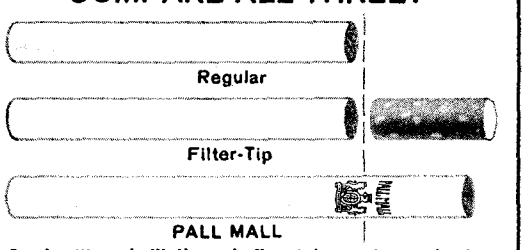
You can light either end!

So smooth, so satisfying, so downright smokeable!

For flavor and enjoyment you just can't beat Pall Mall's natural mildness. It's so good to your taste. Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right! Enjoy satisfying flavor... so friendly to your taste.

Outstanding... and they are Mild!

COMPARE ALL THREE!



Smoke "traveled" through fine tobacco tastes best. Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally... over, under, around and through the finest tobaccos money can buy. Makes it mild... but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

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At dinner with his wife Bessie, the author resigns himself to lean rations.

"The only way I can diet is to cut food and liquid intake to a minimum and then steam off the excess."

Jockey's Diet

strongest jockeys on the New York tracks. And I've been fighting weight under close medical supervision for so many years that I come out of the jockeys' room every day as strong as a rider can be.

It wasn't always that way. When I was younger, I didn't use my head as I do now. I was eating a lot of the wrong food, and my idea of reducing was to put a finger down my throat after dinner to bring it up. Or I would swallow twenty-five or thirty laxative pills.

One afternoon in June of 1947 I was on a horse called Dorothy Brown at Belmont Park. Coming around the last turn, Dorothy Brown started to lug in toward the rail. When a horse does this, you begin sawing away with the reins and keep the head straight. But you've got to be strong to do it. I was so weak that all I could do was sit there and watch that rail come closer to me. Then I just passed out and fell. When they picked me up, I had a broken back.

Since then I have had strict medical control over my reducing, and weakness is a thing of the past with me. That doesn't mean my life has become easy. I keep saying I'm used to it by now, but that's just talk. I feel like busting out and eating a big meal just as much as I did when I was eighteen.

I come from Maringouin, out in the swamp country west of Baton Rouge, and I still can taste the grits and eggs we used to have, or a mess of rice with gravy all over it. When I see a picture of creamed potatoes in a magazine, I want to head for the kitchen.

A Lot of Job to Protect

But I can make anywhere from $30,000 to $110,000 a year as a jockey, so I don't care how hard life gets. I've got a lot of job to protect. And I protect it by making that big gold arrow on the jockeys'-room scale stop dead at 112 every day.

Because of this, I think you could call me an expert on diets. I diet for money, and I've been doing it practically every day of every week for fifteen years. Sometimes, when I'm sitting home, I'll look at one of those books or pamphlets which say dieting is easy, and you can eat all you want and one food burns off another, and I can't understand how anybody has the guts to put out all that nonsense. Some of those things I read—heck, they're not written by medical men. They have witch doctors putting out that stuff.

Shots, pills, ten-day crash diets, forty-day crash diets, forget-calorie diets and anything else they think up, I know that none of them are worth a quarter. The only way I can diet, and the only way any athlete I've ever seen can do it, is to cut food and liquid intake down to an absolute minimum and then steam off the excess every morning. That means you simply have to take a good hold on yourself and never let go. Weight is something that doesn't go away. It keeps coming back.

Take my wife Bessie. She's a very presentable girl. But like all women, sometimes she feels she is a couple of pounds heavier than she wants to be. She'll go out to a dress shop and then come home moaning about her size. So she'll start eating like a jockey for a couple of weeks. The weight comes off. Then one day she'll be pleased with herself and have a beer or two—she loves a couple of cold beers while we're sitting around the house. The next thing I know, she's back from the dress shop, and she's yelling about her size again.

Up and Down the Scale

It is like this with almost everybody I've ever known who went on a diet. They go right back up again. Let 'em buy all the books they want and run to the doctor for some shots. They're going to wind up fat as ever.

The winter before last Bessie and I went home to visit everybody in Maringouin. In three weeks I was up to 130 pounds. That was all the time it took to undo fifteen years of strict living. And it took many weeks to get my weight back down. I was too heavy to ride at Hialeah for thirty days. That cost me a lot of money.

Dieting isn't a thing you can switch on and off. It's a way of life. Oh, I'll do something crazy on a night here and there. I'll have a cocktail before dinner and a Scotch or two or some vodka after it. But it's never worth it. When I wake up in the morning, I'm always disgusted with myself. And I know I'm going to have to hit that steam room extra hard.

I've listened to only one man on the subject—Dr. Alexander Kaye, medical adviser to the Jockey's Guild. He has been responsible for saving careers worth millions of dollars for jockeys who have weight trouble. His formula is always the same, and it is just as simple as it is hard.

"If you want this business," he told me, "then just make up your mind that you are going to control yourself at all times. No splurts. This has to be done steadily. It is going to be hard, but you'll have to be an adult about it. They haven't discovered a pill or a system yet that is as good as a strong mind."

He told me this in 1947, when I was brought into his hospital after my fall on Dorothy Brown. He handed the nurse a diet for me. Breakfast was a half grapefruit, one egg, whole-wheat toast and black coffee. Dinner was a good-sized piece of lean meat, with either spinach, kale, Swiss chard or cabbage. Nothing in between and water only when I needed it. It all came to 800 calories a day.

I walked out of the hospital a couple of weeks later weighing 108 pounds, and I never felt better in my life. Since then I've stayed as close to the schedule as possible. Do I get hungry? Sure I do. Sometimes I'm a little thirsty too. But I'm strong. That's what counts.

I leave the house at ten o'clock each morning. I drive straight to the track and get into the steam room. The minute I step into that 130-degree heat, I sit down with a newspaper and relax every muscle in my body. That's important. I've learned that if you fight the steam room or the entire idea of being on a diet, you have more trouble losing weight than you should. You've got to be relaxed mentally and accept things as they are. This sounds like something from a Yogi, but I've seen it happening for years now.

Take Bill Hartack. Usually he doesn't have any weight worries, but one day at Aqueduct last year he had to lose a pound. He came into the steam room and sat grousing about being there. He kept shifting around and resisting the whole idea so hard that I got rid of my pound and a half in the same time it took him to sweat off one pound.

Some Jockeys Born Light

By the time I come out of the steam room in the morning, the jockeys who were born light and will stay that way are just checking in. A guy like Willie Shoemaker comes in about noon. As a rule, he's had breakfast and maybe played a round of golf. Now he puts on a T shirt and riding pants and then goes to the lunch counter and has what he feels like.

I can't even think about him. I can't afford the luxury of getting grouchy about life or food or anything else. I found out a long time ago that I have to keep complete control over myself in every department, temper included. If I give in and let myself get mad at something, then I'll start giving in on other things and, before you know it, I'll be eating myself out of a job.

I first came onto a racetrack in 1938. My cousin, Norman LeBlanc, an ex-jockey who had become a trainer, brought me down to the Fair Grounds track at New Orleans. I was a seventy-pound, fourteen-year-old country boy. I had a little schooling, but it was in one room in Maringouin, and all anybody spoke there was Cajun. When I tried speaking English, nobody understood me.

Back home we lived in a small cabin. It had a wood stove in the kitchen, and we used kerosene lamps at night. The thing I remember most about growing up is lying in bed at night and listening to my father walking the floor and groaning with pains from his ulcers. My whole family had stomach trouble like that. At nineteen my brother was operated on for ulcers, and my uncle Julius died from the same thing. My father today is an invalid because of his ulcers.

Eating Up to 100 Pounds

Around Maringouin I never was much of an eater. The racetrack changed that. I had to be up at 4:30 every morning to clean out stalls and help feed the horses. By ten o'clock I was always hungry. In two years I was up to 100 pounds.

Then Fred Wyse, a Houston restaurant owner and horseman, gave me a contract as an apprentice rider. He warned me, "If you want to last even two years, you've got to start taking care of what you eat right now." He made me live in his apartment, and he had his wife supervise my eating. She cut out gravy and starch and things like that. But I was only sixteen, and I didn't really understand. When nobody was looking, I'd grab some candy. Or if there was any ice cream in the refrigerator, I'd dig into it.

I was with Wyse for one year. He made a rider out of me and, more important, he made a man out of me. I rode my first winner at Narragansett Park, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in August of 1941. A couple of weeks later I had my first fall when three of us came together on the back stretch. I got a fractured skull and a broken collarbone, but the minute I could, I came right back to the track and started riding again.

Then in March of 1942 Wyse was ill, and he sold his horses and got out of racing. He sold my contract to a friend of his, the late Joe W. Brown, who operated out of New Orleans. Later Wyse got back into racing.

By then I not only knew how to ride horses but I could speak to trainers and sportswriters the way you should. Wyse had taught me all that. The only thing he couldn't make stick was the need to watch my weight. I don't think anybody could have convinced me in those days. I was a hot young rider making a good

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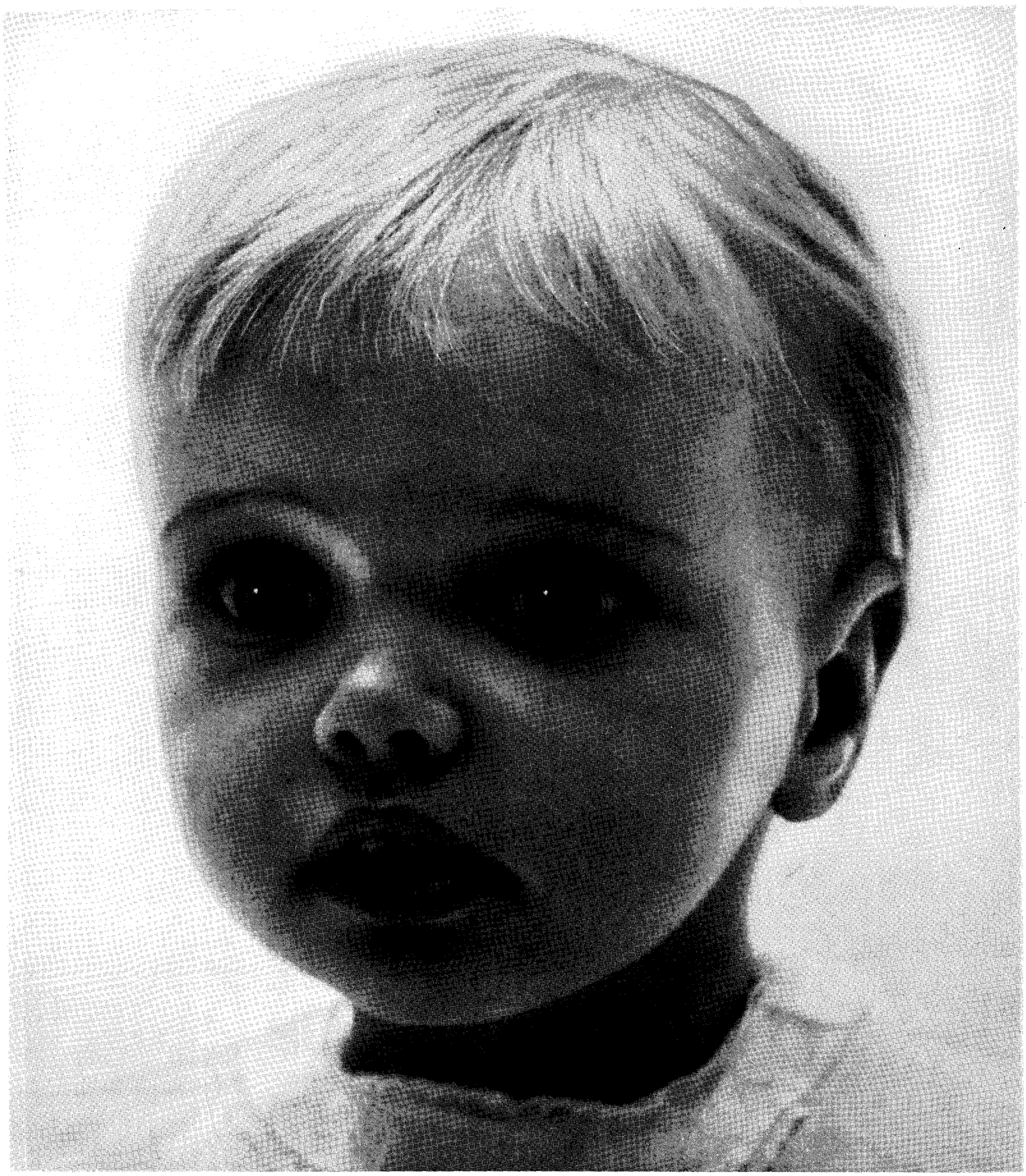

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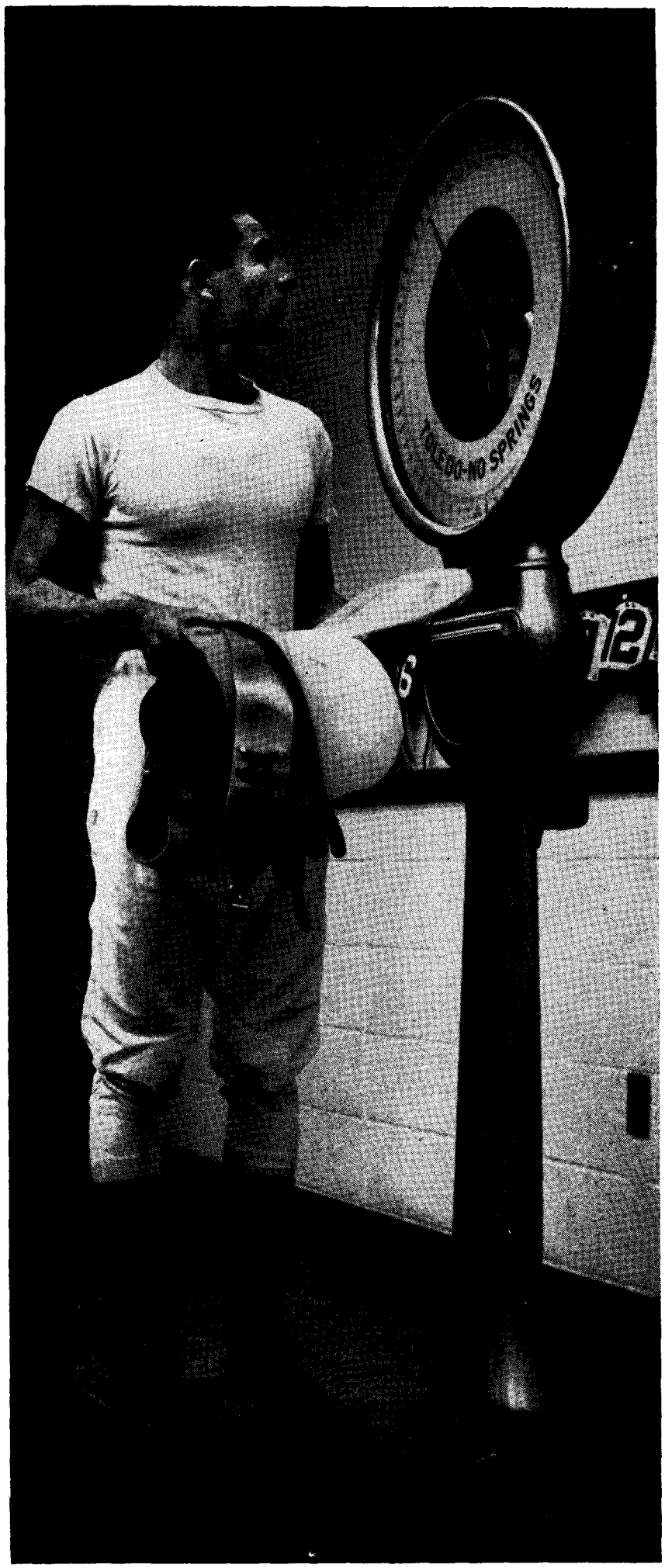
"If you want this business," he told me, "then just make up your mind that you will control yourself at all times."



Anxiously eyeing the scales, jockey Guerin checks his weight, the stock-in-trade upon which he depends for his fat paychecks.

Jockey's Diet

salary, and at the end of 1942 Brown handed me an extra $15,000 in cash—my share of stakes-race purses for the year. I felt nine feet tall, and I figured anything I did was all right.

I began to bounce around at night and slop down drinks and any kind of food on the menu. Before I knew it, I was having trouble making 115 pounds stripped. In 1943 Joe Brown shipped his horses into New York, and I started to try every restaurant in town.

It was a wonder I didn't get killed or wind up walking the floor and holding onto what was left of my stomach, the way my father did. For I never ate the right way. I was nineteen, and I had my own little methods of reducing.

I ate only one meal a day. But it was a big four-course dinner, with cocktails before and drinks after. I'd stuff bread, potatoes, gravy, dessert—the works—into myself and top it off with Scotch or something. About a half hour after dinner I'd excuse myself and go to the men's room and bring it up.

All the young riders with weight trouble were doing it. We thought we had the whole game beat. However, I still would have to hit the steam room for a couple of hours every morning and take off about four pounds. Today I can hardly believe that I did that.

I started to try other ways to fight the weight—laxative pills, for one thing. It got so that ordinary patent medicines didn't do me any good at all. So a druggist I had become friendly with made up some special pills for me, but after a while my system was so immune to them that I was swallowing twenty-five at a time. Then some of the other riders came up with a liquid physic. It left me so weak I had trouble getting out of bed in the morning, and I gave it up.

Undernourished Winner

I looked awful. I had crow's-feet around my eyes and dark circles under them, and I never really felt well. But the beautiful thing about being young is that your body can take just about anything, I guess, and still do everything you want it to do. In spite of everything, I was riding as well as any man in my business. That isn't a boast. It's all in the record book. The papers were comparing me with Eddie Arcaro.

In 1947 trainer Tom Smith of Maine Chance Farm asked me if I wanted to ride Jet Pilot for him in the Kentucky Derby. I said sure, and the horse's owner, Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham, flew me to Kentucky in a private plane. On the way down she said she'd give me a double payment if I won—a jockey normally gets 10 percent of the purse for winning a stakes race.

I had no trouble making the weight that time. All the horses in the Derby carry 126 pounds. To reach this figure, lead weights usually have to be put into a rider's saddle. When it came my turn to weigh in, they didn't have to add a thing. I used my heavy saddle that day, and I weighed 118 stripped. Dressed and with the saddle, I hit 126 on the nose.

Then I got up on Jet Pilot. I pushed him into the lead the minute the man opened the starting gates, and I never let up on him. Jet Pilot liked the track real well. We never had a step of trouble. A horse called Phalanx, with Eddie Arcaro on him, made a big move right at the end, but it was too late. Jet Pilot won it, and I received a check for more than $16,000 from Mrs. Graham.

Then I flew back to New York and started to work on myself to get down to 112 pounds for the first race at Jamaica on Monday. Finally it all started to catch up with me. I was still only twenty-two, but I began to feel like an old man. A month after the Derby I had that fall on Dorothy Brown that I told you about. The next thing I knew I was in a cast from chest to toes, and Doctor Kaye was in the hospital room telling me I was going to have to do things his way from then on.

When I got out of that hospital I threw away all my laxative pills. I haven't fiddled with my stomach since, and I've had a couple of the years that jockeys dream about.

Riding a Power Horse

In 1952, for example, I was under contract to Alfred G. Vanderbilt, and I got up on a gray two-year-old horse that Mr. Vanderbilt was starting for the first time. The horse was a flighty thing, and he kept jumping shadows all down the backstretch. But he still had a length's lead at the top of the stretch. Then I sort of flicked the whip alongside his head so he'd see it, and he took off and won by himself. I'd never felt that kind of power under me in my life.

The horse's name was Native Dancer, and I rode him for two years. We lost only one race, the Kentucky Derby, and we lost it by a fluke. A horse named Money Broker banged into us at the first turn, and Native Dancer spun almost completely around and nearly went down. Even so, we were just a jump or two short of catching the winner, Dark Star.

Afterward I told Alfred Vanderbilt what had happened. He just listened to me, then cocked his head a little bit and said, real cheerful, "Well, there's always another race, isn't there?" Then he walked away. I never saw anybody take a big defeat the way he did.

Since then I've ridden good horses, made money—and lived half a life. I expect to go on doing it for another six or seven years. I'm never going to get used to it, though.

The same goes with waiters who serve me. Once a week or so my wife and I go out at night to the Embers or the Monsignore or one of the other good music places in New York. Unless the waiter knows me, I'm always in trouble. I'll sit down and order a small cup of black coffee, and the guy will make a face, like the fellow I had one night this year. I told him what I wanted and, as he passed another waiter, I could hear him grousing.

"Boy," he said, "I got some luck. You should see the big spender I got. He wants a cup of coffee." **THE END**

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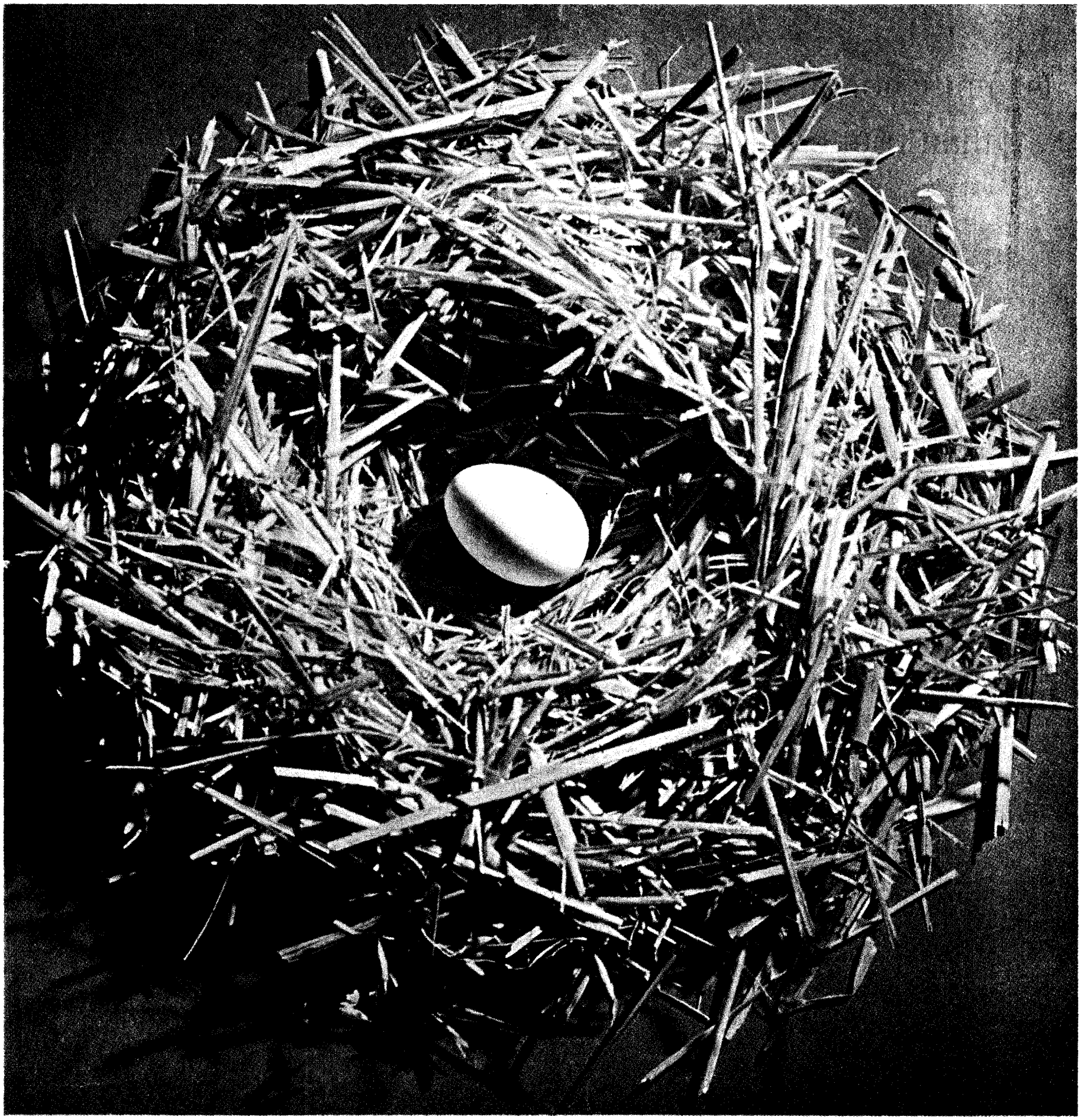

Chicken Dinner?

There are certain things you want to be able to count *before* they hatch. One good example: your savings. You want to know they're safe. You want to know their growth is sure. And when you collect your funds, you want exactly what you ordered — with no disappointments, no delays. When it comes to your nest egg, you want one thing: *a bank.*

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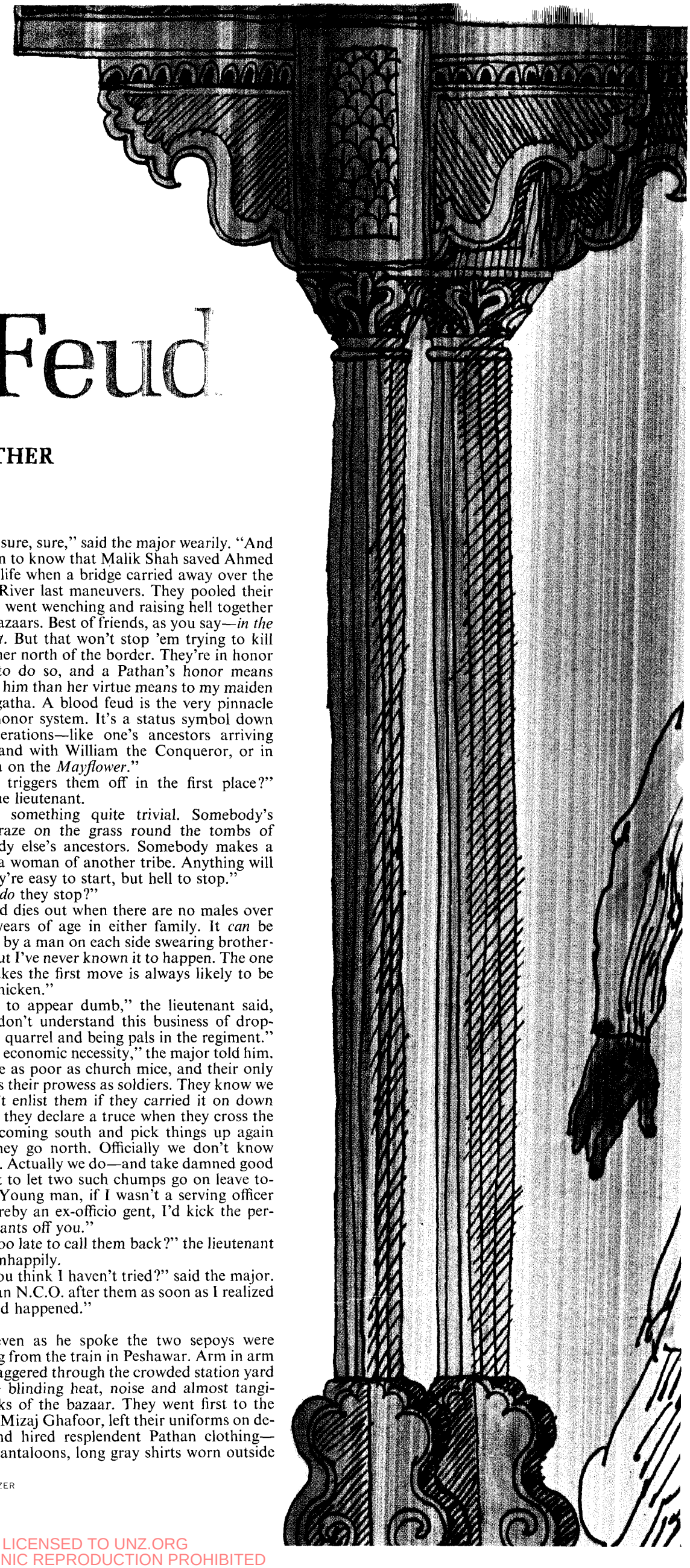
Is family honor stronger than friendship?

Blood Feud

by BERKELY MATHER



He stood before the major's desk, ramrod-stiff, heels together, thumbs in line with the seams of his trousers as the drill manual laid down—six feet four inches of trained and tempered fighting man from the soles of his polished boots to the topmost fold of his khaki turban. The major glanced down again at the letter before him, then up at the brown impassive face, young though fiercely moustached.

"So there is great trouble in your village, is there, sepoy Ahmed Khan?" he said softly. "There has been no rain for six months, and the cattle die. The young cry with hunger, and your father, on whom be peace, wants your help with such scanty harvest as his fields may yield? Is that it?"

"That is the case, major sahib," answered the other gravely.

"You are a great liar," the major told him without rancor. "I have not been dealing with Pathan soldiers for twenty years for nothing. It is the season of marriages, is it not?"

Ahmed Khan came as near to shuffling his feet as his iron training would permit, cleared his throat, looked pained, caught the other's eye and grinned shamefacedly.

"It *is* the season of marriages, as your honor observes," he began. "But ——"

"And yours, no doubt, has been arranged by your parents—as is the custom?" the major went on. "All right, you have a month's furlough due to you, and you have been of good behavior for two years. You may go. Comport yourself with the dignity that befits a man of this regiment, keep out of trouble when you cross the border, rejoin on time—and never again lie to me, or I'll pin you by the left ear to the guardhouse door. Allah go with you—and good luck."

Ahmed Khan saluted and went with speed, which was unfortunate because at that very moment sepoy Malik Shah was telling another officer just such another tale of woe, and this officer being young, inexperienced and unused to the manners and customs of Pathans, let him go without first checking with regimental headquarters. And so that most dreaded of occurrences came about—two men between whose families there existed a blood feud were allowed to go north of the border together.

The major spoke about it to the lieutenant bitterly and at length, and the latter, not yet having reached Ahmed Khan's stage of training, *did* shuffle his feet.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he said and then added hopefully, "Perhaps in this particular case it won't be so serious. I happen to know that these two men have always been the best of friends."

"Sure, sure, sure," said the major wearily. "And *I* happen to know that Malik Shah saved Ahmed Khan's life when a bridge carried away over the Jumna River last maneuvers. They pooled their pay and went wenching and raising hell together in the bazaars. Best of friends, as you say—*in the regiment*. But that won't stop 'em trying to kill each other north of the border. They're in honor bound to do so, and a Pathan's honor means more to him than her virtue means to my maiden aunt Agatha. A blood feud is the very pinnacle of the honor system. It's a status symbol down the generations—like one's ancestors arriving in England with William the Conqueror, or in America on the *Mayflower*."

"What triggers them off in the first place?" asked the lieutenant.

"Often something quite trivial. Somebody's goats graze on the grass round the tombs of somebody else's ancestors. Somebody makes a pass at a woman of another tribe. Anything will do. They're easy to start, but hell to stop."

"How *do* they stop?"

"A feud dies out when there are no males over twelve years of age in either family. It *can* be stopped by a man on each side swearing brotherhood, but I've never known it to happen. The one who makes the first move is always likely to be called chicken."

"Sorry to appear dumb," the lieutenant said, "but I don't understand this business of dropping the quarrel and being pals in the regiment."

"Sheer economic necessity," the major told him. "They're as poor as church mice, and their only export is their prowess as soldiers. They know we wouldn't enlist them if they carried it on down here, so they declare a truce when they cross the border coming south and pick things up again when they go north. Officially we don't know about it. Actually we do—and take damned good care not to let two such chumps go on leave together. Young man, if I wasn't a serving officer and thereby an ex-officio gent, I'd kick the perishing pants off you."

"Is it too late to call them back?" the lieutenant asked unhappily.

"Do you think I haven't tried?" said the major. "I sent an N.C.O. after them as soon as I realized what had happened."

But even as he spoke the two sepoys were alighting from the train in Peshawar. Arm in arm they swaggered through the crowded station yard into the blinding heat, noise and almost tangible stinks of the bazaar. They went first to the shop of Mizaj Ghafoor, left their uniforms on deposit and hired resplendent Pathan clothing—baggy pantaloons, long gray shirts worn outside

ILLUSTRATION BY ISADORE SELTZER

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Feud them, embroidered waistcoats and peacock-hued turbans—and, released from their heavy military boots, they curled their bare toes ecstatically in frontier chaplis—sandals. Then they ate at the *chai-khana*—mountains of mutton pilau spiced with saffron—daintily sifting through the buttered rice with scrubbed right hands, finding titbits which they politely popped into each other's mouths, belching thunderously as courteous appreciation of good food demands.

They went to other places then—places their fathers might not have approved of, but which would give rise to much sniggering reminiscence when they boasted about it later round the hubble-bubble pipes in their respective villages.

As dawn broke they walked, still arm in arm, to the caravanserai at the edge of the cantonment. To the north the hills towered jaggedly about the Khyber Pass.

Ahmed Khan said, "Here our paths divide. Farewell, my brother. I am sorry our officer sahibs saw fit to believe our lies at one and the same time, but now it is written. I have a pistol, as doubtless you have also. I will count to 100 after we pass the frontier post. While I am doing so it will well behoove you to run. Remember our training back there in the regiment and do not run in a straight line, but rather jink from side to side like the jackal. One of your tribe should not find it difficult."

"May you never be poor or tired," answered Malik Shah sweetly. "I will see that your uniform is returned in good order to the quartermaster's store. Our officer sahibs shall know that one Khan at least, while a braggart, was not a thief."

Then they held each other's wrists and lightly touched their foreheads together before breaking abruptly and boarding the ramshackle Khyber bus. Ahmed Khan took a seat at the back while Malik Shah placed himself immediately behind the driver, where he could see his comrade in the rear-vision mirror. They then stuck red chenah blooms behind their ears, and two Hindu and three Muslim women got off the bus hurriedly without even claiming refunds on their tickets. The driver said nervously, "Not on my vehicle, my brothers. The police infidels this side of the border do not understand affairs of honor—and I am a poor man with a livelihood to earn."

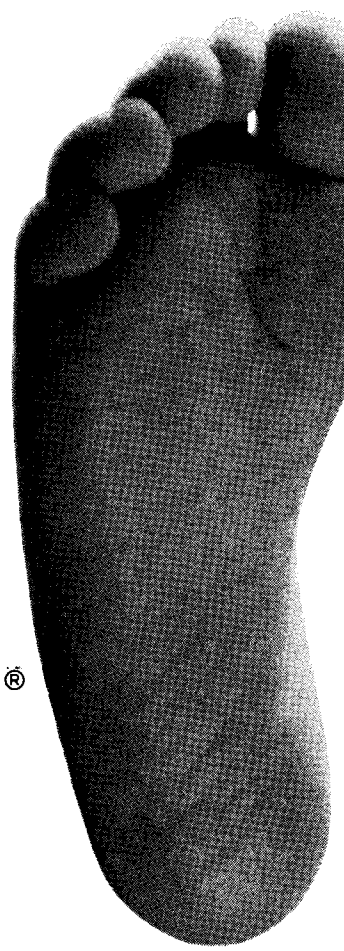
"Are we barbarians?" asked Malik Shah indignantly. "Do you think we brawl on buses, to the discomfort of the traveling public? My friend does not die until he is within decent distance of his family burial ground."

"There is only one lawful place where pigs and Shahs may be slaughtered north of the border," Ahmed Khan informed him haughtily. "That is the Untouchable Camp on the other side of Michi Landi Khana. He is safe until then." And they smiled tautly at each other with the muscles round their mouths.

Ahmed Khan sat stiffly. He had to. Under his pantaloons he had the barrel of a light Mannlicher .280 strapped to one leg and the butt to the other. He felt sorry for Malik Shah. It seemed rather a mean advantage to slip out of the dancing house while his comrade in arms was otherwise engaged and to buy the rifle at the murderous price in the Thieves' Bazaar. Still, he lived longest who thought quickest. It was a nice weapon, worth every anna of the year's accumulated pay it had cost. It was difficult to get ammunition for this particular caliber, but the dealer had thrown three rounds in with it. That would be more than enough. A count of 100? Long enough to allow Malik to outwalk the effective range of his own pistol, but still remain within comfortable rifle shot. He must remember to zero his sights. These high-velocity sporting toys had almost no trajectory at all for the first 200 yards. He would feign the urgent need of a little personal privacy at the last stop before the border, assemble the rifle, load it and then hide it beneath the seat.

Malik Shah rubbed the .38 pistol under his shirt. It belonged to the family. They always parked it at the *chai-khana* for the comfort and convenience of members traveling back to the village on furlough. He had picked it up when he had paid for their meal—while Ahmed Khan was belching and daydreaming. And now Ahmed Khan was going to die, because he, Malik, was by far the better pistol shot. Had he not been practicing drawing and firing for nearly two years, with ammunition stolen from the pistol range back there at the fort? Poor Ahmed Khan. As good a comrade as a man could wish for—south of the border. He wondered who they were marrying him off to—one of their own girls or one from a neutral village? Whichever it was, they were going to be a bridegroom short.

The sun was dropping behind the hills as the bus ground to a stop by the big cairn of stones. The white-painted board beside it stated that here was the limit of the North-West Frontier Province and the start of Tribal Territory. Malik Shah



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Feud alighted from the front entrance, averting his eyes from the rear one. Icy hands seemed to be clasping him round the middle beneath his belt. He knew now that Ahmed had the rifle, because he had seen him assembling it behind a rock at the last stopping place. He knew rage and hatred but no resentment. The frontier code, strong in principle, was loose in particular. Knife against knife or firearm against firearm—and if a man had the foresight to provide himself with a better weapon, then the devil take the other. His only hope now was to find cover within pistol range—just a sizable rock he could snuggle down behind, say at twenty-five yards.

His eyes swept the ground around him, and his heart sank. The Frontier Police kept this zone cleared—a hundred yards each way—in order to be able to sweep it with machine-gun fire in the event of tribal trouble. He should have thought of that earlier, but then he hadn't known that Ahmed had the rifle. He knew that Ahmed would play fair on the count of 100, because he had said that before they broke grips at Peshawar. There *was* cover to his right—loose rocks and camel thorn—but that was just south of the marker cairn. Ahmed would not fire at him there, but to cross back to neutral territory would be to brand himself a coward. He did, in fact, think of it for a moment, but then he heard the bus hurriedly pull forward, but only far enough to get out of the line of fire. The driver and the other passengers would be passionately interested spectators. Run back now and the women would be laughing about it round the village wells within hours. He couldn't face that.

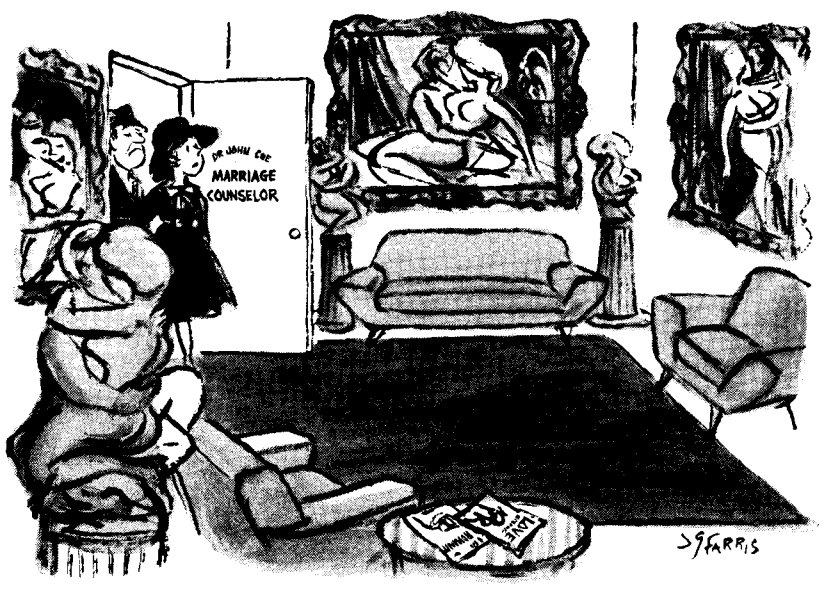
Ahmed Khan had counted up to fifty. The rifle lay on the ground in front of him, cocked and zeroed, one round in the chamber and two in the magazine. His palms were sweating, so he wiped them on his pantaloons. Why didn't the fool hurry, instead of walking slowly away, his head moving from side to side like that of a marabout bird looking for eels in the mud? He had to do this. He had known it ever since he had been allowed to totter out to the fire in the evenings and sit in the dust, thumb in mouth, and listen to the old men's stories. Seventy years it had gone back, they said, to the boyhood days of his elder uncle—and the score stood even at twelve a side—and both he and Malik were now the elder sons of this generation. Yes, he had to do it, or risk the day when Malik got one up on him—like this.

But in the name of Allah why didn't he move faster? Why wouldn't he get far enough away to make the very distance and difficulty of the shot rob it of some of its squalidness? He was counting aloud now, yelling so that Malik could hear him. "Fifty-one —— Run you fool, don't you realize that I have a rifle? . . . Fifty-two —— Do you want to shame me before these gapers? . . . Fifty-three —— Put a decent distance between us. . . . Fifty-four —— Run, Malik, run. If I miss I miss, and there'll be no blame attached to me in this poor light. If I don't you'll at least die with dignity out of sight of these people." He was begging now, and the tears were streaming unashamedly down his cheeks. "Run, Malik, run. What did they teach us back there in the regiment? A man is not a coward to run for cover and live to fight another day. . . . Fifty-five ——"

And then Malik, seventy yards away, stumbled over the clump of camel thorn and fell forward and down—fifty feet into an abandoned well.

He hit with a hollow splash, sank deeply and struggled in mad, choking panic. Like most dwellers in these dry uplands, he could not swim and had a terror of water. His clawing fingers found a niche in the slippery stones of the wall, and he clung limpetlike—his head just clear of the surface. He peered upward to where the mouth of the well made a tiny circle of light against the darkening sky, and he cursed hopelessly. Ahmed, he knew, would not shoot him down here like a rat, but he would be under no obligation to pull him out, either—not unless he agreed to capitulate and kiss the sandals of the other. That would end the feud, but thereafter a member of his tribe would have to drop his eyes when he met one of the other side, and the Shahs would be, for all time to come, the moral and social inferiors of the Khans. He knew also that nobody else would dare rescue him, because that would mean the taking of the feud into another family.

No, he would have to drown—and hope that Akhbar, his twelve-year-old brother, would make a better fist of things when he came to a man's estate. He felt under his shirt and his heart sank further. He had lost his pistol in the fall. He could not now make one last defiant gesture if Ahmed should be foolhardy enough to look down at him.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Feud

A voice came faintly to him from above. "Don't shoot, Pathan-ji. It is I, the driver. Your enemy sends terms."

"Tell him what he may do with them," Malik snarled and went into lewd details.

"He will procure a rope and pull you out, but you know the Code and must accept it on the beard of your father, the name of your mother and the sacred bones of Pir Ijazat of Faqiri," went on the driver and added pleadingly, "It is written, Pathan-ji. One cannot belch in the face of one's kismet. Accept it like a sensible man. Your enemy does not lack generosity and even now weeps for you, but the Code is the Code, and he is bound by it. Let him drop a rope and then go back in peace over the border."

"And never again be able to face my tribe?" demanded Malik. "Go back to your stink wagon, carrier of offal, and leave me to die in dignity."

Up above they were still arguing hours later, when darkness had fallen completely. Someone suggested that a rope should be dropped anonymously and left secured, leaving the trapped man to get out, or not, as Allah willed—but they had no rope long enough. Greatly daring, the driver shone a torch down into the blackness. Malik appeared barely conscious, clinging by instinct alone to the slimy wall, his nose and mouth barely clear of the water.

"If one could descend on a rope now and secure it under his arms, we could pull him to the top, and he would not even know," mused the driver. "*If* we had a rope."

"And who would descend?" asked a passenger. "You?"

"I am a poor man with a large family and a livelihood to earn," answered the driver coldly. "And anyhow it is foolishness. We could only procure a rope at the next village—twenty miles away—and he will not last that long."

And then an old woman who had traveled all the way from Michi Landi Khana on the roof of the bus cackled shrilly and toothlessly. "Fools," she said. "Would not the turbans of the men and the strappings of the loads make a rope long enough?"

That made sense, someone agreed—but there still remained the question of who would go down.

The crowd started to melt away silently into the darkness.

"You," suggested the driver, who was a kindly man. "As a woman, and more—as an untouchable who could not even ride among the orthodox inside the bus—you could not possibly draw the feud into your nameless family."

She chattered with rage like a small and shriveled monkey. "Clinging to your accursed roof for hours in the dust, unable even to buy refreshments at the stops for fear of offending someone's precious caste, have *I* the strength to descend? And why should I trouble? What do *I* owe the lordly ones and their kind?"

"A man drowns," murmured the driver miserably.

"Then let him who put the fool there be the one who must pull him out again," she spat.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The Code ——" said the driver hopelessly.

"A pox upon your Code!" Her face was convulsed with rage. "What does it mean anyhow? Even if we pulled him up, the killing would go on apace afterward."

Ahmed moved to the side of the driver. "I will go down," he said quietly. "Then there shall be a truce between us for two hours—and two hours only. More than that I could not grant without affront to my family honor."

"Keep *that* unsmirched at all costs," scoffed the old woman. "Two hours—then let the uplands be watered with blood again, and the tears of the women who wasted their suffering in bearing you. Fools, fools, fools!"

But now the passengers were tearing off turbans and knotting load straps into a rough but serviceable rope, glad of something to do—safely and in concert. The old woman wandered off into the darkness.

The water touched Ahmed's feet, rose about his ankles, his knees, his waist. He shouted to the men above to stop lowering. The dancing light of the torch that was fastened to his turban fell upon the now almost unconscious Malik. He felt for a handhold in the slimy stones.

"Careful, my brother," he said gently. "Hold tight while I unknot the rope from my waist. The others will then haul you to the top."

"I take no favors from a Khan," croaked Malik.

"None is offered," said Ahmed shortly. "The feud continues after a two-hour truce. But I'll settle my family's debt on level ground, as between men."

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"It would still be a favor," said Malik obstinately. "Go away—leave me to die in peace. This way, at least, you will not collect the credit for my death."

"Raise your arms, you fool, while I hold you," snapped Ahmed. "Let me fasten the rope round your waist."

"Fasten it round your neck, like the hangman at Peshawar did to your grandfather," Malik spat.

Above them the passengers were fretting and fuming. "Come up!" shouted the driver. "In the name of Allah, come up. I shall be fined by my employer for this delay, and I am a poor man with a livelihood to earn."

Then the old woman came back to the group, stumbling in the darkness and breathing as one who bears a heavy load. She dumped a wicker basket on the ground and raised the lid. "Give light," she commanded, and someone shone a torch on her. She was groping in the basket with both hands, her arms hidden to the elbows. From it rose an unnamable stench. She cackled shrilly and raised something above her head—something that looked like a twisted mass of white and red ropes. There was an uneasy murmur from the onlookers, and the circle widened as they drew back. She hobbled to the head of the well and peered down into the blackness.

"Ho, you below there," she called. "You defenders of the family honor, you mighty warriors before Allah, you lusty despoilers of virtue. Ho, my fine gamecocks with wet feathers. These honest people have had enough of your retching of belly wind and beating upon brass. Call off your feud—now and for the future. I know your stupid Code. It can be done by the two principals, and the slur is only on the one that offers the hand of peace first. All right then, offer it together and at one time. Then come up and let us begone to our homes."

"You do not understand these things, woman," shouted Ahmed. "Move away from the wellhead. Your very presence defiles the air above us. Tell the others to haul me up and let my enemy die in peace, as befits a brave man."

"And let your brood carry on this nonsense to disturb sensible people?" she answered contemptuously. "Not likely. Up together and live as men—or stay together and perish like rats *in pig-polluted water!*" She raised the armful of ropes and held them poised. "Shine your light upward and see what grandmother has for you. Pig guts, fresh from the slaughterhouse of Michi Landi Khana—the *untouchable* slaughterhouse. Cheap and nourishing. A treat for my family, the first meat they would have tasted in a year."

A howl of rage and disgust broke forth from the circle round her, for the pig is anathema to all True Believers. One or two of them fingered their knives and stepped forward. She tore a loathsome handful from the bundle and waved it threateningly. The circle widened again quickly. From the depths came sounds of distress and dismay.

"Make up your minds quickly," she called down to them.

"Come up together as sworn brothers or I drop this little offering down upon you—and not all the saints and mullahs of Islam could get you into your warriors' paradise when you've choked your lives out in that black water. You would be doomed here and hereafter as men who died with necklaces of pig guts, and your families would bear the shame for all time. Come up! I have not yet touched this rope, so these spotless paragons can still handle it. What is it to be?"

She cocked her ear to the urgent mumbling that came up from below. "Right," she cackled at last. "Now repeat after me together, I—then your stupid names—swear upon the beard of my father, the name of my mother, the graves of my ancestors, the Seven Unspoken Names of Allah and on the lives of my children and children's children yet unborn that the feud of Shahs and Khans dies here and now, and that henceforth we shall live in peace. Ullah—Allah—bismillah." She ended on the long shrill call of the muezzin.

She listened for some seconds to the rumbling that came up from the darkness, then nodded her satisfaction, and in silence two sheepish men were hauled to the surface, and great was the satisfaction of the driver and other passengers at this honorable solution. They streamed off back to the bus, and Ahmed was helping the stumbling Malik, and that which wet their beards was not all well water.

The old woman smiled wearily but contentedly as she watched the lights of the bus disappear in the distance. She had a long walk ahead of her through the darkness now, for, as the driver carefully explained, her continued presence on the bus would undoubtedly give offense to the orthodox, since she flatly refused to abandon her reeking basket—and he was a poor man with a livelihood to earn.

THE END

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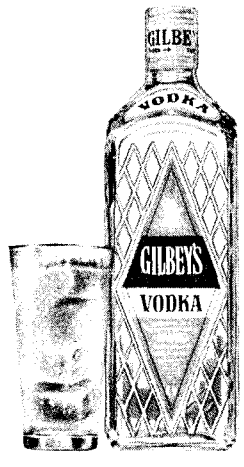
***VODKA COLLINS**—fresh lemon juice, 1½ ozs. Gilbey's Vodka, teaspoon of powdered sugar if desired sweet. Shake vigorously with cracked ice. Strain into tall, chilled glass. Fill with club soda. Garnish with lemon slice and cherry.*



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The Hot

A literary field day for crime.

It is entirely possible that if Miss Elizabeth Sue Cullow, aged eleven years and two months, had not been moved to write a thank-you note to the Washington, D.C., Public Library, the mystery of what the capital's press called "The Vanishing Bookmobile" might be going on to this very day. Miss Cullow wrote:

Dear Library: Thank you very much for letting me and all the other children here in Yancey County read your books and for sending Mr. Venables along to tell us all about them. He is a very nice man and kind too. I like Black Beauty best so far with much love and kisses yours very truly

Elizabeth Sue Cullow
I am 11 years old

The letter was postmarked Yanceytown, West Virginia.

You may not remember the case, although it received a good deal of amused attention in the newspapers at the time. It is not, after all, every day that a twelve-ton bookmobile disappears into thin air. Of course, ever since those Portuguese chaps made off with an ocean liner, everything else in the larceny line has seemed slightly anticlimactic, and perhaps the news stories simply failed to make much of an impression on your theft-sated brain. But the disappearance of Bookmobile No. 4 of the Community Services Branch (Traveling Library Division) of the Washington Public Library System rocked that organization to its normally unrockable depths. Which was as nothing in comparison to its effect upon the morale of Detective Lt. Connery McIver of the Metropolitan Police (Thefts & Armed Robbery Squad), who got into the act only after Miss Frances Higgenbotham swallowed her pride.

Miss Higgenbotham, to get *that* cleared up right off the bat, was the chief of the Traveling Library Division, and nothing in her quarter century of devoted service to the reading public had prepared her for the ordeal which began at precisely six P.M. on a Friday afternoon she will never forget. Miss Gormsby, commanding Bookmobile No. 1, brought her lumbering charge safely back to base at 5:55 P.M.; Mr. Nugent, in the cab of No. 2, followed only moments later, having made the long haul in from the District Line in near-record time, and was in turn followed by No. 3, Miss Hoffacker's self-propelled cradle of culture. Librarians and drivers gathered in the tiny canteen tucked away in one corner of the municipal garage which sheltered their behemoths and, having reported by telephone to Miss Higgenbotham, refreshed themselves with coffee and buns preparatory to going home for the day. No one felt especially concerned that Bookmobile No. 4 hadn't turned up from its scheduled assignment in the Mt. Rainier area, and the conversation concerned itself, in the main, with plans for the weekend ahead.

At 6:20 P.M., Miss Higgenbotham felt a trace of irritation that Mr. Bentley, Senior Librarian Present aboard No. 4, had failed to discontinue operations in time to permit his unit's return to the garage at the hour specified in Standing Instructions, Paragraph 16. It was, she felt, most inconsiderate of him to delay the two young junior staff assistants who composed his crew, the Misses Greely and Nelson. Mr. Bentley, she decided, seemed to lack that sense of group responsibility so vital to the successful library operation.

By 6:30 P.M., Miss Higgenbotham was definitely angry, for she had hoped to get away from her office in plenty of time to change for a concert of chamber music to be played by the Department of Agriculture Amateur Symphonic Society that evening in the National Gallery. She had already composed a stiff Verbal Reprimand, and was following it up with the mental outlines of an Interdepartmental Disciplinary Letter which, if she chose to put it into channels, could have a marked effect on Mr. Bentley's career. And at 6:45 P.M. Miss Higgenbotham began to worry.

It was, she told herself firmly, impossible that Bookmobile No. 4 had come to any grief, or surely she would have heard of it from the police. It was equally unlikely that all three of the librarians aboard had thrown sanity to the winds, parked their juggernaut on a side street, and were now living it up in some neighborhood saloon. Mr. Bentley might, to be sure, but the Misses Greely and Nelson, dedicated to the ideal of service, would never so far forget their duty. Then, too, Miss Higgenbotham reminded herself, it

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Book

by Jacob Hay

would sound so ridiculous to call the police; they would doubtless think their caller was some mischievous prankster and be rude.

It was all most distressing.

Ever since its establishment under her directorship, the Traveling Library Division had enjoyed an unblemished record. Never so much as a scratched fender; average monthly book-loss-and-damage level well below the norm; morale high, with a waiting list of applicants for bookmobile duty. What would B. Jason Millerton, the executive director of the Washington Public Library System, think? And worse, do?

By seven o'clock that Friday evening, Frances Higgenbotham saw her duty whole and saw it plain. "I want," she told the desk sergeant who answered her call, her voice steady, "to report a missing bookmobile."

"Sure you do," replied the desk sergeant wearily, and then sat to attention as Frances Higgenbotham employed a tone she had not had occasion to use since her tour of duty with the Red Cross in France, when that general with the pearl-handled pistols—she could never remember his name—attempted to keep her book trucks restricted to base hospitals. "Yes, *ma'am*," the desk sergeant said respectfully when she had finished. "We'll put out an all-points bulletin right away."

"Ten-five," responded Miss Higgenbotham crisply and as became a regular viewer of the popular *Guardian of the Law* series.

But the all-points bulletin, received in scores of police cars at first with laughter, then with incredulity and finally with just plain bewilderment, produced nothing. Absolutely nothing. Bookmobile No. 4, its staff of three and its driver, a Mr. Jim Wilkens, the father of four and utterly reliable, had vanished. Gone. Phhttt!

It was not until shortly after midnight that Maryland State Trooper Harold L. Corning, checking a suspiciously parked automobile in the vicinity of Point of Rocks, on the Potomac River far to the north and west of Washington, discovered the peacefully sleeping forms of the Misses Greely and Nelson and Messrs. Wilkens and Bentley neatly disposed on the front and rear seats. They had, all four, been expertly chloroformed.

Their stories, when they had been brought around, were, in the considered judgment of Detective Lt. Connery McIver, incoherent and wellnigh useless as the basis of any sort of properly scientific investigation. In general, it was agreed that at least three criminals had been involved; two men and a red-haired young woman, described by Mr. Bentley as a knockout. One of the men was very tall, very lean, with a prominent Adam's apple and a notable resemblance to the young Abraham Lincoln. The other man, according to the witnesses' best recollection, had been very short, very fat, with a white spade beard and wearing a pair of golden pince-nez. There had been no masks, nor any attempt at disguise. The trio had entered the bookmobile just before the lunch hour, waited until the other patrons had left for their midday repasts, and then managed to separate the three staff members by the expedient of asking to be shown to different sections. After which, nothing was very clear, Mr. Bentley declared morosely. Mr. Wilkens, who had been dozing in the cab, was even less help.

"So what it boils down to," Connery told his superior, Capt. Michael Siegelman, "is that they had nearly eight hours to get wherever they were going, and even with a big tractor-trailer rig like that bookmobile you can cover an awful lot of ground in eight hours." His square-cut, ruddy Irish face wore an expression of gloom, and he ran a hand impatiently through his close-cropped black hair. "What beats me is, why a bookmobile? What's the point? They may be able to sell the tractor, sure, but the trailer? You know how these library trailers are built, Mike; you'd have a rough time trying to convert them to cargo carriers. Why not simply steal a regular tractor-trailer rig and save yourself the trouble?"

"Could be they *wanted* a bookmobile," the captain suggested reasonably. "You know—book-lovers, maybe."

"We know they bought the car in Hagerstown." Connery went over the details again, concealing his impatience. "For cash. So the whole thing was planned in advance."

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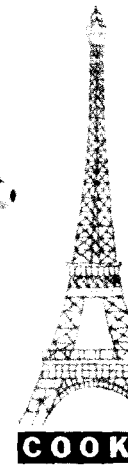
6 VACATIONS FOR TWO IN PARIS



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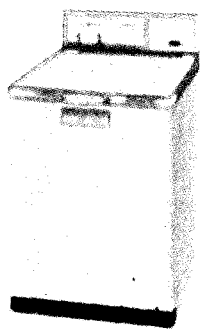

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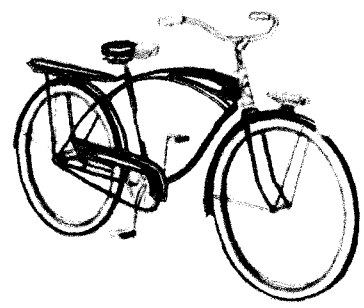

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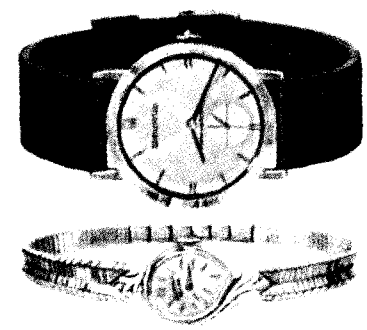

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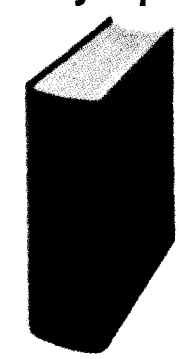

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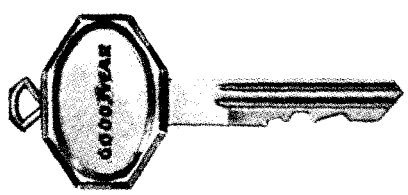

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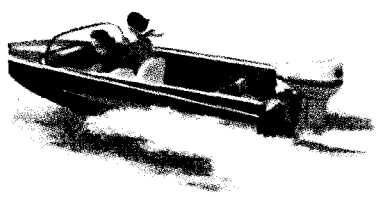

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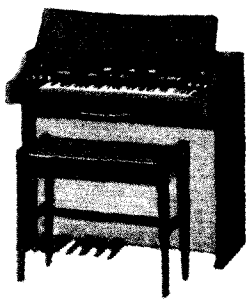
12 Hammond Extravoice Organs



The new Hammond Extravoice Organ—rich and brilliant tone, with the simplicity of a single manual.

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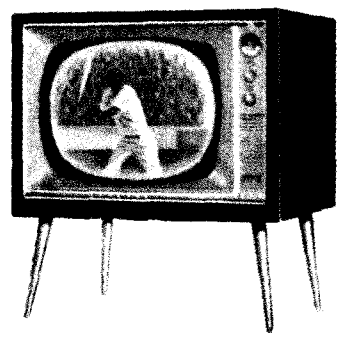

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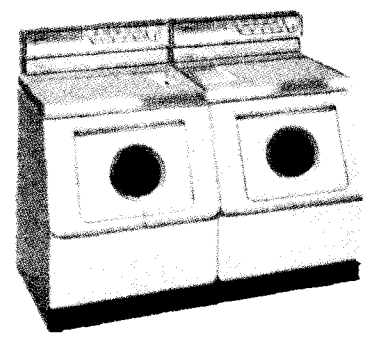

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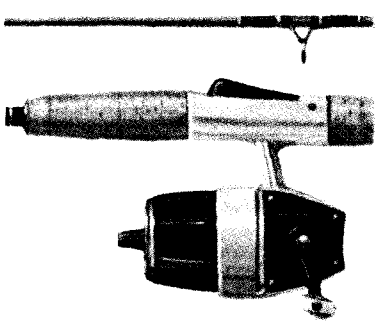

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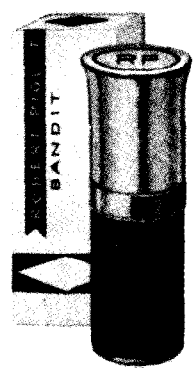

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Bookmobile

"Slick operation, and yet, well, you would have thought somebody was bound to see it, wouldn't you?"

"Lunch hour, remember? And the bookmobile was parked by this big school playground. Not a witness."

"Well, anyhow, lots of luck, Conn," Mike Siegelman said cheerfully. "All you have to do is find a bunch of kleptomaniacal bibliophiles, as I see it."

"Thanks a whole lot, Mike," Connery McIver replied.

At dinner in the McIver home that evening, Inspector (Retired) Seamus McIver reproved his bachelor son over a fragrant platter of Mother McIver's justly famed pot roast. "Now don't be running down Mike Siegelman, Conn," he advised sternly. "He's a sound man, and he's right lots more than he's wrong. I wouldn't be at all surprised if Mike hasn't given you your answer."

"For Pete's sake, pop!"

"Connery!" said Mrs. McIver firmly. "Eat your dinner."

After a week the newspapers seemed to grow bored with the unsuccessful efforts of the Metropolitan Police to recover the missing bookmobile, and mention of the mystery gradually disappeared. The Traveling Library Division, still badly shaken, rearranged its schedules to make up for the absence of its vanished unit, and B. Jason Millerton prepared a request for a replacement, for the consideration of the District of Columbia Commissioners.

Thus the case passed from the public notice, but not from the attentions of Connery McIver, whose every line of questioning led, one after the other with grim monotony, into a dead end. For who, when you stop to consider it, pays much heed to a bookmobile apparently bound upon its legitimate mission of bringing culture to the outlying masses? In any event, this highly unsatisfactory state of affairs continued for a full three months, and Connery was prepared to transfer the case file from the cabinet marked ACTIVE to the one designated for crimes UNSOLVED, PENDING. And then Elizabeth Sue Cullow's letter arrived.

What Lieutenant McIver was not prepared to comprehend was the attitude of Mr. Rafael Tuckamore, the sheriff of Yancey County, West Virginia, whom Connery found slouched in his seedy office in the even shabbier wooden structure which was the county courthouse in Yanceytown. In Sheriff Tuckamore he found a monolith of lantern-jawed noncooperation. Bookmobile? Couldn't rightly say he'd ever heard tell of one, the sheriff declared. "But y'welcome to have a look around," he added unenthusiastically, peering up at Connery from beneath the brim of his hat. "Happens I ain't got a deputy I can spare at the moment, so I'd be just a mite careful about askin' too many questions. Folks back in the coves are mighty fond of their privacy, 'fyou know what I mean."

Connery found the Cullow farm, what there was of it, tucked away under the loom of a battered-looking mountain. He had come, he told the work-worn woman who was Elizabeth Sue's mother, to thank her daughter personally on behalf of the Washington Public Library System for her courteous letter. Mrs. Cullow's faded blue eyes lighted like stars.

"You people are doin' a wonderful thing here in these hills, mister," she said. "Hadn't been for your Mister Venables, our kids wouldn't see a book from one school term to another. And would you believe it, mister, my man has taken to reading up on history?"

Conn McIver took a deep breath. He wasn't understanding any of this, but at least he had located the general whereabouts of Bookmobile No. 4, which apparently was still doing business as usual, and without the slightest effort at concealment, under the direction of the mysterious Venables. What was going on in these godforsaken mountain valleys?

"I reckon," Elizabeth Sue Cullow told him, after she had put on her very best Sunday frock for the occasion, "you'll find Mister Venables somewhere over by Hardesty's Store this time of the week. Mostly he's in our valley on Monday s. He's promised to try and get me a book called *Heidi* next time he calls around."

Whereupon Connery McIver presented her with the invented-on-the-spot Junior Reader's Award of the Washington Public Library System, a five-dollar bill he had previously earmarked for an especially dashing gent's cravat he had spotted in a haberdashery earlier that week. Then he swung himself aboard his unmarked black sedan and headed in the direction of Hardesty's Store, a settlement some ten miles distant, beyond Black Oak Mountain. He felt oddly choked up. Imagine a kid who hadn't read *Heidi* by the time she was eleven. . . .

He came upon Bookmobile No. 4 at dusk that evening, its imposing bulk dwarfed by the grove of trees beneath which it was parked, several hundred

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yards from the tiny crossroads village, by the banks of a swift-flowing, crystal-clear mountain stream. No. 4's tall sides, spotlessly clean, gleamed in the light of a cheerful campfire, before which were arrayed several camp chairs. In one sat a very short, very fat man with a white spade beard and wearing golden pince-nez. He was deep in a book. In another was a red-haired young woman of rather more than passing fairness, who appeared to be making entries in a large ledger which lay open across her slacks-clad legs. Connery parked his sedan some distance away, took a deep breath and strode manfully toward the campfire, prepared to do his duty. As he did, a third person appeared; a tall, elderly man bearing a large black iron skillet. Not, Conn thought, young Abe Lincoln. Then he advanced into the halo of light cast by the fire and advised all present that the majesty of the law was in their midst.

"Ah, yes," said the spade-bearded man who, Connery assumed, must be the mysterious Mr. Venables. "To be quite honest, lieutenant, I've been expecting you for some time. Permit me to introduce myself: I am Horatio Venables, Ph.D." His manner was calm and affable and hardly that of a man with a purloined bookmobile on his conscience. "May I now present my niece, Miss Jean Venables, and my old and very dear friend, Sam Stevens, editor of the Yancey *True Democrat*. We were just preparing to enjoy an alfresco dinner, lieutenant, and I trust you will find it convenient to give us the pleasure of your company, if your duty will permit. Sam, here, is an expert angler, and our stream has been most generous of its denizens." Connery gaped and finally found his voice.

"Look," he said patiently, "I'm here to arrest you, Venables, not to have a picnic." He swung around to face the newspaper editor. "And you, friend, where do you fit in? And don't tell me you didn't know this bookmobile was hot."

"Why don't you simmer down, lieutenant?" suggested the red-haired girl equably, laying aside her ledger. "It would be a shame to haul us off to the hoosegow and waste all Mister Stevens's lovely fresh trout, now wouldn't it?"

"A very sound thought, Miss Jean," Mr. Stevens agreed, placing his skillet on a small grate over the fire and listening with approval at the consequent sizzle.

"I have long felt that intelligent discussion should follow a decent dinner," Horatio Venables added. "You will find our fare simple, Lieutenant McIver, but nourishing. I was contemplating a dish of wild dandelion with a sour-cream dressing as a suitable accompaniment, and Sam has fetched along a bottle of his really delightful homemade rhubarb wine."

This was ridiculous, Connery decided firmly. On the other hand, there was nothing in the books that flatly prohibited it, and the aromas now wafting from the large black skillet were, he was obliged to concede, elegant. He observed Miss Jean Venables—her eyes were a superb shade of green. "Well . . ." he said hesitantly.

"Excellent, lieutenant, excellent," Horatio Venables declared.

"Hoy!" barked a voice from the shadows. Its owner moved into the flickering firelight to reveal himself as a lank, unshaven man carrying in one hand a worn volume, in the other an ancient but beautifully polished shotgun. "You need any help, professor? Jim Hardesty, over to the store, said there was some stranger snoopin' around. This must be him. You want I should run him off a ways?"

"Thank you, Ben, but we're quite all right. This is Lieutenant McIver, of Washington, who is paying us a visit. . . . Lieutenant, this is Ben Manchester, one of our leading small farmers. . . . How'd you enjoy the book, Ben?"

"That fella Churchill sure can write up a storm, can't he, professor?"

"In that case, you'll probably want to read more of his work. Unfortunately, Ben, I'm afraid we'll be giving up our operations very shortly, so I won't be able to help you. I'd suggest you try the university library at Morgantown."

"Oh?" Mr. Manchester looked crestfallen. "That's too bad, professor. Now you wait right here for a minute." He vanished into the darkness, to reappear seconds later bearing a glass gallon jug. "Brought this along to make up for the payments I've missed. Pretty good batch this time. Take a little cider in it, and it don't taste half bad." He shot a large calloused paw out at Connery. "Nice to've met you, lieutenant."

"Will somebody," Connery begged when Mr. Manchester had shambled back into the night, "kindly tell me just what the devil is going on around here? What is this anyhow? Is the whole countryside in on this conspiracy, or what gives?"

"Your confusion is quite understandable, but first a glass of Ben Manchester's most delectable, albeit illegal, concoction," replied Horatio Venables, "and then the explanations. Do you take cider or branch water, Lieutenant McIver?"

"Oh, for Pete's sa—— Cider, blast it!" said Connery, surrendering to the seemingly inevitable. Miss Jean Venables

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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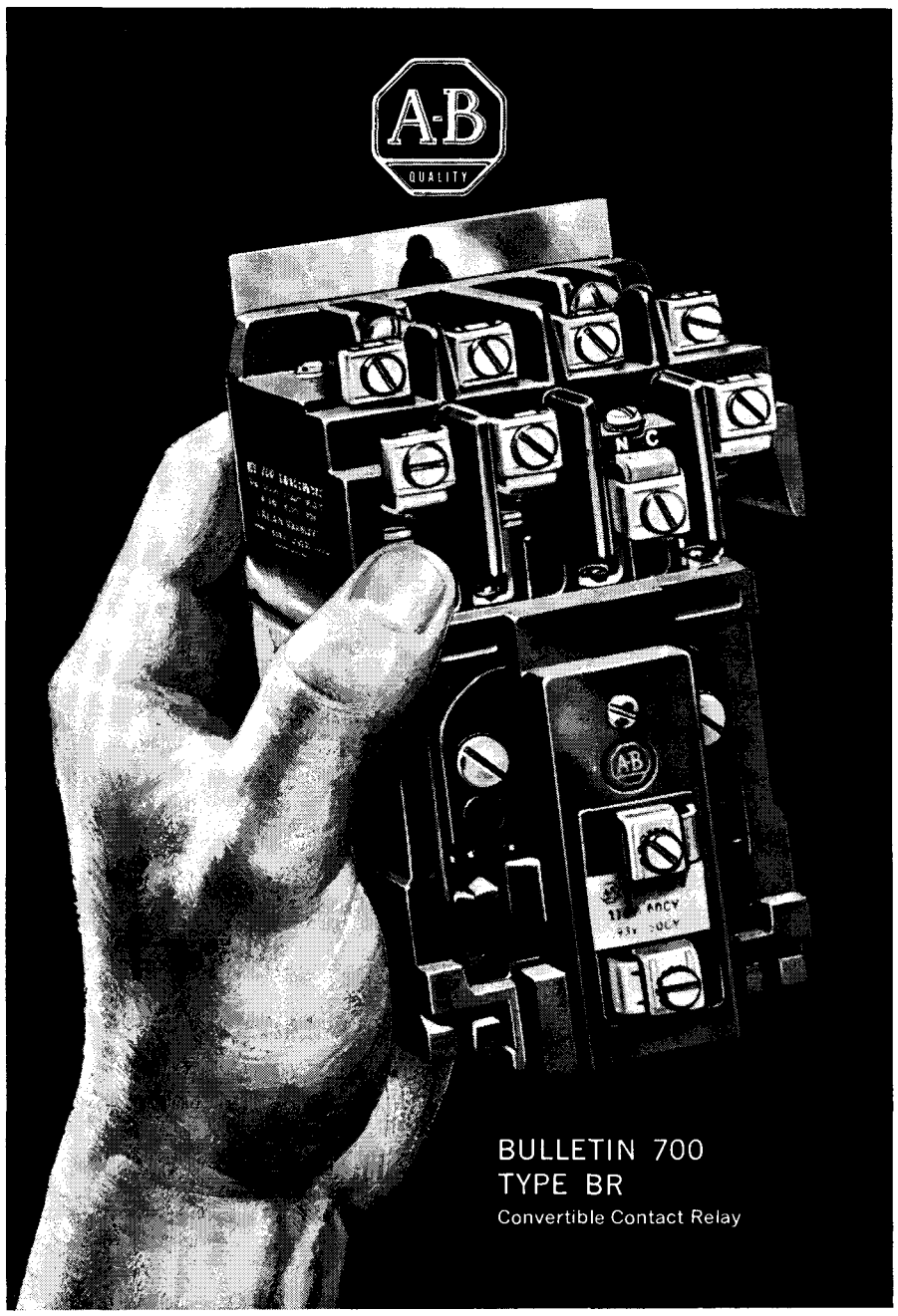

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Bookmobile

giggled, and despite the stern discipline imposed upon its members by the Metropolitan Police, Conn chuckled. This was one phase of the investigation which would not get into his report.

So, over glasses of purest mountain dew, judiciously adulterated with fresh, sweet, icy-cold cider to reduce its lethal potency, Horatio Venables told Connery about Yancey County and the successive disasters which had ravaged its economy, even while its sister counties beyond the mountains, in the booming valleys of the Ohio and Kanawha, enjoyed a prosperity hitherto unknown. Stripped by the lumbermen, disemboweled by the miners, abandoned finally by both, Yancey County might have been a candidate for a massive foreign-aid program had it been located in Southeast Asia.

"Yet these are proud people," Horatio Venables continued, "and to accept charity is a terrible humiliation for them. I know, because I was born in these mountains. So, last year upon my retirement from my position as head of the Department of English at the university, I determined to ameliorate in some small measure the deprivations my old friends and neighbors were suffering. Our schools are in desperate straits, despite the best efforts of the state government, and the children are growing up in almost total ignorance of the world of books.

"My own means are, as you may well imagine, severely limited, and since their parents' death some years ago, I have been responsible for my niece and her twin brother, William, who is presently an instructor at my old institution. We therefore took counsel together and concluded that we could best help our struggling friends by stealing a bookmobile."

"Just like that?" Connery asked, awed.

"Just like that," the professor replied with a pleased smile. "William, who has had some slight experience in affairs of this nature during his service as a medical orderly with the marines, planned the operation, which I thought went off very well indeed, considering that we were all more or less amateurs. What we did not anticipate, of course, was that we should escape detection for so long a period."

"You mean you *wanted* to get caught?"

"That was the original object. I desired to focus as much attention as possible upon the plight of the good people of Yancey County."

"I'm afraid I'm partly responsible for the rest of our little conspiracy," Mr. Sam Stevens put in, his grin wry. "Because, you see, once Horatio had got his bookmobile all the way back up in these hills without getting himself caught, I argued him around to the view that we could make a much bigger splash if we actually operated it and demonstrated that the people needed it and would make use of it. As chairman of the board of county commissioners, I put it to my members; they agreed with me, and we passed the word along to Rafe Tuckamore that if the State Police asked any questions, he didn't have any answers."

"But that makes you all accomplices," Connery protested.

"Every one of us," Sam Stevens agreed happily. "But to continue: It was no problem keeping any mention of the theft out of my newspaper, and most folks around the mountains can't afford to subscribe to one of the city papers from Huntington or Wheeling or Charleston. Maybe the radio news carried the story when it broke, but back here nobody would have paid much mind to it. So we put it out that the bookmobile was a kind of extension project being run by the Washington Library, and nobody knew that it wasn't strictly legal. Of course, we knew that sooner or later the word would get back to Washington."

"I can't arrest a whole county," Connery McIver said numbly.

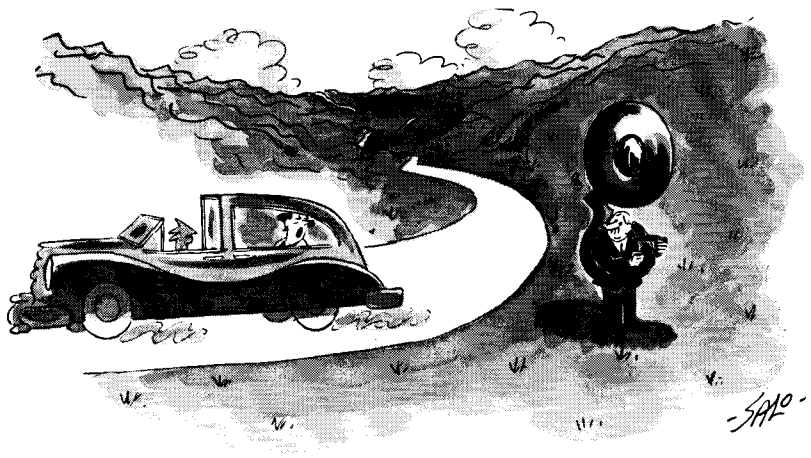
"Why should you?" Miss Jean Venables asked. "We've kept old Number Four in good condition, and we haven't lost a single book. We've been charging two cents a week per book, though, to pay for gasoline and upkeep—don't worry, I've got every penny down here in the ledger, all accounted for. So Uncle Horatio and I—and William too—are the only ones really responsible."

"And I must insist that you arrest me, at the very least," said the professor.

"You aren't leaving me out of the act," Sam Stevens announced firmly. "As chairman of the board of county commissioners, I have a right to be among those charged. And Tad Willoughby, who's president of the school board, knows all about this, too; Tad would be downright insulted if you left him out, lieutenant."

"I think," said Connery McIver, "I would like another glass of whatever that stuff is. With cider, and take it easy on the cider." Whatever it was, he felt, it couldn't increase his confusion to any appreciable extent.

Mr. Sam Stevens's fish were ambrosial, and the wild dandelion with its sour-cream sauce was a dish fit for a gourmet. The rhubarb wine had just the proper dryness to make it a suitable companion, and by ten o'clock Connery McIver knew a contentment that, when he tried to analyze it, simply didn't make sense. He



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Have a good time—we'll pick you up in a couple of hours."

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knew that he should be stern and morally outraged and full of righteous indignation and—well, more policemanlike. Horatio Venables, Ph.D. or not, was guilty of stealing a bookmobile, aided and abetted by his niece and his nephew, with the complicity, it seemed, of the entire population of Yancey County. And that was all there was to it. Nevertheless...

"Of course you'll stay the night," Professor Venables insisted. "You shall have William's bedroll. Ordinarily, in clement weather, we sleep under the trailer. Otherwise, I take the cab, and Jean occupies the trailer. Really quite comfortable."

After which it would have seemed incredibly rude had Connery forbidden the professor and Sam Stevens to enjoy a stroll down the stream with their after-dinner pipes. They would most certainly return. And it was not unpleasant to be alone with Miss Jean Venables.

Connery could never afterward quite figure it out: Perhaps it was Ben Manchester's mountain dew—or even Sam Stevens's rhubarb wine. On the other hand, it might have been the calm, starry night, and the warmly flickering fire, and the beautiful girl with the gentle smile and ready laugh, and something in the way her eyes shone. Or a combination of all of these factors. He found himself telling her about his law courses at George Washington University and of his eventual aim to become a lawyer. And about Mother McIver's way with a pot roast of beef—never forget the bay leaf, that was the essential point. And of his secret dream of owning a fire-engine-red British sports car with chrome wire wheels.

So that by the time Professor Venables and Sam Stevens reappeared in the firelight, Lieutenant McIver found himself in the wholly untenable position of a man about to arrest the girl he had just decided was the only girl in the world who precisely fitted the exacting specifications he had laid down for the future Mrs. Conn McIver.

"Duty, McIver!" cried Conscience.

"Duty, shmooty," protested Love.

It was all enough to drive an honest policeman up the wall.

"By the way, lieutenant," Professor Venables said as he handed Connery the spare bedroll belonging to nephew William, "Sam has just reminded me that you'll have to arrest Jed Digges. He's the mayor of Yanceytown. Old Jed's been supplying us with oil and grease from the municipal garage, so he's in as deep as any of us, I suppose. And now, good night to you, young sir, and pleasant dreams."

And so they were, just for a minute or two; dreams of never leaving this enchanted grove by a mountain stream, of staying here in these remote mountain valleys with Jean Venables for the rest of their lives, of rolling down the narrow lanes to bring the joy of *Heidi* and *Black Beauty* to all the other Elizabeth Sue Cullows. . . . After which, near-nightmare: Connery McIver marching into Washington, followed by every man, woman and child in Yancey County, Mayor Jed Digges at their head . . . the streets lined with people cheering the gallant West Virginians but hissing the duty-mad cop who had brought them to book . . . Capt. Mike Siegelman pinning the departmental medal to his chest, but saying, "You have solved a crime, McIver, and broken a thousand hearts in the process, you heel." And finally, Jean Venables smiling her amusement and tenderness and saying softly, "But I understand, Conn." After which the lieutenant slept like a babe.

Well, you remember how it was with those Portuguese chaps and their ocean liner. Got clean away with it, and off scot-free. Of course, the law had to take its course, as it always does, but the law knows how to temper justice with mercy and, yes, a touch of good humor. Certainly the Metropolitan Police weren't going to make a big fuss if B. Jason Millerton, the executive director of the Washington Public Library System, refused flatly to press charges against the professor, whom he described as "my distinguished academic colleague and valiant fighter for his people."

So Bookmobile No. 4 once more rolls ponderously through the streets of Washington, D.C. Miss Greely is now in charge, Mr. Bentley having been promoted to a branch librarianship for gallantry in action. In Yancey County its place has been taken by Bookmobile No. 1 of the Horatio Venables Library Foundation, the funds of which are derived from popular subscription wholeheartedly supported by the Washington daily press, which is not as heartless as it is so often portrayed.

Lieutenant Connery McIver expects to take his bar examinations sometime within the next few months, and Sam Stevens has suggested that there are worse places for a young lawyer to set up practice than Yanceytown, especially now since a couple of big electronics firms, attracted to the area by the publicity engendered by the recovery of Bookmobile No. 4, have announced plans to build there. Mrs. Jean Venables McIver, for her part, has gone her mother-in-law one better, as even Seamus McIver concedes. In addition to the bay leaf, Jean adds a dash of red wine. The results are marvelous.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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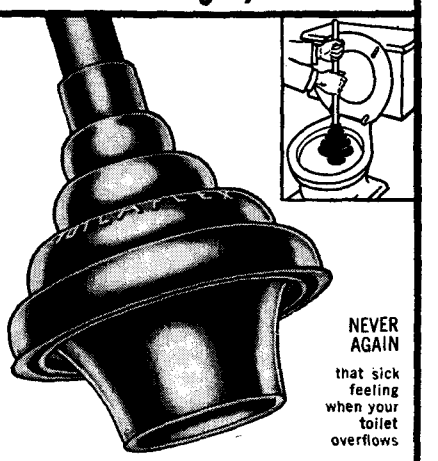

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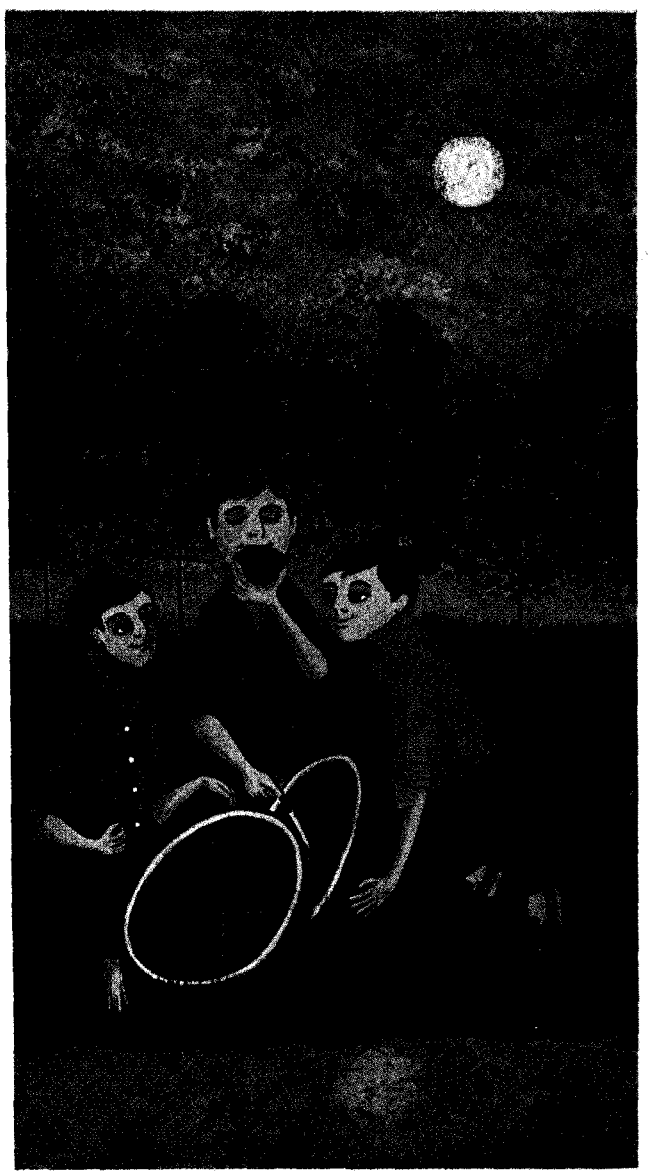
THE TASTE OF MELON

A bitter lesson in forbidden fruit.

by BORDEN DEAL



ILLUSTRATED BY JOAN LANDIS

When I think of the summer I was sixteen, a lot of things come crowding in to be thought about. We had moved just the year before, and sixteen is still young enough that the bunch makes a difference. I had a bunch, all right, but they weren't sure of me yet. I didn't know why. Maybe because I'd lived in town, and my father still worked there instead of farming, like the other fathers did. The boys I knew, even Freddy Gray and J. D., still kept a small distance between us.

Then there was Willadean Wills. I hadn't been much interested in girls before. But I had to admit to myself that I was interested in Willadean. She was my age, nearly as tall as I, and up till the year before, Freddy Gray told me, she had been good at playing Gully Keeper and Ante-Over. But she didn't play such games this year. She was tall and slender, and Freddy Gray and J.D. and I had several discussions about the way she walked. I maintained she was putting it on, but J.D. claimed she couldn't help it. Freddy Gray remarked that she hadn't walked that way last year. He said she'd walked like any other human being. So then I said, put on or not, I liked the way she walked, and then there was a large silence.

It wasn't a comfortable silence, because of Mr. Wills, Willadean's father. We were all afraid of Mr. Wills.

Mr. Wills was a big man. He had bright, fierce eyes under heavy brows and, when he looked down at you, you just withered. The idea of having him directly and immediately angry at one of us was enough to shrivel the soul. All that summer Willadean walked up and down the high road or sat on their front porch in a rocking chair, her dress flared out around her, and not one of us dared do more than say good morning to her.

Mr. Wills was the best farmer in the community. My father said he could drive a stick into the ground and grow a tree out of it. But it wasn't an easy thing with him; Mr. Wills fought the earth when he worked it. When he plowed his fields, you could hear him yelling for a mile. It was as though he dared the earth not to yield him its sustenance.

Above all, Mr. Wills could raise watermelons. Now, watermelons are curious things. Some men can send off for the best watermelon seed, they can plant it in the best ground they own, they can hoe it and tend it with the greatest of care, and they can't raise a melon bigger than your two fists. Other men, like Mr. Wills, can throw seed on the ground, scuff dirt over it, walk off and leave it and have a crop of the prettiest, biggest melons you ever saw.

Mr. Wills always planted the little field directly behind his barn to watermelons. It ran from the barn to the creek, a good piece of land with just the right sandy soil for melon raising. And it seemed as though the melons just bulged up out of the ground for him.

But they were Mr. Wills's melons; he didn't have any idea of sharing them with the boys of the neighborhood. He was fiercer about his melons than anything else; if you just happened to walk close to his melon patch, you'd see Mr. Wills standing and watching you with a glower on his face. And likely as not he'd have his gun under his arm.

Everybody expected to lose a certain quantity of their watermelons to terrapins and a certain quantity to boys. It wasn't considered stealing to sneak into a man's melon patch and judiciously borrow a sample of his raising. You might get a load of salt in the seat of your pants if you were seen, but that was part of the game. You'd be looked down on only if you got malicious and stamped a lot of melons into the ground while you were about it. But Mr. Wills didn't think that way.

That summer I was sixteen Mr. Wills raised the greatest watermelon ever seen in that country. It grew in the very middle of his patch, three times as big as any melon anybody had ever seen. Men came from miles around to look at it. Mr. Wills wouldn't let them go into the melon patch. They had to stand around the edge.

Just like all other daredevil boys in that country, I guess, Freddy Gray and J.D. and I had talked idly about stealing that giant watermelon. But we all knew that it was just talk. Not only were we afraid of Mr. Wills and his rages but we knew that Mr. Wills sat in the hayloft window of his barn every night with his shotgun, guarding the melon. It was his seed melon. He meant to plant next year's crop out of that great one and maybe raise a whole field of them. Mr. Wills was in a frenzy of fear that somebody would steal it. Why, he would rather you stole Willadean than his melon. At least, he didn't guard Willadean with his shotgun.

Every night I could sit on our front porch and see Mr. Wills sitting up there in the window of his hayloft, looking fiercely out over his melon patch. I'd sit there by the hour and watch him, the shotgun cradled in his arm, and feel the tremors of fear and excitement chasing up and down my spine.

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HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL,
Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

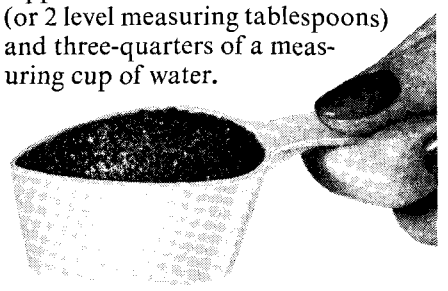
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

When you buy coffee:

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

When you measure coffee:

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



When you brew coffee:

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

When you serve coffee:

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

When you judge coffee:

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

Pan-American Coffee Bureau

MELON

"Look at him," my father would say. "Scared to death somebody will steal his seed melon. Wouldn't anybody steal a man's seed melon."

"He ought to be in the house taking care of that wife of his," my mother would say tartly. "She's been poorly all year."

You hardly ever saw Mrs. Wills. She was a wraith of a woman, pale as a butter bean. Sometimes she would sit for an hour or two on their porch in the cool of the day. They didn't visit back and forth with anybody though.

"There's Willadean," my father would say mildly.

My mother would make a funny kind of sound that meant disgust. "He cares more about that seed melon than he does his wife," she'd say. "I wish somebody *would* steal it. Maybe then ——"

"Helen," my father would say, chiding, "you shouldn't even think of such a thing."

About the time the great watermelon was due to come ripe, there was a night of a full moon. J.D. and Freddy Gray and I had decided we'd go swimming in the creek, so I left the house when the moon rose and went to meet them. The moon floated up into the sky, making everything almost as bright as day, but at the same time softer and gentler than ever daylight could be. It was the kind of night when you feel as though you can do anything in the world, even boldly asking Willadean Wills for a date. On a night like that, you couldn't help but feel that she'd gladly accept.

"Boy, what a moon!" J.D. said when I met them.

"Wouldn't you like to take old Willadean out on a night like this?" Freddy Gray said.

We scoffed at him, but secretly in our hearts we knew how he felt. We were getting old enough to think that that sort of thing might be a lot more fun than going swimming in the moonlight.

As I said before, I was a part of the bunch. J.D. and Freddy Gray were my good friends. But because I was still new, there were certain things and certain feelings where I was left out. This was one of them; they were afraid, because I was more of a stranger to Willadean, that she might like the idea of dating me better than she did either of them. This was all way down under the surface, because none of us had admitted to ourselves that we wanted to be Willadean's boy friend. But far down though it was, I could feel it, and they could feel it.

"I wish I had a newspaper," I said then. "I'll bet you could read it in this moonlight."

We had reached the swimming hole in the creek, and we began shucking off our clothes. We were all excited by the moonlight, yelling at one another and rushing to be first into the water. Freddy Gray made it first, J.D. and I catapulting in right behind him. The water was cold, and the shock of it struck a chill into us. But we got rid of it by a brisk water fight, and then we were all right.

We climbed out finally, to rest, and sat on the bank. That big old moon sailed serenely overhead, climbing higher into the sky, and we lay on our backs to look up at it.

"Old Man Wills won't have to worry about anybody stealing his melon tonight, anyway," Freddy Gray said. "Wouldn't anybody dare try it, bright as day like it is."

"He's not taking any chances," J.D. said. "I saw him sitting up in that hayloft when I came by, his shotgun loaded with buckshot. That melon is as safe as it would be in the First National Bank."

"Shucks," I said in a scoffing voice, "he ain't got buckshot in that gun. He's just got a load of salt, like anybody else guarding a watermelon patch."

Freddy Gray sat upright, looking at me. "Don't kid yourself, son," he said loftily. "He told my daddy that he had it loaded with double-ought buckshot."

"Why," I said, "that would kill a man."

"That's what he's got in mind," Freddy Gray said, "if anybody goes after that seed melon."

It disturbed me more than it should have. After all, I'd never had it in mind to try for the melon, had I? "I don't believe it," I said flatly. "He wouldn't kill anybody over a watermelon. Even a seed melon like that one."

"Old Man Wills would," J.D. said.

Freddy Gray was still watching me. "What's got you into such a swivet?" he said. "You weren't planning on going after that melon yourself?"

"Well, yes," I said. "As a matter of fact, I was."

There was a moment of respectful silence. Even from me. I hadn't known I was going to say those words. To this day I don't know why I said them. It was all mixed up with Willadean and the rumor of Mr. Wills having his gun loaded with double-ought buckshot and the boys still thinking of me as an outsider. It surged up out of me—not the idea of making my name for years to come by such a deed, but the feeling that there was a rightness in defying the world and Mr. Wills.

Mixed up with it all there came into my mouth the taste of watermelon. I could taste the sweet red juices oozing over my tongue, feel the delicate threaded redness of the heart as I squeezed the the juices out of it.

I stood up. "As a matter of fact," I said, "I'm going after it right now."

"Wait a minute," J.D. said in alarm. "You can't do it on a moonlight night like this. It's 200 yards from the creek-bank to that melon. He'll see you for sure."

"Yeah," Freddy Gray said, "wait until a dark night. Wait until ——"

"Anybody could steal it on a dark night," I said scornfully. "I'm going to take it right out from under his nose. Tonight."

I began putting on my clothes. My heart was thudding in my chest. I didn't taste watermelon any more; I tasted fear. But it was too late to stop now. Besides, I didn't want to stop.

We dressed silently, and I led the way up the creekbank. We came opposite the watermelon patch and ducked down the bank. We pushed through the willows on the other side and looked toward the barn. We could see Mr. Wills very plainly. The gun was cradled in his arms, glinting from the moonlight.

"You'll never make it," J.D. said in a quiet, fateful voice. "He'll see you before you're six steps away from the creek."

"You don't think I mean to walk, do you?" I said.

I pushed myself out away from them, on my belly in the grass that grew up around the watermelon hills. I was absolutely flat, closer to the earth than I thought it was possible to get. I looked back once, to see their white faces watching me out of the willows.

I went on, stopping once in a while to look cautiously up toward the barn. He was still there, still quiet. I met a terrapin taking a bite out of a small melon. Terrapins love watermelon, better than boys do. I touched him on the shell and whispered, "Hello, brother," but he didn't acknowledge my greeting. He just drew into his shell. I went on, wishing I was equipped like a terrapin for the job, outside as well as inside.

It seemed to take forever to reach the great melon in the middle of the field. With every move, I expected Mr. Wills to see me. Fortunately the grass was high enough to cover me. At last the melon loomed up before me, deep green in the moonlight, and I gasped at the size of it. I'd never seen it so close.

I lay still for a moment, panting. I didn't have the faintest idea how to get

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Lay off—that's my electric blanket!"

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it out of the field. Even if I'd stood up, I couldn't have lifted it by myself. A melon is the slipperiest, most cumbersome object in the world. And this was the largest I'd ever seen. It was not a long melon, but a fat round one. Besides, I didn't dare stand up.

For five minutes I didn't move. I lay there, my nostrils breathing up the smell of the earth and the musty smell of the watermelon vines, and I wondered why I was out here in the middle of all that moonlight on such a venture. There was more to it than just bravado. I was proving something to myself—and to Mr. Wills and Willadean.

I thought of a tempting way out then. I would carve my name into the deep greenness of the melon. Mr. Wills would see it the next morning when he inspected the melon, and he would know that I could have stolen it if I'd wanted to. But no—crawling to the melon wasn't the same thing as actually taking it.

I reached one hand around the melon and found the stem. I broke the tough stem off close against the smooth roundness, and I was committed. I looked toward the barn again. All quiet. I saw Mr. Wills stretch and yawn, and his teeth glistened; the moon was that bright and I was that close.

I struggled around behind the melon and shoved at it. It rolled over sluggishly, and I pushed it again. It was hard work, pushing it down the trough my body had made through the grass. Dust rose up around me, and I wanted to sneeze. My spine was crawling with the expectation of a shot. Surely he'd see that the melon was gone out of its accustomed space.

It took about a hundred years to push that melon out of the field. I say that advisedly, because I felt that much older when I finally reached the edge. With the last of my strength I shoved it into the willows and collapsed. I was still lying in the edge of the field.

"Come on," Freddy Gray said, his voice pleading. He's ——"

I couldn't move. I turned my head. He was standing up to stretch and yawn to his content, and then he sat down again. By then I was rested enough to move again. I snaked into the willows, and they grabbed me.

"You did it!" they said. "By golly, you did it!"

There was no time to bask in their admiration and respect. "Let's get it on out of here," I said. "We're not safe yet."

We struggled the melon across the creek and up the bank. We started toward the swimming hole. It took all three of us to carry it, and it was hard to get a grip. J.D. and Freddy Gray carried the ends, while I walked behind the melon, grasping the middle. We stumbled and thrashed in our hurry, and we nearly dropped it three or four times. It was the most difficult object I'd ever tried to carry in my life.

At last we reached the swimming hole and sank down, panting. But not for long; the excitement was too strong in us. Freddy Gray reached out a hand and patted the great melon.

"By golly," he said, "there it is. All ours."

"Let's bust it and eat it before somebody comes," J.D. said.

"Wait a minute," I said. "This isn't just any old melon. This is old man Wills's seed melon, and it deserves more respect than to be busted open with a fist. I'm going to cut it."

I took out my pocketknife and looked at it dubiously. It was small, and the melon was big. We really needed a butcher knife. But when the little knife penetrated the thick green rind, the melon split of itself, perfectly down the middle. There was a ragged, silken, tearing sound, and it lay open before us.

The heart meat, glistening with sweet moisture, was grained with white sugar specks. I tugged at it with two fingers, and a great chunk of the meat came free. I put it into my mouth, closing my eyes. The melon was still warm from the day's sun. Just as in my anticipation, I felt the juice trickle into my throat, sweet and seizing. I had never tasted watermelon so delicious.

The two boys were watching me savor the first bite. I opened my eyes. "Dive in," I said graciously. "Help yourselves."

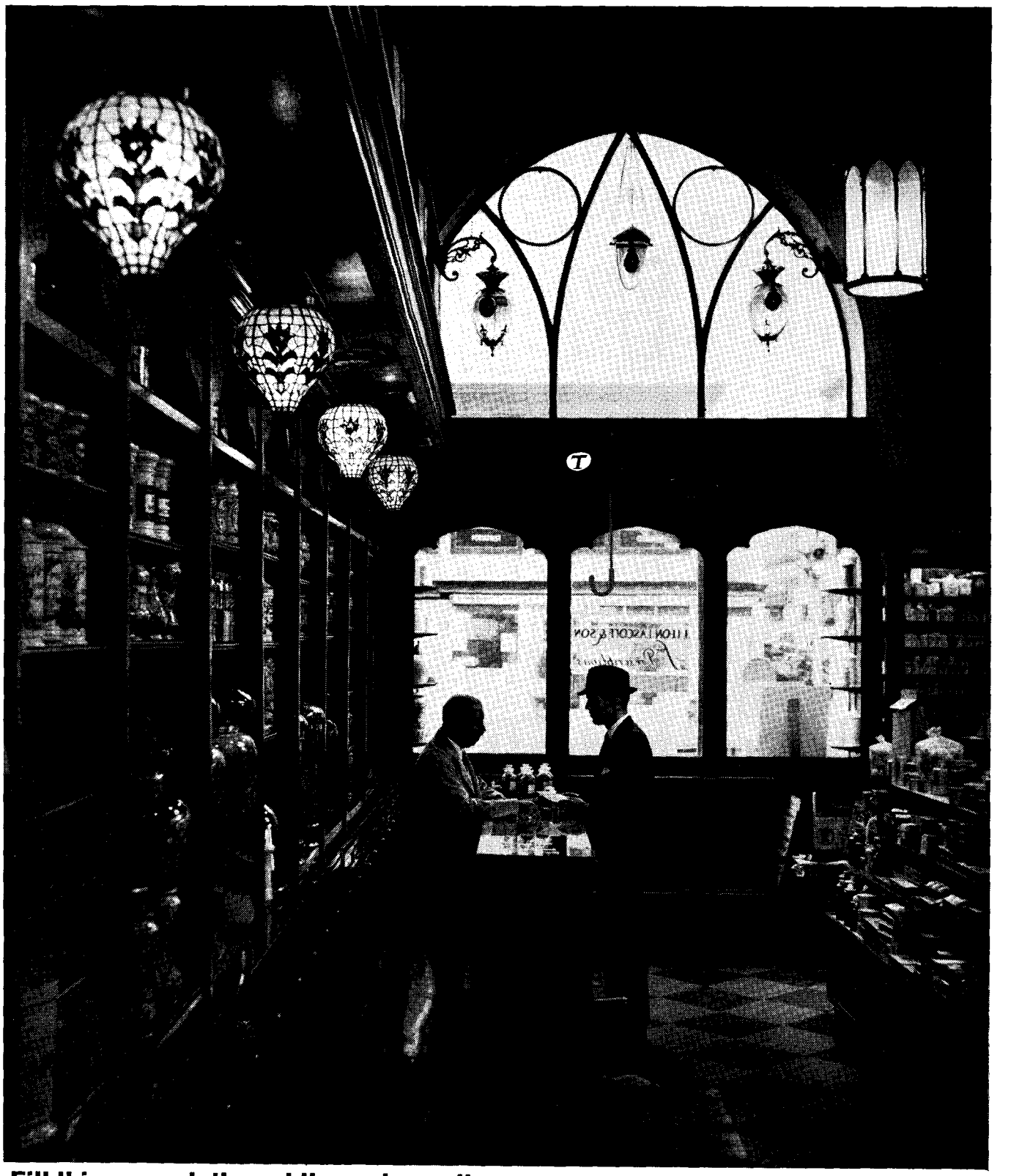
We gorged ourselves until we were heavy. Even then, we had still only eaten the heart meat, leaving untouched more than we had consumed. We gazed with sated eyes at the leftover melon, still good meat peopled with a multitude of black seeds.

"What are we going to do with it?" I said.

"There's nothing we can do," J.D. said. "I can just see us taking a piece of this melon home for the folks."

"It's eat it or leave it," Freddy Gray said.

We were depressed suddenly. It was such a waste, after all the struggle and the danger, that we could not



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MELON eat every bite. I stood up, not looking at the two boys, not looking at the melon.

"Well," I said. "I guess I'd better get home."

"But what about this?" J.D. said insistently, motioning toward the melon.

I kicked half the melon, splitting it in three parts. I stamped one of the chunks under my foot. Then I set methodically to work, destroying the rest of the melon. The boys watched me silently until I picked up a chunk of rind and threw it at them. Then they swept into the destruction also, and we were laughing again. When we stopped, only the battered rinds were left, the meat muddied on the ground, the seed scattered.

We stood silent, looking at one another. "There was nothing else to do," I said, and they nodded solemnly.

But the depression went with us toward home and, when we parted, we did so with sober voices and gestures. I did not feel triumph or victory, as I had expected, though I knew that tonight's action had brought me closer to my friends than I had ever been before.

"Where have you been?" my father asked as I stepped up on the porch. He was sitting in his rocker.

"Swimming," I said.

I looked toward Mr. Wills's barn. The moon was still high and bright, but I could not see him. My breath caught in my throat when I saw him in the field, walking toward the middle. I stood stiffly, watching him. He reached the place where the melon should have been. I saw him hesitate, looking around, then he bent, and I knew he was looking at the depression in the earth where the melon had lain. He straightened, a great strangled cry tearing out of his throat. It chilled me deep down and all the way through, like the cry of a wild animal.

My father jerked himself out of the chair, startled by the sound. He turned in time to see Mr. Wills lift the shotgun over his head and hurl it from him, his voice crying out again in a terrible, surging yell of pain and anger.

"Lord, what's the matter?" my father said.

Mr. Wills was tearing up and down the melon patch, and I was puzzled by his actions. Then I saw; he was destroying every melon in the patch. He was breaking them open with his feet, silent now, concentrating on his frantic destruction. I was horrified by the awful sight, and my stomach moved sickly.

My father stood for a moment, watching him, then he jumped off the porch and ran toward Mr. Wills. I followed him. I saw Mrs. Wills and Willadean huddled together in the kitchen doorway. My father ran into the melon patch and caught Mr. Wills by the arm.

"What's come over you?" he said. "What's the matter, man?"

Mr. Wills struck his grip away. "They've stolen my seed melon," he yelled. "They took it right out from under me."

My father grabbed him with both arms. He was a brave man, for he was smaller than Mr. Wills, and Mr. Wills looked insane with anger, his teeth gripped over his lower lip, his eyes gleaming furiously. Mr. Wills shoved my father away, striking at him with his fist. My father went down into the dirt. Mr. Wills didn't seem to notice. He went back to his task of destruction, raging up and down the field, stamping melons large and small.

My father got up and began to chase him. But he didn't have a chance. Every time he got close, Mr. Wills would sweep his great arm and knock him away again. At last Mr. Wills stopped of his own accord. He was standing on the place where the great melon had grown. His chest was heaving with great sobs of breath. He gazed about him at the destruction he had wrought, but I don't think that he saw it.

"They stole my seed melon," he said. His voice was quieter now than I had ever heard it. I had not believed such quietness was in him. "They got it away, and now it's gone."

I saw that tears stood on his cheeks, and I couldn't look at him any more. I'd never seen a grown man cry, crying in such strength.

"I had two plans for that melon," he told my father. "Mrs. Wills has been poorly all the spring, and she dearly loves the taste of melon. It was her melon for eating, and my melon for planting. She would eat the meat, and next spring I would plant the seeds for the greatest melon crop in the world. Every day she would ask me if the great seed melon was ready yet."

I looked toward the house. I saw the two women, the mother and the daughter, standing there. I couldn't bear any more. I fled out of the field toward the sanctuary of my house. I ran past my mother, standing on the porch, and went into my room.

I didn't sleep that night. I heard my father come in, heard the low-voiced conversation with my mother, heard them go to bed. I lay wide-eyed and watched the moon through the window as it slid slowly down the sky and at last brought a welcome darkness into the world.

I don't know all the things I thought that night. Mostly it was about the terrible thing I had committed so lightly, out of pride and out of being sixteen years old and out of wanting to challenge the older man, the man with the beautiful daughter.

That was the worst of all, that I had done it so lightly, with so little thought of its meaning. In that country and in that time, watermelon stealing was not a crime. It was tolerated, laughed about. The men told great tales of their own watermelon-stealing days, how they'd been set on by dogs and peppered with salt-loaded shotgun shells. Watermelon raiding was a game, a ritual of defiance and rebellion by young males. I could remember my own father saying, "No melon tastes as sweet as a stolen one," and my mother laughing and agreeing.

But stealing this great seed melon from a man like Mr. Wills lay outside the safe magic of the tacit understanding between man and boy. And I knew that it was up to me, at whatever risk, to repair as well as I could the damage I had done.

When it was daylight I rose from my bed and went out into the fresh world. It would be hot later on; but now the air was dew-cool and fragrant. I had found a paper sack in the kitchen, and I carried it in my hand as I walked toward the swimming hole. I stopped there, looking down at the wanton waste we had made of the part of the melon we had not been able to eat. It looked as though Mr. Wills had been stamping here too.

I kneeled down on the ground, opened the paper sack and began picking up the black seeds. They were scattered thickly, still stringy with watermelon pulp, and soon my hands were greasy with them. I kept on doggedly, searching out every seed I could find, until at the end I had to crawl over the ground, seeking for the last ones.

They nearly filled the paper sack. I went back to the house. By the time I reached it, the sun and my father had risen. He was standing on the porch.

"What happened to you last night?" he said. "Did you get so frightened you had to run home? It was frightening to watch him, I'll admit that."

"Father," I said, "I've got to go talk to Mr. Wills. Right now. I wish you would come with me."

He stopped, watching me. "What's the matter?" he said. "Did you steal that seed melon of his?"

"Will you come with me?" I said.

His face was dark and thoughtful. "Why do you want me?"

"Because I'm afraid he'll shoot me," I said. My voice didn't tremble much, but I couldn't keep it all out.

"Then why are you going?" he said.

"Because I've got to," I said.

My father watched me for a moment. "Yes," he said quietly, "I guess you do."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'll call you back, Ethel."

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He came down the steps and stood beside me. "I'll go with you," he said.

We walked the short distance between our house and his. Though it was so near, I had never been in his yard before. I felt my legs trembling as I went up the brick walk and stood at the bottom of the steps, the paper sack in my hand. I knocked on the porch floor, and Willadean came to the screen door.

I did not look at her. "I want to talk to your father."

She stared at me for a moment, then she disappeared. In a moment Mr. Wills appeared in the doorway. His face was marked by the night, his cheeks sunken, his mouth bitten in. He stared at me absentmindedly, as though I were only a speck in his thinking.

"What do you want, boy?" he said.

I felt my teeth grit against the words I had to say. I held out the paper bag toward him.

"Mr. Wills," I said, "here's the seeds from your seed melon. That's all I could bring back."

I could feel my father standing quietly behind me. Willadean was standing in the doorway, watching. I couldn't take my eyes away from Mr. Wills's face.

"Did you steal it?" he said.

"Yes, sir," I said.

He advanced to the edge of the porch. The shotgun was standing near the door, and I expected him to reach for it. Instead he came toward me, a great powerful man, and leaned down to me.

"Why did you steal it?" he said.

"I don't know." I said.

"Didn't you know it was my seed melon?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "I knew it."

He straightened up again and his eyes were beginning to gleam. I wanted to run, but I couldn't move.

"And my sick wife hungered for the taste of that melon," he said. "Not for herself, like I thought. But to invite the whole neighborhood in for a slice of it. She knew I wouldn't ever think of anything like that myself. She hungered for that."

I hung my head. "I'm sorry," I said.

He stopped still then, watching me. "So you brought me the seeds," he said softly. "That's not much, boy."

I lifted my head. "It was all I could think to do," I said. "The melon is gone. But the seeds are next year. That's why I brought them to you."

"But you ruined this year," he said.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I ruined this year."

I couldn't look at him any more. I looked at Willadean standing behind him. Her eyes were a puzzle, watching me, and I couldn't tell what she was thinking or feeling.

"I'm about as ashamed of myself last night as you are of yourself," Mr. Wills said. He frowned at me with his heavy brows. "You ruined the half of it, and I ruined the other. We're both to blame, boy. Both to blame."

It seemed there ought to be something more for me to say. I searched for it in my mind and discovered only the thought that I had found this morning in the gray light of dawning.

"The seeds are next year," I said. I looked at him humbly. "I'll help you plant them, Mr. Wills. I'll work very hard."

Mr. Wills looked at my father for the first time. There was a small hard smile on his face, and his eyes didn't look as fierce as they had before.

"A man with a big farm like mine needs a son," he said. "But Willadean here was all the good Lord saw fit to give me. Sam, I do wish I had me a boy like that."

He came close to me then, put his hand on my shoulder. "We can't do anything about this year," he said. "But we'll grow next year, won't we? We'll grow it together."

"Yes, sir," I said.

I looked past him at Willadean, and her eyes were smiling too. I felt my heart give a great thump in my chest.

"And you don't have to offer the biggest melon in the world to get folks to come visiting," I blurted. "Why, I'll set on the porch with Willadean any time."

Mr. Wills and my father burst out laughing. Willadean was blushing red in the face. But somehow she didn't look mad. Flustered, I began to beat a retreat toward the gate. Then I stopped, looking back at Mr. Wills. I couldn't leave yet.

"Can I ask you one thing, Mr. Wills?" I said.

He stopped laughing, and there was no fierceness in his voice. "Anything you want to, boy," he said.

"Well, I just wanted to know," I said. "Was there double-ought buckshot in that gun?"

He reached around and picked up the gun. He unbreeched it and took out a shell. He broke the shell in his strong fingers and poured the white salt out into his palm.

"You see?" he said.

"Yes, sir," I said, taking a deep breath. "I see."

I went on then, and the next year started that very day. **THE END**

"He's famous for his surprise witnesses."

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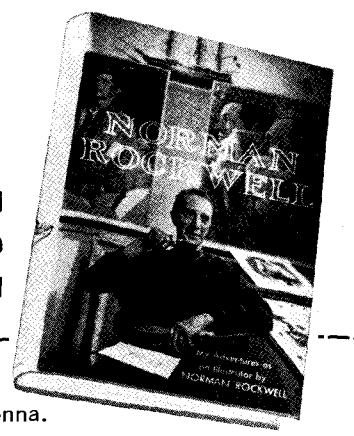

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THE MANY MOODS OF

Robert Mitchum

By BILL DAVIDSON

An exclusive account of the turbulent career and times of Hollywood's rugged nonconformist. A *Post* editor tells the candid, first-hand story.

While Robert Mitchum was in Savannah, Georgia, filming his current hit, *Cape Fear*, he often startled coworkers by singing in his clear baritone, "How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood; when fond recollection presents them to view." At the fifth repetition the film's British director, J. Lee Thompson, asked Mitchum, "Why?" The big actor replied, "Man, this is the place where I first tangled with the law. They put me on the chain gang when I was just sixteen years old. These are the scenes of my childhood, man, and they are dear, very dear indeed, to my heart."

In three sentences Mitchum summed up his entire bitter, cynical philosophy—a veneer of toughness which armors a sensitive nonconformist whose psychic wounds still ache. His mention of the chain gang was no joke. He is perhaps the only American with a legitimate income approaching $1,000,000 a year who has served two sentences: seven days on a Georgia road gang for vagrancy back when he was a poor boy, and fifty-nine days in a California jail on a narcotics charge after he became a wealthy actor.

On his return to Savannah nearly thirty years after his sentencing there, Mitchum charmed society ladies at teas and cocktail parties and held court on the porch of the DeSoto Hotel daily for a throng of admirers, who listened with delight to his stories. But to a deputy sheriff assigned to guard the movie location, he snarled, "Lay off me. I escaped from your Chatham County chain gang in 1933 and I still owe you some time—but you're not going to get me back."

Then he handed the deputy sheriff twenty dollars to buy lunch for himself and his fellow deputies.

The show of generosity after the snarl was typical of Mitchum. He embodies most of the contradictions of humanity in one large, unhandy, six-foot-one pack-

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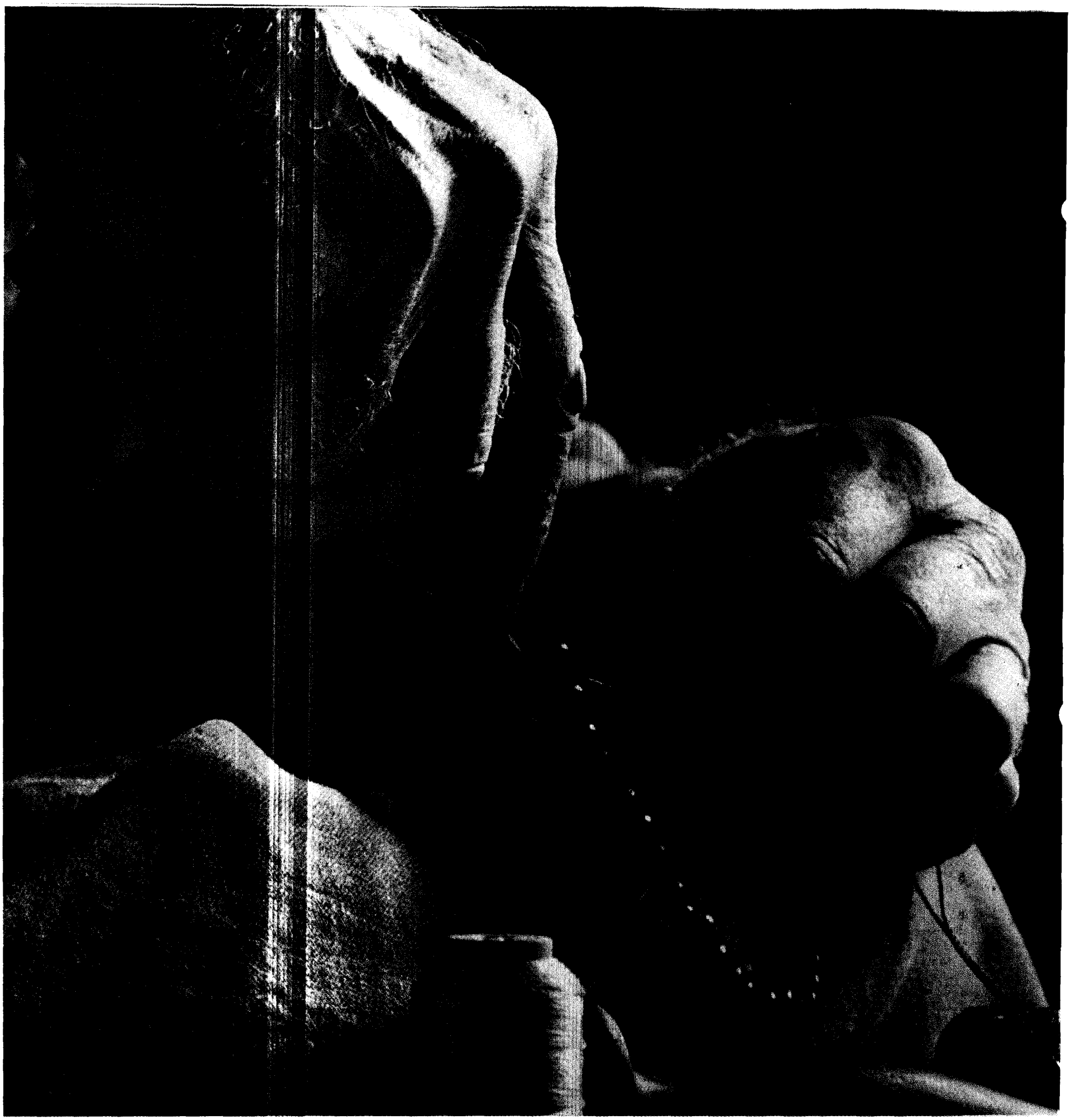

These once-crippled hands earn $4 an hour now

For years they were stiff and swollen, the fingers twisted by disease. And no amount of money could purchase more than partial reprieve from pain, or restore the skill of this custom bootmaker's hands.

Now they're strong and limber—mute witness to the thousands of victims of rheumatoid arthritis who today live normal, productive lives again. The doctor, for instance, confined to a wheelchair for two years, who again performs delicate surgery. The famous artist, once unable to grasp a brush, who later turned out some of his finest work.

Among the miracles that wrought these changes was a family of drugs chemically akin to steroid hormones. The quest that produced them stands among the proudest achievements of drug research. For in our medical centers and drug company laboratories, no effort was spared to halt the crippler that robbed so many of their livelihood. The cost, in dollars and man-hours, ran into millions.

Yet today a physician can prescribe a variety of drugs that often restore a rheumatoid arthritic to full earning capacity! And the cost is modest, compared to less effective former treatments.

But most important of all, as dedicated men and women of medicine and drug science continue this vital crusade, the day is hastened when we may see the end of other such enemies of health.

This advertisement is sponsored by a group of prescription drug manufacturers, members of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, whose aim is to create through research continually better medicines.*

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Mitchum age. His moods swing from one extreme to another so rapidly that he may sound like a gentleman-scholar one minute, or an embittered, foul-mouthed hoodlum the next. He is forty-five years old and has been a movie star for twenty years, but neither the film industry nor the public feels sure even now that it knows the real Mitchum.

Some stories about him, such as his antipathy toward policemen, are quite true. To this day and to their faces, he refers to them derisively as "the fuzz," an uncomplimentary slang term which he learned when he was one of the wild boys of the road spawned by the depression. He resents authority and instinctively fights it. From the age of fourteen, when he quit his poverty-stricken home to hobo aimlessly in search of food and work, he has smarted under what he regards as official brutality and dishonesty.

Of his clash with the law at Savannah, Mitchum told me, "I had hopped a freight train with about seventeen other kids and headed South. In my pocket I had thirty-eight dollars—all I had in the world. When we reached Savannah, I was cold and hungry. So I dropped off to get something to eat. This big fuzz grabbed me. 'For what?' I asked. He grinned. 'Vagrancy—we don't like Yankee bums around here.' When I told him I had thirty-eight dollars, he just called me a so-and-so wise guy and belted me with his club and ran me in.

Stretch on the Chain Gang

"After I had five days of waiting in jail, nine men to a cell, they took me to court. I'm sitting there, waiting to be sentenced for vagrancy, when suddenly I realize I'm listening to a burglary case. A couple of fuzz get up and describe the burglar that hit a shoe store, and it dawns on me that they're giving an exact description of *me*. Then in a daze I hear the fuzz that arrested me testify that forty dollars had been heisted from the shoe store and that when he took me in, I still had thirty-eight on me.

"So here I am, age sixteen, facing maybe ten to twenty years for burglary. So I get to my feet and ask the judge just one question, 'Just when did this burglary take place?' The judge looks at his papers and says, '*You* should know—it was on Wednesday.' I say, 'Your honor, do you know where I was on Wednesday? Hell, I was in *your jail*. I was arrested on Sunday.'

"The judge clears his throat, and shuffles his papers, and says, 'Well, I guess I can't hold you on that charge, but a nice little indeterminate sentence for vagrancy should straighten you out.'"

For seven days, Mitchum says, he repaired roads in the vicinity of Savannah. Then the guards relaxed their vigilance after removing the prisoners' chains. "I split, man," he told me. "They just fired a few shots after me, and that was that. In those days they wouldn't spend sixty cents to catch you if they missed you with a rifle. They'd just go out and round up someone else to take your place."

During the next two years Mitchum made nine freight-hopping trips around the United States and continued his harsh education in the practicalities of life. He slept in hobo camps and jails, occasionally earning a dollar as a laborer or dishwasher. "I learned all about the

Mitchum the primitive most often dominates Mitchum the sophisticate.

Mitchum relaxes on a day off in Hollywood with a bottle of wine, hi-fi music and conversation.

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"After a quarrel with Dorothy . . . I began drinking much more than was good for me."

Mitchum and his sons: Jim (left), an actor with a strong resemblance to his father, and Chris, a pre-med student.

Cattleman Mitchum and his wife Dorothy at their 200-acre Maryland estate. They have been married 22 years

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Mitchum fuzz and the inside of jails," he says. "When I was too cold and hungry, I'd check in at the local police station. They'd put me in a cell overnight. In the morning I'd have to sweep up to earn my board and keep. I thought I was really living. But I used to cry myself to sleep every night wondering what my poor mother thought. I'd say to myself, 'She must be worrying about me.'"

Mitchum's mother, a Norwegian-born daughter of a sea captain, certainly did not lack for worries. About two years after Mitchum was born, on August 6, 1917, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, a switching-yard accident killed her husband, James Mitchum, a railway worker. She was left with a daughter, Julie; little Robert, and baby John. To support her family, she worked as a Linotype operator for The Bridgeport *Telegram*. Mitchum recalls "long, unsupervised hours while mother was at work" and "the bloodied noses and broken windows of boyhood."

Odd Jobs and Hard Times

Mrs. Mitchum finally sent the growing boy to live with his grandmother in rustic Felton, Delaware. The country environment did not soothe him. "They thought I was some kind of degenerate," he says. "They ran me out of town so many times that it finally took." He had already been kicked out of school. While living in New York City with his older sister Julie, who then worked as an actress, he attended Haaren High School. But he quit formal education there at the age of fourteen and never resumed it.

"I was a thin, shifty, ferret-faced kid," he says. "The girls didn't want any part of me. They liked my younger brother John. I was hungry all the time and always in trouble, so I just took off."

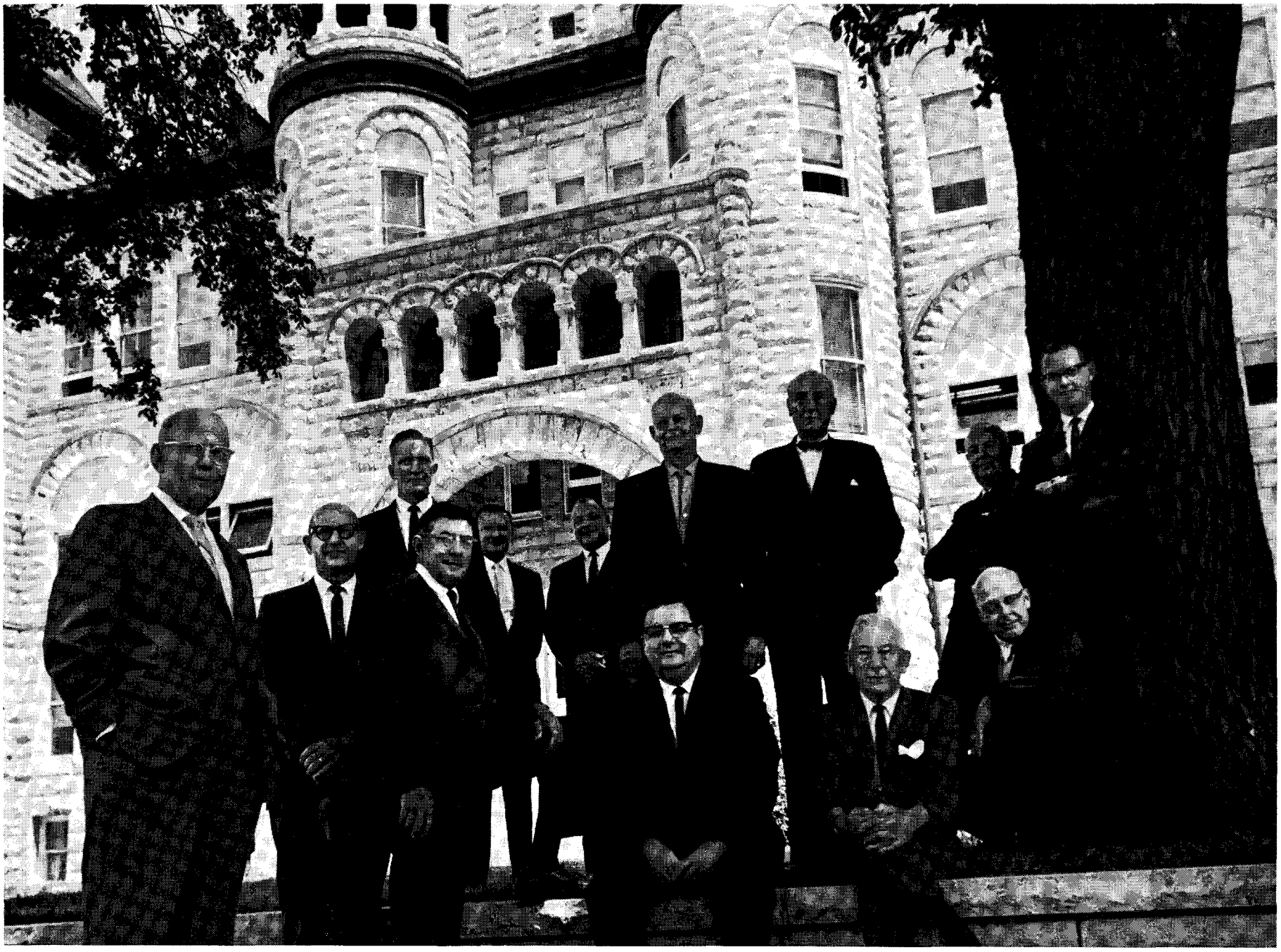
With boyish romanticism, his first move was to run away to sea. Claiming to be eighteen, he shipped as a deckhand on a salvage vessel out of Fall River, Massachusetts. When the ship operators discovered he was only fourteen, placing them in violation of child-labor laws, he was dumped ashore. Later he hoboed his way to the West Coast. "I worked in one-arm-joint restaurants washing dishes and hauling slop, and when I got to California, I just lay on the beach and rolled drunks. I didn't know any better."

Heading back East by slow freight, young Mitchum dropped off to hunt work in the Pennsylvania coal fields.

"I got to this little town, and a nice lady saw me wandering around and she took me in and gave me a room. She gave me sandwiches for lunch and sent me off to a coal mine, where her brother hired me. I went down into the pit with a sledge hammer and took one look around that cramped hole and almost went out of my mind.

"As I now know, I've got claustrophobia. The only thing that kept me down there was a 250-pound Polish foreman who waved a twenty-pound breakout hammer at my head and said, 'You no quit.' I no quit, but I was so sick I couldn't eat. I gave my sandwiches to the foreman every day. At night I'd just stand around on the street and watch the miners making passes at the girls. I lasted long enough to pay the lady who was so nice to me and then I cut out again."

The New Deal tried to help Mitchum and other wild boys of the road with its



Dominating the Carthage scene: the Jasper County Courthouse, built of native marble in 1894. More than 5 times older than this landmark is the combined age of the diversified industries represented by these Carthage businessmen: from left to right, A. D. Locarni, Locarni Marble; Purdy Colaw, Rinehart's Foodliner; Roy E. Mayes, Carthage Marble Corporation; (rear) Paul G. Platner, Country Kitchen Food Products; Jim Finch and Karl Searls from Employers Mutuals of Wausau; Fred Hesser, Hesser Electric; L. E. Koken, Carthage Crushed Limestone; Harry Mack Cornell, Leggett & Platt; Leland Tatum, U.S. Art Marble; (seated) Robert E. Young, Carthage Chamber of Commerce; H. E. Williams, H. E. Williams Products Company; and (kneeling) W. E. Jensen, Carthage Creamery.

Wausau Story | IN CARTHAGE, MISSOURI

WHO'S MINDING THE STORE?

Mayor Ralph A. Rinehart (left) quotes figures to prompt that question: "I'd say a third of all the industry in Carthage is represented by the businessmen in the photo. And since these industries hire about half our total working population, the men also represent half the households in town."

As Mayor of this everybody-knows-everybody community, Ralph assures you the "stores" are minded by capable people even while the boss has his picture taken at the Courthouse. And as a businessman—President of Rinehart's Foodliner—Ralph agrees with the Carthage majority in choosing his insurance carrier. He says: "Every company represented in the photo is a policyholder of Employers Mutuals of Wausau. And many of us carry more than one kind of Employers Mutuals' business insurance as well as Wausau policies on our homes and family automobiles."

Why Employers Mutuals? Ralph explains it this way: "Employers Mutuals is the kind of insurance company you can honestly recommend to the firm next door. We have evidence aplenty here in Carthage that Employers Mutuals are 'good people to do business with'."

Roy E. Mayes is President of Carthage Marble Corporation, a Carthage "first" in size and the city's history. Carthage operations include the world's largest grey marble quarry, finishing and fabricating plants, and a supply center for domestic and imported marble. Mr. Mayes says: "The confidence Carthage businessmen have in Employers Mutuals is deserved. We've been policyholders for many years . . . and the help we get is always marked by efficiency, thoroughness and personal interest."

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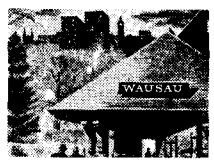

"Good people to do business with"

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He can sound like a scholar one minute, a hoodlum the next.

Mitchum toys with a flute on the location of The Sundowners. *He won praise for his portrayal of a sheepherder in the film.*

Mitchum Civilian Conservation Corps. In 1934 Mitchum toiled briefly on a soil-reclamation project, digging ditches and planting trees. Then he struck out by freight train for California, where his sister Julie, now married, had settled.

A few months later the rest of the family arrived from the East in a share-the-ride jalopy. The widowed Mrs. Mitchum had married a British veteran of World War I, Hugh Morris, seven years earlier. Robert's brother John and half-sister Carol, child of the second marriage, accompanied the family West. They all lived in a three-room house in Long Beach while young Robert worked as a longshoreman, truck loader and building maintenance man.

Robert came to appreciate his stepfather, whom he had resented years earlier. "You know how it is with stepparents," he says. "I'm afraid we kids didn't give this one much of a break for a long time. He had a box filled with medals from World War I and snapshots of himself on camels in Egypt, climbing out of old biplanes in France, and saluting the quarterdeck on windjammers in Australia. When we were very small, we couldn't understand that he was full of shrapnel and couldn't work hard enough to keep us all together as a family unit. Instead, he had to stay at his newspaper editor's desk in Connecticut while mother lived with grandmother in Delaware."

In 1935, when he was eighteen, Mitchum hit the road again and had two experiences which were to play vital parts in his later life. Back East he visited Dorothy Spence, a girl he had once known in Delaware, who was then working as a secretary for a Philadelphia life-insurance company. Five years later, in 1940, he and Dorothy were married, and she has been Mrs. Mitchum to this day.

First Use of Marijuana

His second experience in 1935 ended unfortunately. He went to Toledo, Ohio, to visit a friend, Frederick Fast, whom he had known in California. Fast told me, "Bob called me one day out of the blue. I went downtown and picked him up at a center the city ran for boys on the bum. He lived with us during that winter of 1935–36. My father gave him a job operating a punch press at the factory he owned. Bob hated it, and he soon got fired. I remember he used to infuriate my father, a conservative gentleman, because he'd come downstairs wearing shoes but no socks. The temperature might be below zero, but Bob was on a kick then where he didn't like socks and just wouldn't wear them."

Bob also got on a more serious kick at the time, as it developed. In a probation report thirteen years later, after his narcotics conviction in California, he wrote, "My first use of marijuana was an isolated instance in 1936 while I was working in Toledo, Ohio."

Through the four prewar years that followed, Bob worked at odd jobs in California, and acted, wrote and directed for a little-theater group. Two of his plays were for children. They were produced in Long Beach with what he terms "some degree of local success." He wrote an oratorio that was presented in the Hollywood Bowl at a benefit for European refugees. Then he became a ghost-writer for Carroll Righter, an astrologer who was then a darling of the women's-club lecture circuit. Bob toured the country with Righter. At last he was eating regularly.

Then, presumably with the planet Venus in the ascendancy, Mitchum married Dorothy. After the wedding, in Delaware, they went to live with his entire family in the tiny, overcrowded home in California. Soon a baby was on the way. Bob had to give up his migratory job as an assistant interpreter of the stars and take a sheet-metal job at the Lockheed aircraft plant. Again he rebelled.

"My mediocrity as a sheet-metal worker was established at Lockheed, and my utter inability to adjust to the midnight-to-morning, or 'graveyard,' shift resulted in chronic insomnia," he wrote later in the probation reports. As he explained to me:

"After an entire year with practically no sleep, I suddenly went blind one night on my job at Lockheed. They rushed me to a hospital in Glendale. Finally my sight came back, and they let me go. The doctor said, 'There's nothing wrong with you.' I said, 'What do you mean there's nothing wrong with me? You don't go blind for nothing.' The doctor answered, 'No, but let's say it's mental. It's because you hate your job. You'd better quit.' I quit."

"The Story of GI Joe"

While his wife went to work again for an insurance firm, Mitchum began seriously hunting full-time work as an actor. With the United States now in World War II, the draft had left a large gap in the ranks of film actors. His first role landed him in a Hopalong Cassidy movie, playing a villainous character whose principal function was to be toppled from his horse by hero William Boyd. That part led eventually to his memorable role as the beloved infantry captain in *The Story of GI Joe*. For that performance he won his first and only Academy Award nomination. Before the film was released, he was drafted and became Private Mitchum, at Fort MacArthur, California. His eight months of military service were peaceful. "I met a lot of guys of the type I used to bum around with, and we spent most of our time swapping lies," he says. Discharged in 1945, he discovered that he was a big movie star on the strength of *The Story of GI Joe*. RKO lent him a fat sum to buy a house and put him in one movie after another. But his new-born career sagged.

"Mitchum was psychologically ill equipped for his sudden rise to fame," an official probation report of the state of California said years later. Mitchum's own version, in his report to the probation board, which is his basic explanation of his life, described the situation with more sympathy for himself:

"The new popularity brought new faces, with endless requests for assistance—requests which were always met. I suppose I honestly believed that I was helping to erase a moral debt by granting aid to others of the same social-financial background who had remained less fortunate than I. At any rate, the rumor spread that I was a soft touch—and an additional and more disquieting rumor that I was associating with people who indulged in the use of marijuana.

"This last gossip brought a swelling stream of acquaintances who appeared to

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"One of the finest instinctive actors in the business, almost in a class with Tracy."

On the set of Two for the Seesaw *Mitchum is directed in a movie clinch with Shirley MacLaine.*

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Mitchum accept me as one of their number. . . . Although progressing famously in my profession, I was constantly obsessed with the phantom of failure, and in the next two years I several times answered entreaties by sharing a cigarette with one or more of these sycophants."

Mitchum maintained in his report that, except for his use of marijuana in Toledo in 1936, he never touched the dream weed until 1947–48, "when I was working very, very hard." He wrote, "I was never a confirmed smoker of marijuana and never purchased marijuana for use by myself. The only explanation I have for the use of marijuana is the fact that when you are in the company of people who use it, it is easier to go along with them than not to. . . . I was absurdly naïve."

Mitchum's naïveté during that period appears to have extended to finances and much more. He wrote:

"In late 1947, endowed with a new contract and facing a new future which promised relief from my financial obligations to my family, the picture faded when my best friend and trusted manager admitted the complete disappearance of my funds and refused an accounting. More hurt than angry, I refused to prosecute, although I was eventually subpoenaed by the state as a witness for his prosecution on another matter. His reaction to my involuntary appearance was an avowal of vengeance which assumed form in a campaign of careful slander and a confident cultivation of my mother and sister, instilling in them the belief that I had maneuvered his failure and, in reality, was myself the thief.

"Records prove the monstrous falsity of this concept. However, my mother and sister, doubting my sanity, implored the cooperation of my wife in suggesting my visit to a psychiatrist, which suggestion I accepted. Dr. Frederick Hacker, whom I visited, adjudged me rational but suffering a state of overamiability, in which failure to please everyone created a condition of self-reproach. He suggested that I risk their displeasure by learning to say 'no.'

Drinking Away Dejection

"Soon after these visits, my wife and I, with the children, traveled to Delaware to visit, and I remained there until June, 1948. Following a quarrel with Dorothy concerning continuance of my career, I left to return to Los Angeles, expecting to begin work in a film on the fifteenth of June. After weeks of tests and fittings, the picture was canceled. I began painting and remodeling our present house and looking about for a new one. I was somewhat depressed over the lack of communication from my wife in Delaware, and I began drinking a great deal more than was good for me."

That turbulent phase of Mitchum's life ushered in his most serious encounter with the law, on the night of August 31–September 1, 1948. His discussion of the episode with me covers many details never before published. He did not make these revelations even in court, where he pleaded mute, or "no defense." Taking the events in order, he told me:

"I spent the afternoon and evening with Robin Ford, one of the hangers-on who attached themselves to me after I got out of the Army. He was a bartender when I first knew him. At the time, how-

Smug!

A Dial shower affects some fellows that way. Keeps you that sure of yourself. Even on hot muggy days. Perspiration odor just doesn't stand a chance. That's because Dial with AT-7 kayos bacteria that cause odor. Get a bar. You'll like it. People who like people always do.

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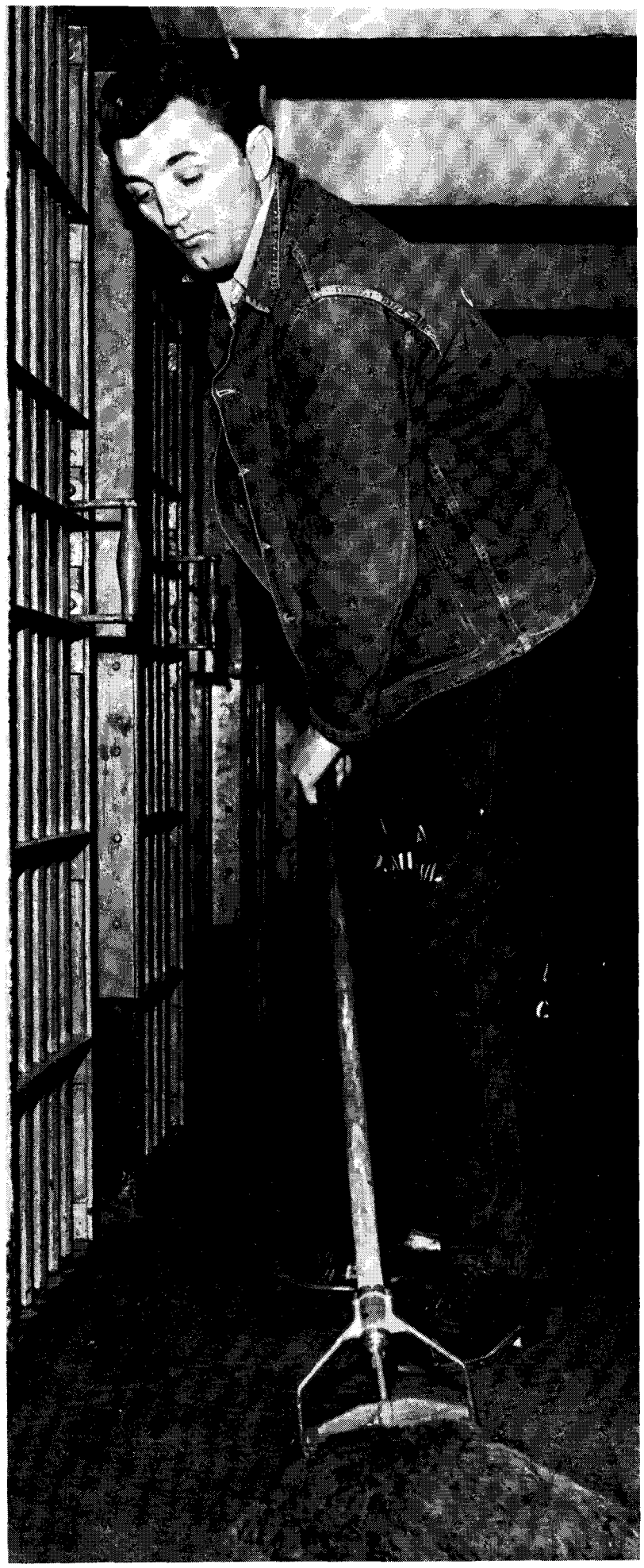
"This is the bitter end of everything. All's shot to hell."



In a photograph widely distributed at the time, Mitchum mops a Los Angeles jail corridor while serving his 1949 sentence for narcotics.

Mitchum ever, he was working for an insurance and real-estate firm. We had been together all afternoon looking at houses, as I was in the market for a new one.

"Ford had previously introduced me to a pretty blond chick named Lila Leeds. To me she was just another girl-about-town, and I had seen her twice—with Ford. Late in the afternoon he told me that she had just moved into a new house and that he wanted me to see it. I was busy getting ready for a new picture at RKO, *The Big Steal*, and I had to read the script, so I said no. But when we got back to my house about six P.M., he phoned her. She called back and asked me to drop by with Ford some time after ten P.M., when she'd be finished with decorating. I said I was tired and doubted that we could come, but that we'd try."

Between six and eleven P.M. the two men drank a fifth of Scotch in Mitchum's kitchen, according to his probation report. Then Mitchum decided to drive to San Fernando Valley for spareribs.

"I asked Ford to go along," he told me. "Ford said he'd like to, but that first we'd have to stop at his house to get a coat; he was in his shirtsleeves. On the way to his apartment in Hollywood he asked me to pull up at a street corner. He got out and made a phone call. I looked at the dashboard clock. It was exactly 11:20 P.M. At his apartment I think he made another phone call. Then we started from Hollywood through Laurel Canyon to the San Fernando Valley, and again he asked me to stop and made a phone call. He came back and said he had just talked to Lila Leeds and that since her house was only a few blocks away, why didn't we drop by. I was pretty hungry for those spareribs by then, but I said 'OK, just for a minute.'

The Party at Lila's

"We started looking for Lila's house at 8443 Ridpath Drive, but never having been there before, I missed the house on the first pass. Finally I found it and we went in. There were two girls there, Lila Leeds and another kid who I later found out was named Vicki Evans. There also were some boxer puppies.

"I said, 'I thought I saw somebody outside,' but I looked out the window and couldn't see anything. Miss Leeds handed me a lighted cigarette and I looked up and this time I was sure there was a face at the window. I said something to that effect and the Evans girl yelled, 'Oh, it's just those damned dogs.' She rushed to the kitchen door and opened it. The next thing I knew, there was a crash and in came two men holding the Evans kid in front of them as a shield. I thought they were holdup men, and I crouched to throw a small table at them, but they shouted, 'Police officers!' I dropped the table and they grabbed me. Then I looked at my watch. I hadn't been in the house more than seven minutes."

The two officers were A. M. Barr and J. B. McKinnon, of the Los Angeles narcotics squad. Nine additional local, state and Federal narcotics officers arrived almost on their heels. They confiscated Mitchum's cigarette and twenty-three others in the room. All proved to be marijuana. Mitchum and his companions were handcuffed and hustled off to jail.

The police version of the arrest differed considerably from Mitchum's. Before breaking in, Barr said, they watched the party for two and a half hours. Through a microphone hidden in the chimney, they heard Miss Leeds say before Mitchum and Ford arrived, "The boys are on their way up and they're loaded." Just before the raid, the police testimony continued, Miss Evans exclaimed, "Oh, this tastes funny. What if it knocks me out? Oh, daddy!"

After his arrest, the police claim, Mitchum admitted, "Yes, boys, I was smoking the marijuana cigarette when you came in. I guess it's all over now. I've been smoking marijuana for years. The last time I smoked was about a week ago. I knew I would get caught sooner or later. I'm ruined."

When he was released on bail the next morning, Mitchum was quoted by reporters as saying, "This is the bitter end of everything—my career, my home, my marriage. All are shot to hell. My wife left me two months ago, when she heard about one or two marijuana parties I'd been on. She and the kids were coming out here from the East and we were all set for a big fat reconciliation. That is, we were all set until she hears about this."

Mitchum was indicted on two charges: Possessing and conspiring to possess marijuana. He stood trial on the second charge only. Waiving a jury trial, he threw himself on the mercy of the court. The judge sentenced him to sixty days in the Los Angeles County Jail, a one-year suspended sentence, and two years' probation. After fifty-nine days, during which he wore prison garb, worked at odd jobs and was plentifully photographed by the press, he was released. But the case was far from closed.

In 1949 and again in 1951 there came two remarkable sequels. First, the Los Angeles district attorney launched an investigation into persistent rumors that Mitchum had been framed, either by enemies or by policemen who needed a splashy headline story to obscure their inaction against narcotics rackets. Lila Leeds told the district attorney's investigators that Vicki Evans, who had smoked reefers with her many times before, did not touch one all that day. Further, Miss Leeds wondered aloud why the police, who had testified to seeing her smoking earlier in the evening, had not broken in then and arrested her hours before Mitchum arrived. (Mitchum's attorney, the late Jerry Giesler, said in his memoirs that he believed Mitchum's "tribulation was a deliberate design on the part of someone who wished him ill.")

Questions About the Raid

Mitchum himself made no accusations, but he said to me: "I'd still like to know the answers to some pertinent questions. Why were the newspapers tipped off, *before I even arrived at the Leeds house*, that a big-name movie star was going to be picked up on marijuana charges that night? Why did Robin Ford stop off to make so many phone calls that night? Why didn't the police raid the Leeds house earlier, since they testified they had seen Miss Leeds smoking long before I arrived? Why did Vicki Evans go to the kitchen door just as the police broke in, and why was she the only one of us who never was convicted? Why did a half dozen other movie stars come up to me later and thank me, saying *they* had been invited to a party at that house that night,

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"This guy is a fascinating character—more complex than Brando or Sinatra."

Mitchum

but when they arrived it was already surrounded by police cars, lights flashing, so they took off?"

Although results of the district attorney's investigation were not publicly announced, on January 31, 1951, the court quietly reviewed Mitchum's case and ordered that "the verdict of guilty be set aside and that a plea of not guilty be entered and that the information or complaint be dismissed." The court's action was prompted by Mitchum's request for a review of his case on completion of his probation period. Whether the action resulted from his exemplary conduct during probation, or whether it reflected legal doubts concerning some circumstances of his arrest is anybody's guess—like so much else about Mitchum.

The star himself never attempted to publicize the court exoneration. His complete silence has, in fact, been astonishing, since he had top geniuses of studio press agentry at his side.

Looking back at the 1948 arrest and its aftermath, one might say that it did not hurt Mitchum's career and may even have benefited him. The movie public seemed to respect him for taking his medicine without whining. While he certainly lost all resemblance to a model for American youth, people flocked to see his pictures. His wife Dorothy returned from Delaware with their three children. Mitchum made up with her and also with his mother and sister, with whom he and Dorothy had long bickered. He returned to work at RKO immediately upon getting out of jail, but he was broke.

"It took me from 1948 to 1951 before I was on my feet financially again," he told me. He owed his defense attorney, Jerry Giesler, $50,000 in legal fees. Howard Hughes, then head of RKO, lent him the sum at 6 percent, to be deducted from future pay. Mitchum paid off, then became his own boss.

As a free-lance actor with his own independent production company, Mitchum commanded a salary as high as $300,000 per picture and made such fine films as *Night of the Hunter*, *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*, and *The Sundowners*.

But Mitchum, the towering screen success, has not fully outgrown Mitchum the rough-and-tumble bucko. His tendency to tangle with cops and other male types persisted through the 1950's. In 1951, he floored a soldier named Bernard B. Reynolds, a professional heavyweight boxer, in the bar of a Colorado Springs hotel and, according to a Military Police sergeant, kicked Reynolds "in the head." In 1953 he outraced a Los Angeles motorcycle cop in his sports car at seventy miles an hour, and was charged with "evading arrest" and "resisting and obstructing an officer." A year later he rammed his car into the rear of another vehicle that had halted at an intersection, was sued for $50,000, and settled the case out of court for an undisclosed amount. In 1956 he flattened two U.S. Navy sailors in a barroom brawl on the Caribbean island of Tobago and became involved with the Navy Shore Patrol.

In a sort of international change of pace, Bob won himself some questionable publicity in 1954 by clinching instead of punching. At the Cannes Film Festival that year, he happened to be next to a shapely damsel named Simone Silva. She suddenly yielded to an urge to remove the top of her picnic costume in the presence of about fifty photographers. In the ensuing scramble, three photographers fell into the Mediterranean, one fractured his ankle, and another suffered a broken elbow. But the survivors managed to record the scene—showing a leering Mitchum with his arm around seminude Simone.

During the past year, however, Bob has shown restraint. A few months ago an upholsterer's apprentice cornered him in a Dublin pub, nagged him for his autograph and compounded the annoyance by calling him Kirk Douglas. Mitchum obliged by writing a brief obscenity and signing Douglas's name. His reward was a punch in the eye. With noteworthy self-control, Mitchum did not strike back at the apprentice, a much smaller man. Indignantly the apprentice informed the Dublin press that Mitchum had insulted motherhood, patriotism and the Irish flag. The furor subsided when Dublin police expelled the apprentice as an undesirable person.

A more recent contretemps came about while Mitchum was making *The Longest Day*, a 20th Century-Fox film about the Allies' D-day landings in World War II. Mitchum, playing Brig. Gen. Norman Cota, was wallowing on a landing craft in the English Channel on a cold, rainy day when he made a characteristically pungent remark about the inefficiency of the film's production staff, which had him prematurely at sea while a detachment of U.S. infantry, working as extras in the scene, were still trying to board their landing craft in the choppy surf off the beach. This was overheard by a newspaperman, who interpreted it in his dispatch as a blast against the efficiency of the U.S. Army. Although the Army denied that Mitchum had said any such thing, the incident became a *cause célèbre* for many days in the newspapers.

"Just Be Against It"

On that occasion Mitchum insisted that he didn't know his explosive remark was loaded. However, nearly every remark he makes in public is uttered for its shock value. He told me he subscribes to the policy of the late Humphrey Bogart, who said, "I don't care what it is. Just be against it." In this vein Mitchum recently replied to a woman who asked him to contribute to the S.P.C.A., "Don't you think all dogs should be shot?"

Sometimes he outrageously embroiders stories about people he has known. He told me about a romance between a girl of eight and a fifty-five-year-old man. On checking, I learned that the girl actually was nineteen and the man all of twenty-five. One afternoon he entertained two unemployed actors, one of whom he referred to as "the Hog," with one of the bawdiest stories I have ever heard—about love practices among coal miners in Pennsylvania.

Yet Mitchum can be, in a twinkling, a man of startling erudition and tenderness. Ten minutes after telling the shocking story about miners, he talked with affection and respect of his wife Dorothy, to whom he has been married for twenty-two years, and of his three children, Jim, Chris and Trina, who are well brought up and whom he obviously adores. He is happiest when he can escape from the frenetic overstimulation of Hollywood to his family and 200-acre estate on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. In this atmosphere Mitchum does such gentle things as writing poetry to ten-year-old Trina. One poem read in part:

How about this *child!*
With the fresh smell of April
And tears cheering the heartbroken smile
of her hope
And, moist-handed,
Praying in song so rich
That listeners die
Upon its wish.

In an embarrassed way Mitchum admitted to me that he had written and published both music and literature. One of his songs, *The Ballad of Thunder Road* (recorded in his own baritone voice in 1958) was still among the Top 100 popular records in the monthly poll of *Cash Box*, the music trade publication, as recently as April, 1962. His poetry has appeared in esoteric magazines, and his short stories and articles—all under his own by-line—have been sold to national magazines. One article, which appeared in *This Week*, was about his stepfather, an elderly British hero of World War I, who, when he was sixty-three, falsified his age and became captain of a military supply barge in the Pacific in World War II.

In his dressing room one day Mitchum startled me by reciting Wordsworth sonnets and by whistling the obscure classical music from which several Academy Award-winning musical scores had been stolen. Directly behind him, as he recited and whistled, was a large photograph of a depraved-looking Mitchum, hair askew, eyes at characteristic half-mast, whiskey glass characteristically elevated toward the sensuous mouth. The photo, radiating evil, was mounted on a gag poster which indicated that Mitchum had won a vodka-distiller's acting award for the year. Mitchum caught me looking at the poster and abruptly terminated the sonnet he was reciting. "Forget about the poetry," he snapped. "That picture's the *real* me."

The game of defining Mitchum is widely played by many, including the man himself, but I have yet to find a sure winner at it. A director who knows Mitchum well told me, "This guy is one of the most fascinating characters we have in Hollywood—far more complex than Brando or Sinatra. He's a strange, lonely man in almost constant conflict with himself. There's Mitchum the primitive and Mitchum the sophisticate. I think he really wants the sophisticate to win out, but for some strange reason he feels comfortable only with the primitive and allows it to predominate."

The public knows mostly Mitchum the primitive. Once in 1953, for example, Mitchum, who has constant problems with telephones and often stops up their works with wads of chewing gum to prevent them from ringing, attempted to get

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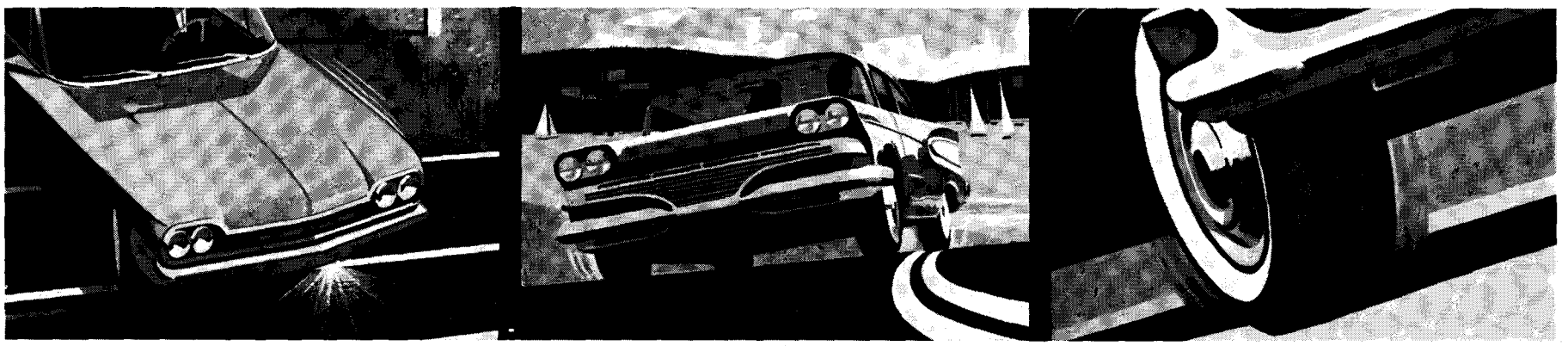

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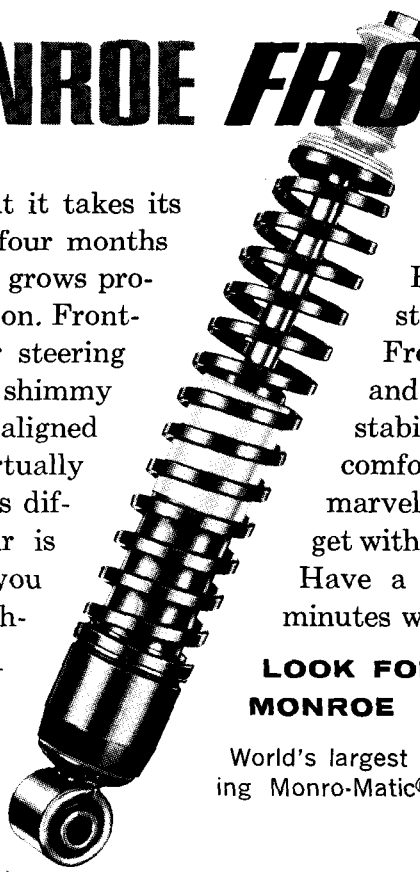

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"Only difference between me and other actors is that I've spent more time in jail."

Between takes in the filming of The Longest Day, *Mitchum switches from a prop cigar to a cigarette.*

Mitchum a dial tone from the operator to make an outside call. When the dial tone was not forthcoming, Mitchum destroyed his dressing room. The Los Angeles *Herald-Express* reported:

> Robert definitely made a partial wreck out of the room. He is said to have jerked two phones from the wall, to have broken a glass on his neon-lighted dressing table and to have kicked a hole in a big ceramic pot holding a plant. After that he proceeded to the set and is said to have told assembled fellow workers, "If they treat me like an animal, I'll behave like an animal."

On another occasion Mitchum participated with fellow wreckers Frank Sinatra, Broderick Crawford, Lee Marvin and Myron McCormick in the partial demolition of the California Studios during the making of Stanley Kramer's *Not as a Stranger*, which the noted producer-director remembers as "ten weeks of hell." Sinatra and Mitchum headed the cast of the picture and somewhere along the way there was a simulated barroom knife fight in the dressing rooms, resulting in shattered doors, uprooted telephones and a smashed balustrade through which the 240-pound Crawford hurtled to the street uninjured.

"Knocking Out" a Boxer

On the other hand, Mitchum the sophisticate is an incredibly sensitive human being. In *Cape Fear* he went out of his way to be gentle with an extremely nervous Barrie Chase, playing her first dramatic role in a picture, and director J. Lee Thompson gives him much credit for Miss Chase's extraordinarily fine performance in the film. In *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*, director John Huston ordered Mitchum to put up a real fight on the beach at Tobago with a 240-pound native giant named Irving Allen, whom Huston hoped to convert into a heavyweight boxing contender. The six-foot-one-inch, 190-pound Mitchum, who even at forty-five has the muscular, broad-shouldered body of a football end, poked gently at the fearsome-looking Allen for three rounds, then pushed him to the sand for a "knockout." Mitchum told me, "Irving was just a big, lovable guy who worked as a baby sitter. He couldn't fight a lick, so why should I make myself look good by clobbering him." (Mitchum's analysis of Allen's pugilistic ability was correct. In the first fight in which Huston matched him in London, he ran out of the ring—and that was the end of his career as a professional boxer.)

In *The Sundowners*, director Fred Zinneman told me, when Mitchum had to shear sheep, he almost wept for fear that he would lacerate the animals' skins and that they would bleed to death.

Zinneman's general appraisal of Mitchum explains why he is one of Hollywood's most-sought-after male stars. "Bob," the distinguished director says. "is one of the finest instinctive actors in the business, almost in the same class with Spencer Tracy."

Yet Mitchum, the human contradiction, refusing to be exalted, snarls, "They pay me and I have to get up early in the morning to work for them, so it's all the same to me. The only difference between me and other actors is that I've spent more time in jail than any of them."

THE END

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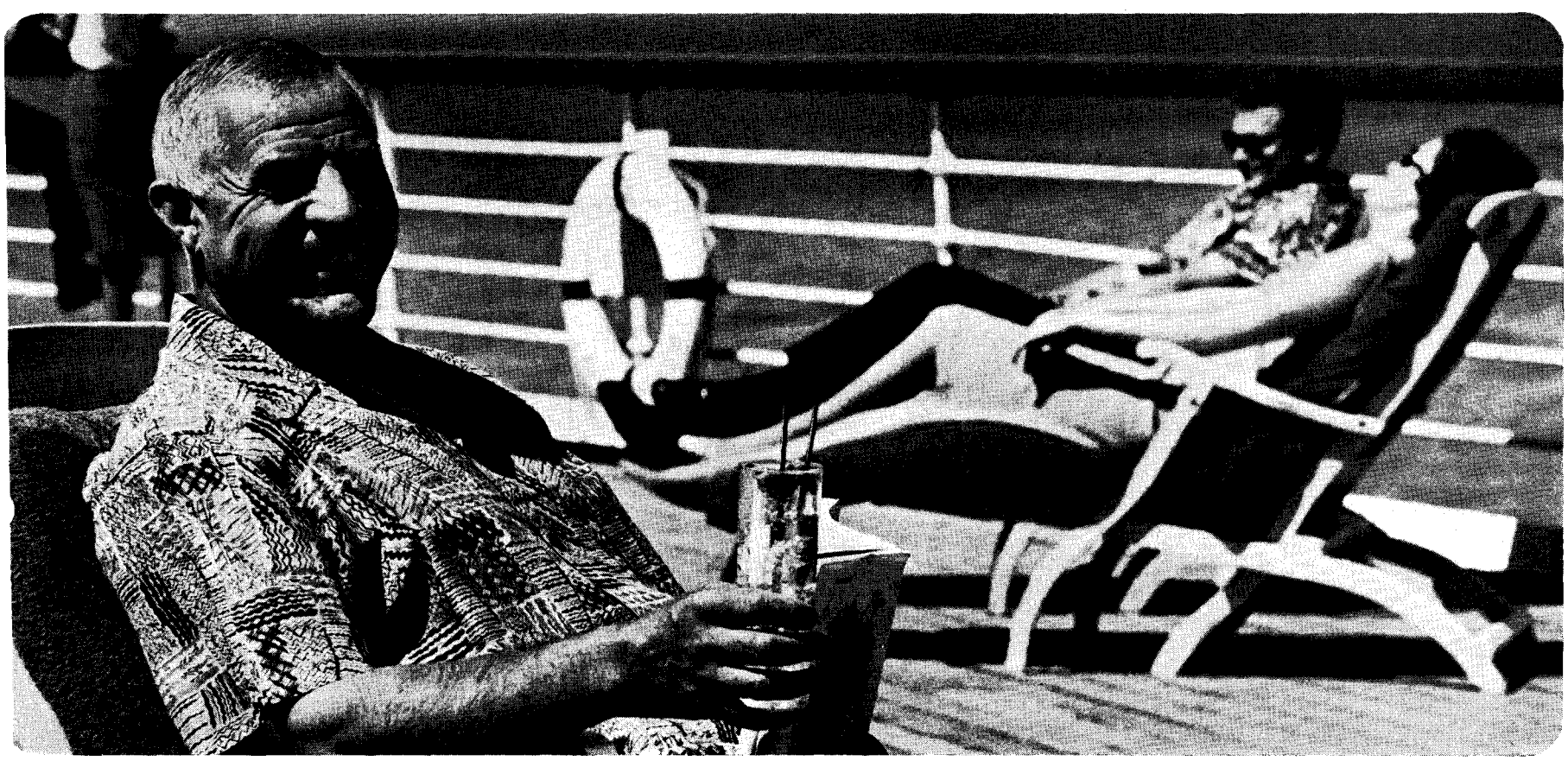

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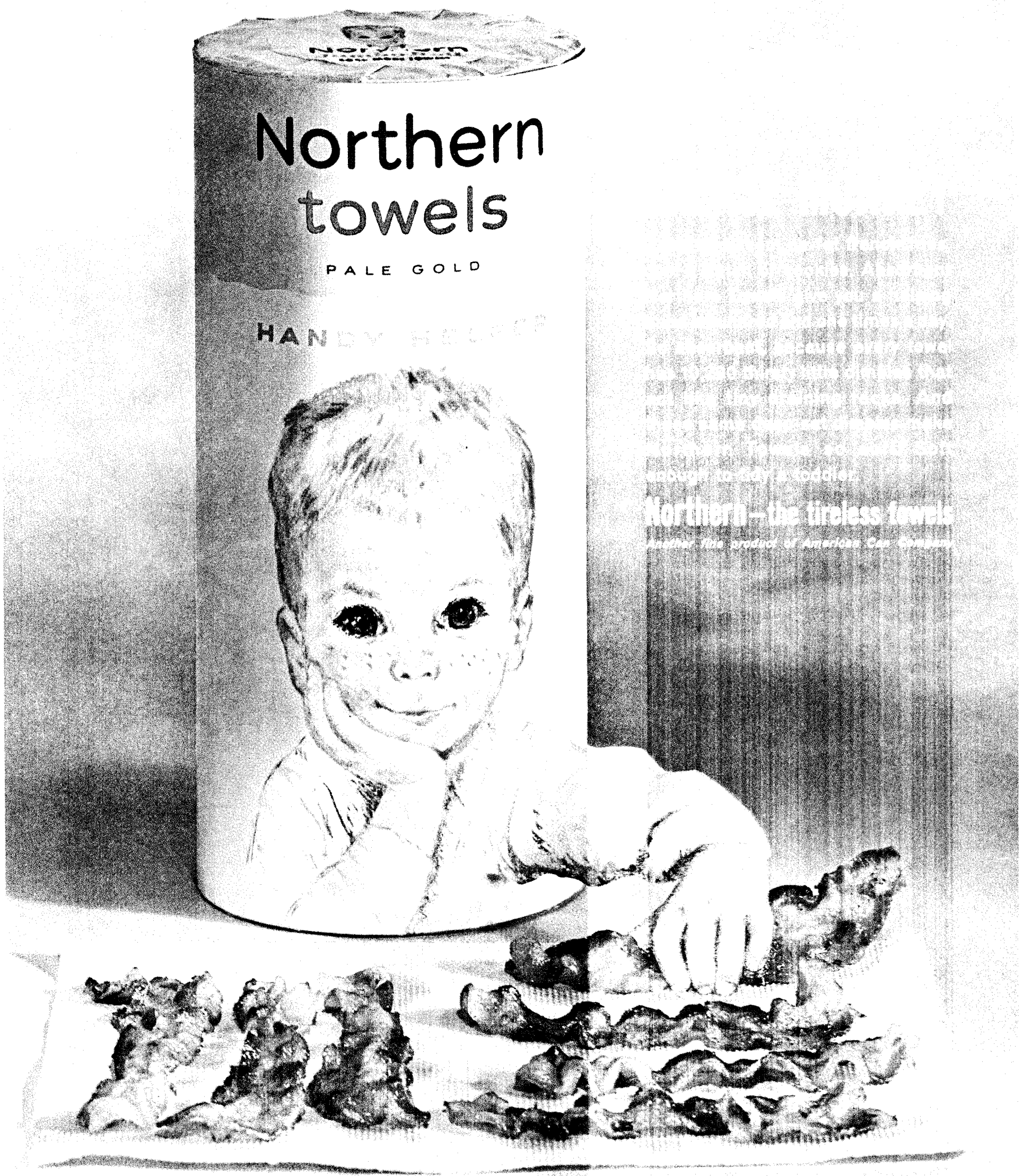

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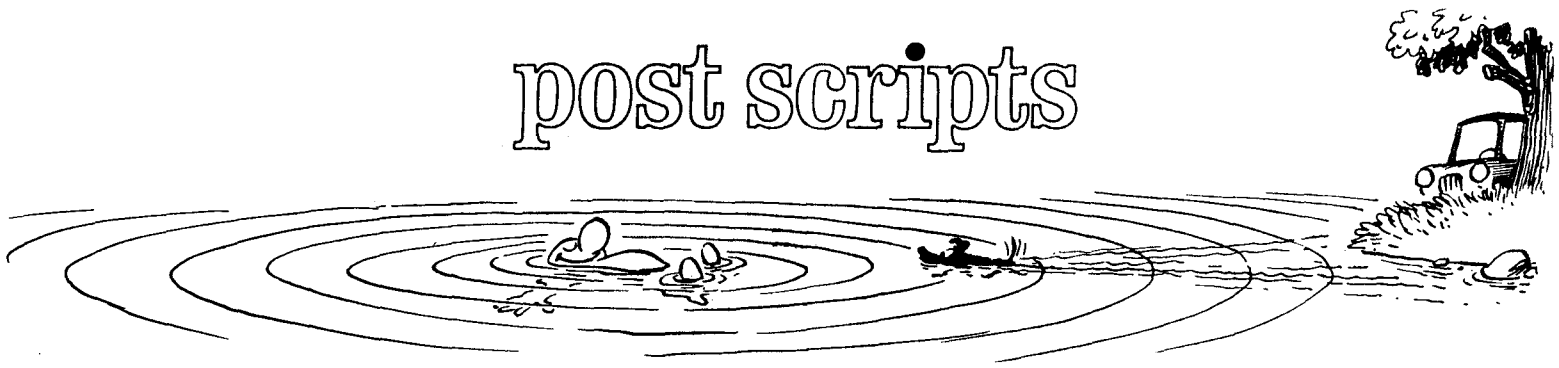
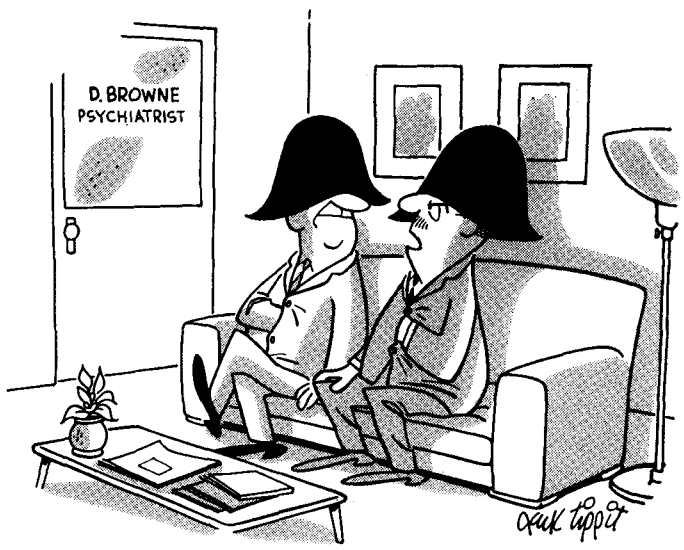
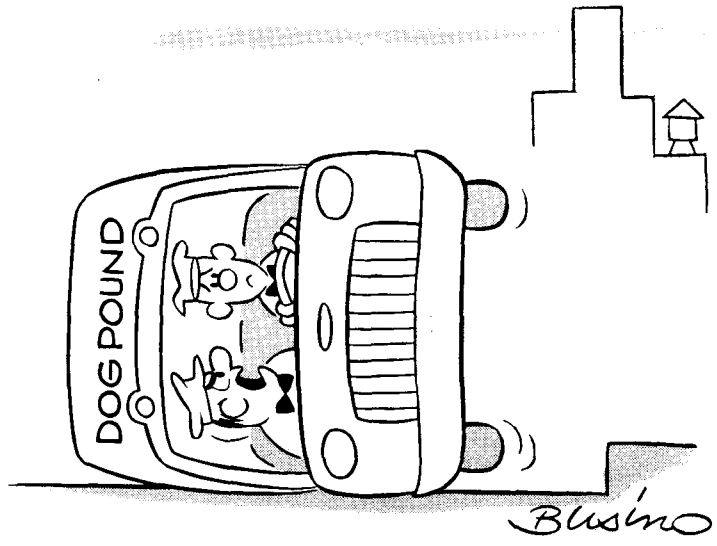
post scripts





"What are you—some kind of a nut?"

"If you hit it, call me."



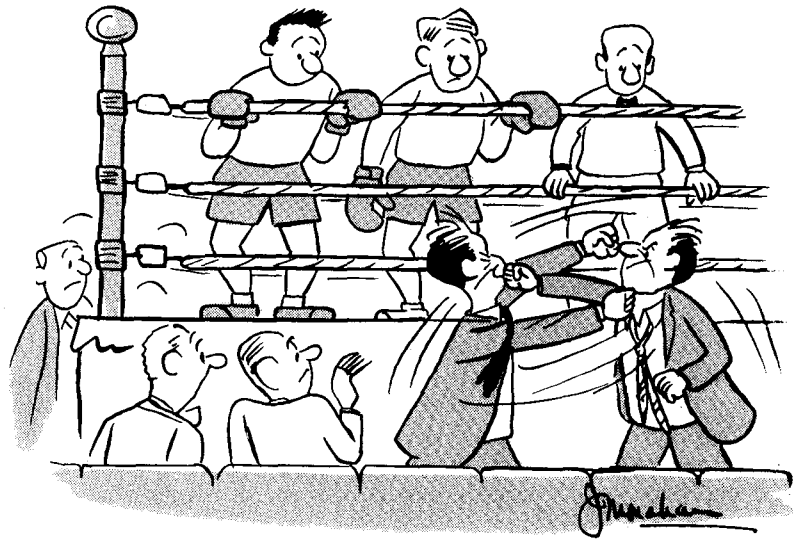
"When you have four fat Saint Bernards in the truck, you have to take it easy around corners."

No Deal

Men will tell you, five out of six,
That women and poker should never mix.
Their knowledge of poker is always scanty.
They fool with their hair when they ought to
ante.
They ask if four aces beats a flush
And how are the children? They never hush.

No, women and poker should never meet.
They think the blue chips are awfully sweet.
So they pile them up and sit there grinning
And drive you crazy and keep on winning!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



"Is there a waiter amongst you?"

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Luxurious Mountaintop

By JACK ALEXANDER

BÜRGENSTOCK, SWITZERLAND.

It is in the nature of things that men of wealth should be pursued by temptresses, but Fritz Frey, a forty-five-year-old Swiss with the face of a fallen cherub, is one of the select few who have been seduced by a summer resort. The affair is one of long standing and Frey is so enrapt that it isn't quite clear whether he owns the property or the property owns him.

The nucleus of the resort is three creamy, balconied hotels—the Grand, the Palace and the Park—whose combined guest rooms barely exceed 300. The cost of protecting their frail beauty is grievous. In winter alone, when the resort is uninhabited except for a thirty-two-man maintenance crew, 3000 man-hours are required to sweep snow from the balconies to prevent seepage that would otherwise streak their frilly, silken interiors.

Dramatic Views Over Lake Lucerne

Officially known as the Bürgenstock Estate, the resort is magnificently located on a long, narrow plateau of some 500 acres. The plateau follows the ridge of a mountainous promontory that shoulders its way into Lake Lucerne in central Switzerland. A kind of island in the sky, the Bürgenstock stands at an altitude of 3000 feet above sea level and 1500 feet above the lake.

Much of the Bürgenstock's charm stems from its air of separation from a troubled world. Except in the brightest weather one never sees the same scene twice. On days that are heavily overcast the distant snow-clad Alps go into hiding, then burst through the clouds with dramatic suddenness. Often a layer of mist blots out the farms and villages below, and the Bürgenstock is alone with the white peaks and dazzling sunlight. At such times the resort is a Brigadoon drifting through space, and there is a sensation of weightlessness that is delightful.

During my latest visit I went downstairs just before noon one day to keep an appointment with Fritz Frey, who is something of a legend among hotelmen. From his adolescent days he had worked beside his father in developing the Bürgenstock, which he inherited on his father's death in 1953, along with two highly profitable companies in the electric-power and appliance fields. Obviously he could let the Bürgenstock run to crabgrass without financial pain. But he was obsessed by a determination to keep it alive and growing.

Fritz Frey, a big, cordial man, discoursed volubly on what was plainly his favorite subject.

"What we are trying to do here," he said with a wave of the hand, "is to operate a self-contained village—not in the governmental sense, but as a cultural and economic unity; a place where agreeable and cultivated people can meet in an agreeable atmosphere. We have invested the place with some elegance and hope that we have not gone chichi. We have our own fire department, post office, doctor's office, drugstore, telephone system, electric power plant, specialty shops, automobile repair garage, and so on, even our own sawmill and expert dynamiting crew.

"Our greenhouses usually have about 12,000 plants on hand, including orchids from Brazil and Mexico, and we spread them lavishly around the village and in the guest rooms. During the five months the Bürgenstock is in operation—May to September—we have a payroll of 360 employees. It is quite a trick to assemble that many persons for so short a time."

The concierge brought Frey a message that called for his presence elsewhere. Excusing himself, he sputtered away on a motor scooter which he uses in getting around his domain. A zesty, speed-happy man, Frey commutes from his home in Lucerne by sports car or in his private speedboat, in which he can cross the lake in seven minutes.

After an early lunch in the dining room I found the Dorf Platz, or village square, alive with camera-bearing sightseers. Some were lunching at the Park, the only one of the three hotels open to day visitors. Some tarried to inspect a tiny sixteenth-century chapel whose Salzburg altar is adorned by a Gothic polychrome madonna. The chapel languished in obscurity until 1954, when movie stars Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer were married there. The event prompted many others to have their weddings in the chapel.

Four chalets lie hidden in the woods back of the chapel. One is for the use of Frey and his family. The others are leased to the Ferrers, Sophia Loren and her director husband Carlo Ponti, and Anatole Litvak, the movie producer.

Up the Hammetschwand Heights

From the chapel a sylvan walk about five feet wide leads to the Hammetschwand, highest point on Bürgenstock mountain. The gravelly path seemed to me haphazardly plastered against the cliff, with only a slender wire barrier between its open side and the lake far below. I felt relieved on arriving at the Hammetschwand Lift, billed as the fastest outdoor elevator in Switzerland. Its glass-and-chromium car whisked me up 550 feet in forty-two seconds. I emerged slightly dizzy but, in the presence of solidly built Swiss matrons who betrayed no emotion at all, managed to step firmly ashore at the top and to enjoy the wondrous Alpine panorama.

The old Aga Khan, who was an occasional visitor to Bürgenstock, once asked to inspect the express-speed lift, although he feared high places. The problem of getting him up the path and back without aggravating his acrophobia was solved with a Bürgenstock flourish. Into a luggage truck bedecked with Oriental rugs was lifted a *Louis Quatorze* armchair, and into the armchair was lifted the Aga Khan. The chair faced the cliff wall and so of necessity did the Aga Khan as he was hauled up the twisting walk. At the Hammetschwand Lift the Aga got out and puttered around the lift car quizzically. Then he was taken slowly down again with his face to the cliff wall.

After I returned to earth, so to speak, I walked over to a plateau beside a butterfly-shaped swimming pool in which half a dozen bikinis were lolloping gracefully. A voice from behind said, "If you don't mind a business plug, fresh water is constantly flowing into the pool and its temperature is regulated automatically." It was Fritz Frey.

"People around here said I was crazy when I built this Alpine pool," he said. "They said the cool breezes would freeze the swimmers. I got around that by putting up that shallow rock windbreak you see there. The pool has proved to be our best drawing card next to my father's lobby displays of fine paintings and antiques. These are talked-about things and, like a pretty woman, a resort thrives on people's remarks."

Trunks Come Off, Bar Closes Down

To make room for the pool area, more than 1000 trees were sawed down and upward of 500 tons of rock were blasted out. The venture was marred by a costly error. At the bottom of a staircase Frey unlocked the door to a small, intimate bar. Thick glass portholes provided a novel view of the bikini girls from a depth of eight feet. As an attraction for jaded businessmen, the bar succeeded surpassingly well—but many wives objected to the subaqueous version of the striptease. The breaking point came, on a note of farce, when a male bather lost his trunks. The bar was closed forthwith.

The Bürgenstock, as an international crossroads, must satisfy the tastes of cosmopolitan travelers, so the fare in its three hotels is in the best French tradition. Rates including meals are highest in July and August. Double accommodations at the Grand and Palace cost $36 to $56 a day then, and $27 to $32 during other summer months. At the Park, favored by family trade, rates run about a third lower. For the past ten years the Bürgenstock has averaged a $600,000 gross income, with an estimated, unconfirmed net of $250,000. The Freys faithfully pour most of the money back into remodeling, expansion and improved services.

The Grand's tactful service survived one of its severest tests not long ago. An English guest at the lobby bar got a Martini and buried his face in a London *Times*. Without taking his eyes from his paper he began to pick ripe olives from a bar dish on his right, discarding the pits in a saucer at his left. Another Englishman popped in, got a whiskey and soda and buried his face in the *Daily Telegraph*. Sergio, the bartender, saw with horror that the new arrival was absentmindedly picking the pits from the saucer and swallowing them.

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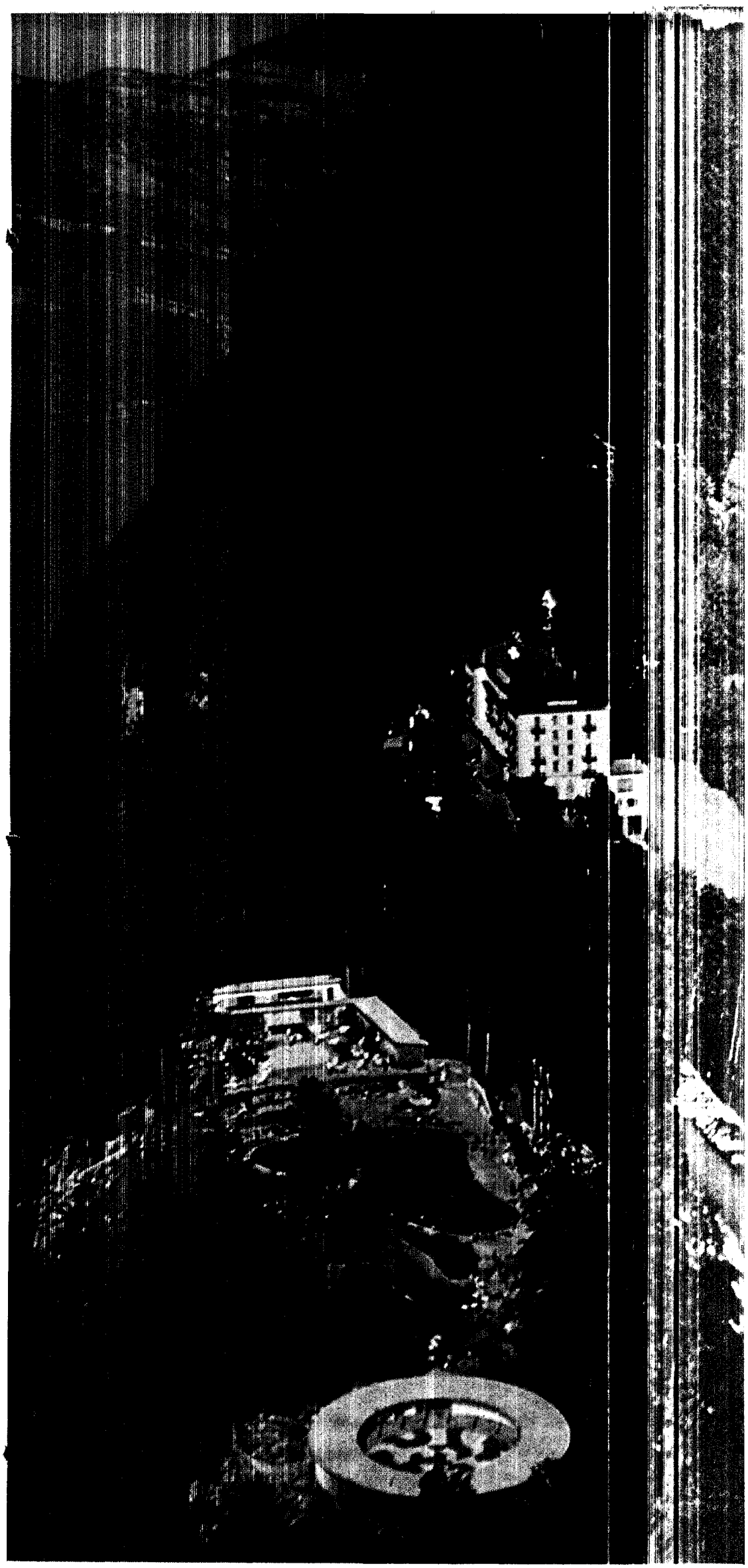

Cloistered 1500 feet above Lake Lucerne, the resort has only three tiny hotels, four hide[illegible]

Domain of a legendary hotelman, the Bürgenstock is a lofty summer retreat from the troubled world below.

Sergio couldn't suggest to No. 1 that he dispose of his olive pits elsewhere, for that would be rebuking a guest. To tell No. 2 what a foolish thing he was doing would be to humiliate a guest, which was even worse. Several times Sergio emptied the saucer, but the charade continued. At length, the victim, looking a little green, paid his bill and departed in haste.

In a country where hotelkeeping is regarded as an exact science to be learned from the ground up, none of the three men who have owned the Bürgenstock was ever exposed to formal instruction.

The founder, a lumber dealer named Franz Josef Bucher-Durrer, saw a hotel primarily as a showcase for his parquet flooring. His first hotel, the Grand, was opened in 1873. He added the Park in 1888 and the Palace in 1905.

World War I and the economic slump that followed dealt harshly with the Bürgenstock. Bucher-Durrer's heirs put the place up for sale. A rumor spread that a foreign gambling syndicate wanted the Bürgenstock as a potential rival to Monte Carlo. The prospect affronted Friedrich Frey-Furst, and in 1925 he bought the place for $160,000.

Frey-Furst, although a self-made man of monumental frugality, lavished money on the establishment as if it were a demanding mistress. He had bought a rundown anachronism. There were no private baths, no heating system, no electricity. Frey-Furst began by installing private baths, sacrificing every third room to this purpose.

"Never Dip into the Caviar Yourself"

His son says, "My father had two basic ideas about hotelkeeping. One he expressed in the maxim, 'Always have plenty of caviar on hand for the guests but never dip into it yourself.' That, in essence, was an expression of his frugality. His other basic idea was that if you could run your own home well, you could run a hotel well. These ideas form my credo too."

An architect, by personal fiat, Frey designs all his new buildings—and remodels the old ones in a distinctive modern way of his own. Always looking ahead, Frey has mapped a five-year building program. The leading features of it are a fourth hotel, done in Frey modern, with penthouse apartments; and a convention hall seating 600 persons.

"After that there will be no further building on this wonderful rock," Frey said. "I don't want its natural beauty impaired by overcrowding. Of course my two young sons may someday want to replace an old hotel with a new one. But I am by no means sure that either will develop what I have called the holy fire.

"The other day I took the older one—he's fifteen—around the establishment, and all he was interested in was the patisserie. Maybe he will get the holy fire later."

THE END

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Frank Robinson Comes of Age

By EARL LAWSON

A former problem child both on and off the field, the Reds' slugger has finally grown up.

Frank Robinson of the Cincinnati Reds sat in the dingy detention room at the District 7 police station in the Walnut Hills section of Cincinnati. Outside a desk sergeant fingered a polished Italian Beretta automatic.

"This is the gun he had," said the sergeant, shaking his head as he spoke. It was as if he were asking "Why?"

Inside the detention room, this reporter, who had been routed out of bed at three in the morning by a telephone call from the station house, asked Robinson the same question.

"It's dark where I park my car at night," he muttered. "I have to walk about fifty yards to my apartment. I thought I needed the gun for protection because often I carry a lot of money."

He squirmed uncomfortably as I took notes. "Is this going into the paper?" he asked apprehensively.

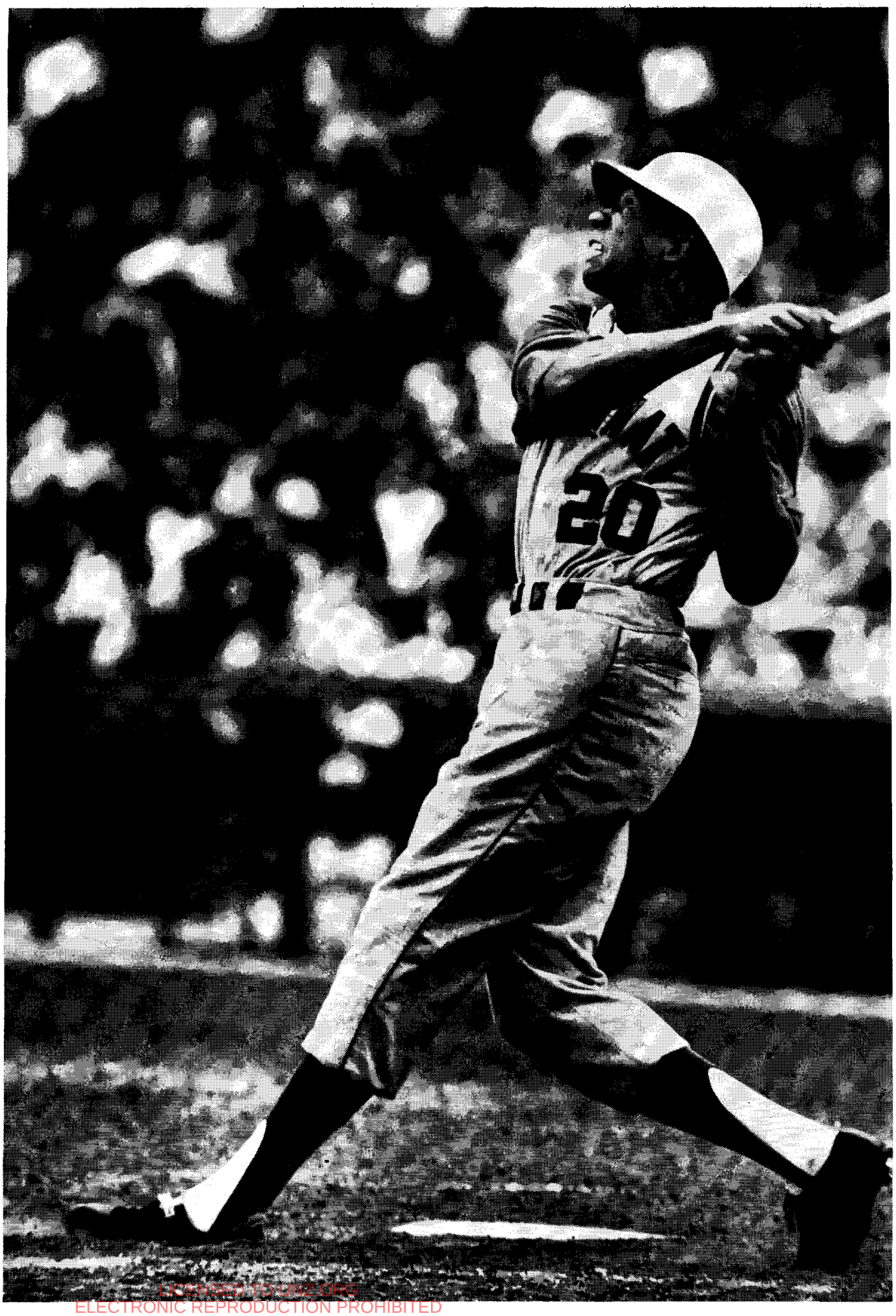
"I'm sorry, you're page one," I told him. "You were page one as soon as the policeman found the gun on you."

That was a year ago last February. Today, in discussing the episode, the twenty-six-year-old Robinson says, "As it turned out, it was the best thing that could have happened to me."

He went on to redeem himself in 1961 by having his greatest year—a .323 batting average, 124 runs driven in, thirty-seven home runs. He also stole twenty-two bases in twenty-five attempts. This year the indications have been that his over-all record would be as good or better.

The special baseball writers' committee which names the league's most valuable player chose Robinson almost unanimously in 1961. Club officials rewarded him with a salary raise to $42,000, a record figure for a Cincinnati player.

All this was evidence that Frank Robinson had finally grown up. This can be a painful process in baseball or anywhere else. In the case of Robinson, who was the youngest of eleven children in a poor Negro family, there have been many special problems. The gun incident



Well-muscled Robinson can be destructive with the bat. He hit 37 homers in 1961, is among the leaders this year too.

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Frank and knockdown pitches have been synonymous since he joined the league.

Robinson last year seemed to supply the impetus for him to surmount them.

It happened on the night of February 8, 1961. Robinson and two of his buddies, who had been playing in a pick-up basketball game, stopped on their way home at an all-night hamburger place. They had hardly settled themselves on counter stools before they were involved in a verbal row with three white youths.

The cook, fearing violence, called for help over an intercom system to the parking lot, where two patrolmen were eating in their cruiser. When the policemen entered the restaurant, the three white youths discreetly slipped outside.

Robinson and his companions stayed. One of them, Sonny Webb, became unruly with the policemen. He was taken to Cincinnati's central police station and booked on a disorderly-conduct charge. He was released immediately when Robinson put up $100 bail for him.

Instead of going home, Robinson and his friends went back to the hamburger place. "We wanted to pick up the sandwiches we had left," he lamely explained afterward. There they again encountered the policemen, who had returned to finish their own snacks.

Sonny Webb and the policemen started in again. Meanwhile Robinson and the cook were exchanging nasty looks and words. Then Robinson brandished his gun. He justified this later by saying, "The cook had waved a knife and made a motion as if he was going to slit my throat. I just wanted to show him I had something a little better than a knife."

Three weeks later a grand jury indicted Robinson on a charge of carrying a concealed weapon. Pleading guilty at his trial, he was convicted and fined $250.

It was then, Robinson concedes, that for the first time he fully recognized his responsibilities to himself, his team and the fans—many of them youngsters who idolize ballplayers.

Noisemaker on the Bench

He will admit today that during the 1960 season he thought that Manager Fred Hutchinson was prejudiced against him. Regie Otero, a Cuban coach who has been with the Reds since 1959, was able last year to convince Robinson that he was mistaken. Robinson says, "Otero would tell me, 'When Hutch chews you out, he's doing it for your own good, not because he dislikes you. Hutch never had your great natural ability. Few players do. He hates to see you waste it.'"

In any event, Robinson became a team leader both on the field and in the dugout as the Reds drove to their surprising 1961 pennant. "Even when he was having his own troubles late in the season and during the World Series," Coach Pete Whisenant testifies, "he was still the biggest noisemaker on the bench."

Robinson got less heckling than he expected from rival players and fans over his gun-toting trouble. At the plate he had to duck a lot of pitches, but this had nothing to do with the gun business. Robinson and the knockdown pitch have been synonymous since he entered the National League in 1956.

Pitchers say that he invites it by crowding the plate with his head and arms in the strike zone. But Robinson feels the pitchers often just use his stance as an excuse for aiming at him.

His most serious beaning came in a spring exhibition game in 1958. Fastballer Camilo Pascual of the Washington Senators—now the Minnesota Twins—hit Robinson on the left temple just below his protective batting helmet. Frank was carried off to a hospital.

He soon recovered, but in the early months of the season he struggled with plate shyness. By the time of the All Star Game break he was hitting under .250, with only eight home runs and twenty-three runs batted in. In the final eighty games he turned around and began pounding the ball, connecting for twenty-three homers and sixty runs batted in.

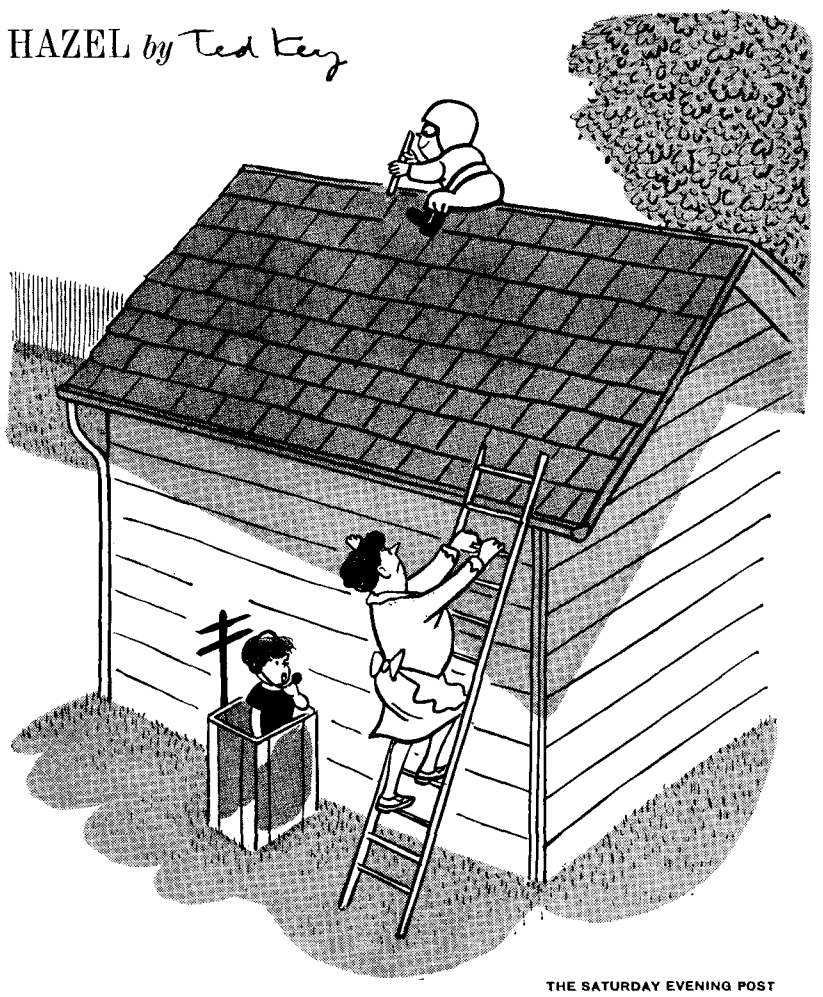
But since joining the Reds himself this year, Zimmer thinks of Frank as a great competitor and team man.

Robinson stoutly denies that he does anything except play to win. There are others who might agree with Zimmer, though, including Eddie Mathews of the Braves, who felt that Robinson slid into him unnecessarily hard during the first game of a 1960 doubleheader.

One word led to another, and in a matter of seconds they were exchanging punches. Robinson, caught flush on the right eye by a hard right from Mathews, went sprawling to the ground with his opponent on top of him.

When the fight was broken up, Robinson had to retire to the clubhouse for repairs. However, although his eye was swollen practically shut and his right thumb was sprained, he insisted on playing the second game. And Robinson was the big man in a 4–0 Cincinnati victory, hitting a two-run homer and a double, in addition to robbing Mathews of an extra-base hit with a diving catch.

"That's the best way to get even," Mathews commented afterward.



"Control tower to pilot! . . ."

Regarding his 1958 turnabout, he says, "At the beginning I kept telling myself I wasn't afraid. Still, I couldn't keep from rolling back on my heels every time a pitcher curved me. Then all of a sudden I wasn't falling back anymore. I guess I got so mad at myself I didn't give a damn what happened."

Robinson feels he can tell whether a pitcher is throwing at him deliberately. He claims that Don Drysdale of the Dodgers is one pitcher who "tries to hurt you." The Dodgers are the team against which Robinson most often has become involved in run-ins. He explains, "Over the years I've gotten the feeling that they're throwing at me, and I know they try to pick fights with me."

Why do the Dodgers dislike Robinson? Ex-Dodger Don Zimmer once said, "Some players play the game to win," he replied. "Others play to hurt someone."

Frank Robinson has always been an exceptional athlete. Cincinnati scout Bobby Mattick first spotted him as a skinny fourteen-year-old playing American Legion junior baseball in Oakland, California. The Reds finally signed him upon graduation from high school at the age of seventeen in June, 1953.

He was a sensation in the farm system until he contracted an arm ailment playing winter ball in Puerto Rico after the 1954 season. Returning for 1955 to Columbia, South Carolina, of the Class A Sally League, where he had been a hero in '54, he was a great disappointment to the local fans.

In charge of the Cincinnati organization then was Gabe Paul, who left after the 1960 season and is now general manager of the Cleveland Indians. "I won't say Robinson loafed," Paul says. "He's too much of a competitor to do that. But he did squander his talent.

"Branch Rickey had a way of explaining what I mean. 'Full mind, empty bat,' was the way Mr. Rickey put it. When your mind is filled with problems, whether imaginary or real, it's difficult to concentrate on the job at hand. Well, the abuse Robinson took from the fans at Columbia was something he couldn't comprehend."

Much of the abuse at Columbia was racial, instilling a persecution complex that was to take years to wear off. After a particularly harsh riding one night by a group sitting behind first base, Robinson grabbed a bat and started for his tormentors. Fortunately teammates stopped him. However, the team manager, Ernie White, got the license number of one of the automobiles the group drove off in.

"I wrote the owner a letter," White says, "and told him that if he and his friends doubted Robinson's courage, I would arrange a meeting for them with Robinson." There was no reply.

Eventually his arm came around. To the surprise of almost everybody except the club management, he not only moved up to a starting job with the Reds in 1956 but became one of the team's stars.

A Lost Soul off the Field

Off the diamond his adjustment was less successful. Gabe Paul remembers, "In those days Frank was like a lost soul. He had no companionship, no guidance."

In his first years the Reds had such Negro players as Brooks Lawrence and George Crowe, but, "They were much older than I was," he explains. "They thought the things I liked to do were kiddish. I didn't feel close to anyone."

It meant a lot to Robinson when Vada Pinson came up to the Reds to stay in 1959. Both grew up in Oakland, California. Both went through McClymonds High there and played high-school and American Legion junior baseball.

With Pinson's arrival, Robinson says, "For the first time I had someone near my own age to run around with. Someone who liked to do the same things I do—watch television, go to movies, bowl and just talk."

Robinson and Pinson room together on the road and are all but inseparable off the field. Each had his biggest year last season. Although Pinson didn't do as much distance slugging as Robinson, he hit for an even higher average—.343.

There is one sphere in which the younger man has been more advanced than the older. Pinson got married in February of 1960 and is now a father.

Robinson avoided the responsibilities of a family until last fall. On October twenty-eighth, after a courtship which began during the summer, he married Barbara Ann Cole, a twenty-year-old Los Angeles girl. It was an appropriate wind-up to the year in which Frank Robinson, the one-time problem boy, finally came of age. **THE END**

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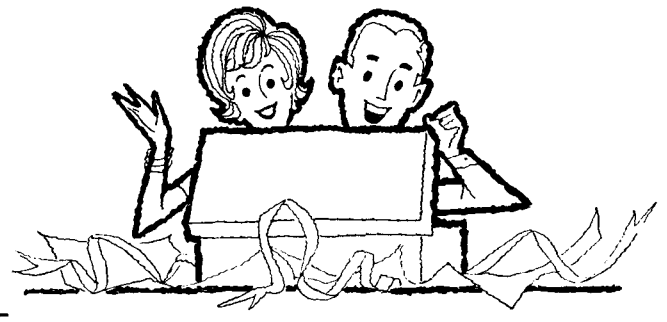

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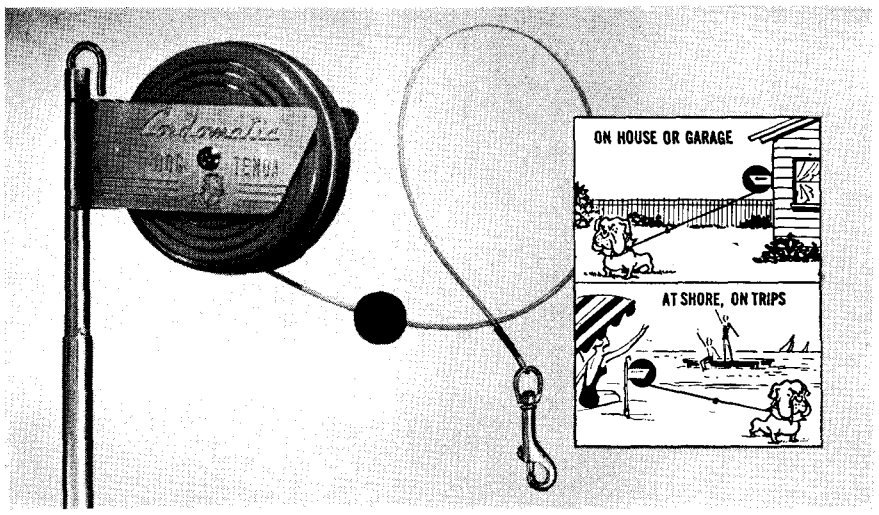

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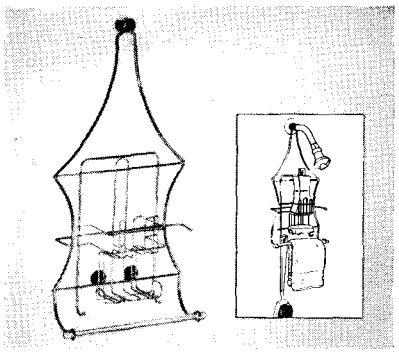

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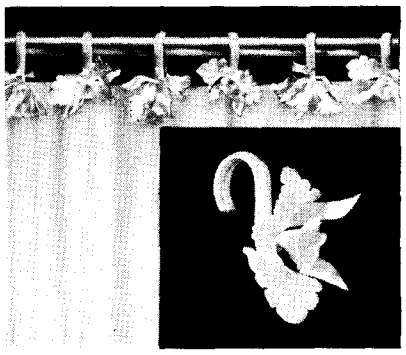

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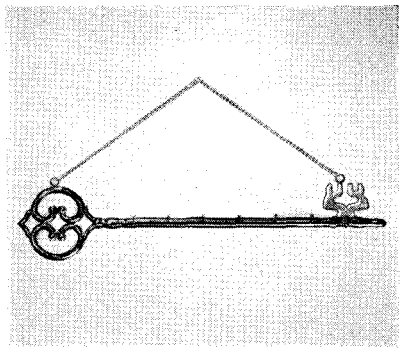

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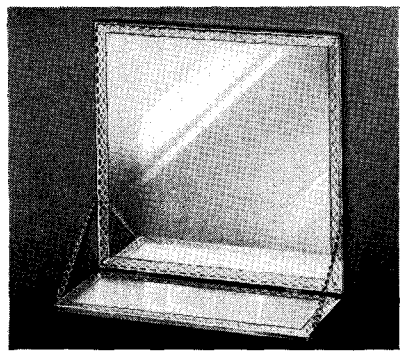

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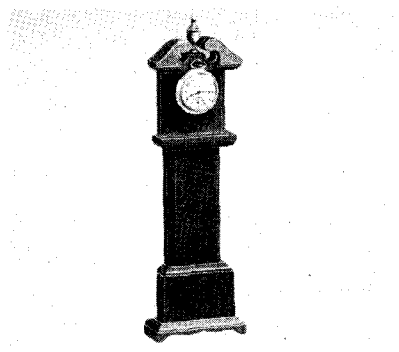

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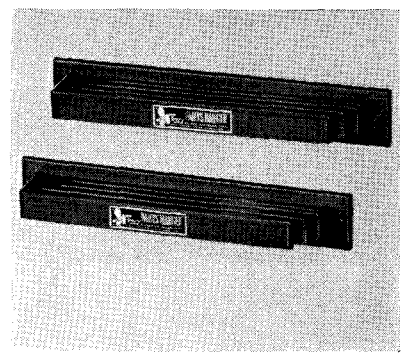

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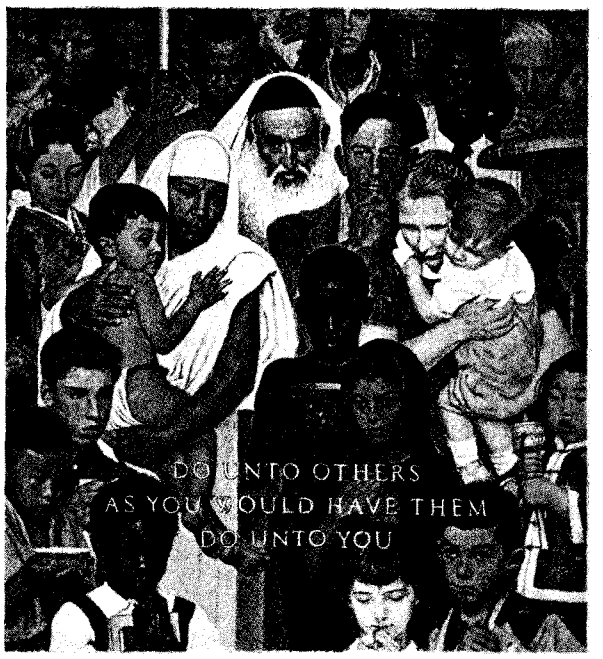

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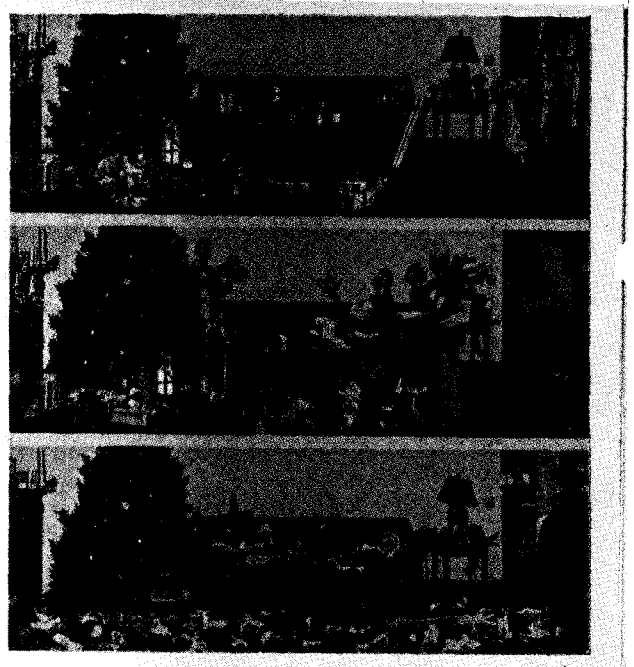

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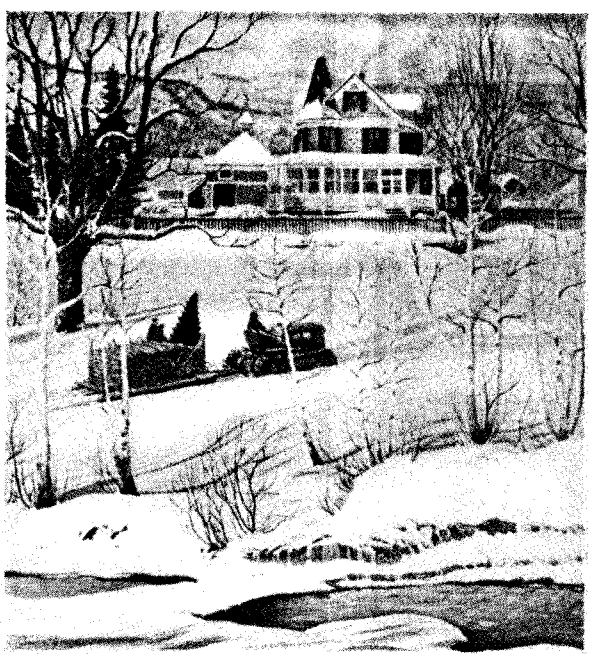
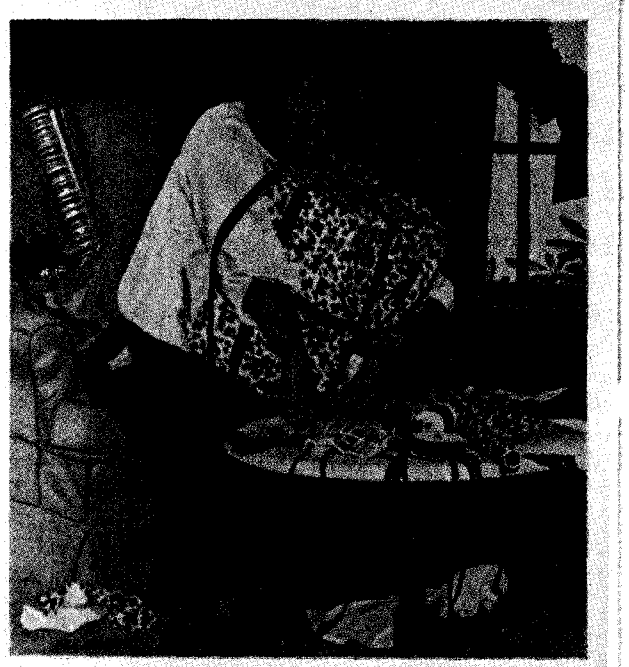


Style C: greeting inside—"Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"



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Grand Tour For a College Combo

Six American students junket through Europe, bartering their jazz music for a summer's fun.

By BILL BYRON

One afternoon last month Parisians strolling the Champs Elysées whirled as the sound of hot Dixieland jazz rolled toward them. The sound, they soon discovered, came from a cruising microbus. Through the open top of the bus protruded the upper halves of five young Americans, each performing mightily on a musical instrument. Behind the bus rippled a wake of applause.

Thus was Paris introduced to the Route 2 Tooters, an aggregation of six collegians (the sixth was driving the bus) which has played its way through the Netherlands, France, Denmark, Sweden and Germany this summer, bartering jazz for food, lodging and transportation.

The band earned passage to and from the continent, a major expense in any European tour, by signing to play nightly in the bar of the Dutch liner *Groote Beer*. The ship is one of the vessels which the Netherlands Office for Foreign Student Relations charters from the Holland-America lines to accommodate the European tours it arranges for collegians every summer. About 800 students each voyage turn the nine-day Atlantic crossing into a seagoing version of the Army-Navy football game played in a sorority house.

"The most amazing nine days I've ever spent," says the band's drummer, red-haired John McGhee, a Navy veteran and member of Temple University's class of 1964.

John Blegen (clarinet or saxophone), a Bowdoin College junior, adds, "That trip was like being on a reducing machine."

"On the rare nights when the band did make it back to our cabins, we had no idea who was sleeping in them, or even if there was a bed left," says Jeff Haskell (saxophone), a June graduate of West Chester State College. "One night I was invited to a party, and I didn't know until I showed up that I was the host."

"The ratio of chicks to boys was two point four eight to one," says accounting-minded Al Oehrle (pronounced "early"), organizer and driving spirit of the Route 2 Tooters. Oehrle plays piano or bass, was graduated this year from Williams College (on Route 2, hence the band's name).

Of the six members of the band, only Laurie Hyman (trumpet) was unimpressed by the boy-girl ratio. A Goddard College junior, Laurie last June married Corinne Biggs, a junior at Bennington College. For them the musical tour doubled as a honeymoon. "Luckily," says Oehrle graciously, "Corinne is a gas chick. She just fits in."

The *Groote Beer* docked in Rotterdam on July sixth. "We were out on the deck, playing, by five-thirty that morning," says John Tuton (bass or banjo), a junior at Connecticut's Wesleyan University. "The light was strange. The sky was overcast, and everything looked clean and fresh, as

The Route 2 Tooters whoop it up on the Champs Elysées in their rented microbus. Behind the wheel is pianist Al Oehrle, organizer of the band.

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The band, here departing New York harbor, played nightly in the lounge of the student ship Groote Beer *to pay for passage.*

"The nine-day Atlantic crossing—a seagoing version of the Army-Navy game played in a sorority house."

Bass player John Tuton happily gives an impromptu music lesson to pretty brunette Lynne Frost, a Skidmore coed, at a student club in Amsterdam.

though it had just rained. We played for an hour on deck, while the boat docked, then went down on the pier."

As usual, most of the student passengers dispersed in groups of four or five, heading out on guided tours—which, including passage, cost the students' parents as much as $1500. But the band was on its own—in the rented microbus—until the time came for it to play its way back across the ocean eight weeks later.

The Route 2 Tooters' first encounter with a European audience came in the packed, smoke-hazy clubhouse of the Free University Students' Association in Amsterdam. At nine that first evening, when they started to play, the American musicians had some misgivings about their reception. The Dutch youngsters, although polite, were far more staid than an American college crowd would have been. But the band's cool modern jazz and hot Chicago style soon thawed their listeners. By eleven o'clock 200 Dutch youngsters were dancing with unrestrained enthusiasm on a floor never intended for more than fifty.

All along, the band's reception was equally warm. So was the boys' reaction to Europe—with some reservations. For one thing, in spite of numerous opportunities, they have shunned dates with European girls. Not, they hasten to make clear, that there is anything wrong with the continental maidens; it's just that the boys feel more at ease—safer, perhaps—with American girls. And, of course, Europe is full of them.

Now and then European food stops them cold. At the Paris home of Dr. Jacques Peze they earned their supper by stirring a crowd of French youngsters into frantic motion with a far-out version of the twist. But when Laurie Hyman put aside his trumpet and slipped into the kitchen for a preview of the meal, he got the shock of his life. "I looked into the pot," he says, "and there was this head grinning up at me. It was a rabbit, man, and the head was right on top. Man, I didn't eat a thing!"

In Paris, Al Oehrle looked up an old friend, Barbara Dula, a former Bennington student working her way through a music conservatory by dancing the cancan at Paris's Gaslight Club.

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Jamming at an Amsterdam party, the band loosened up the reserved Dutch students with a blend of cool modern and hot Chicago jazz.

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At a Parisian sidewalk café: left to right, bandsmen Oehrle, Tuton, Jeff Haskell, John Blegen, Laurie Hyman and John McGhee.

"The boys feel more at ease—safer, perhaps—with American girls. Europe, of course, is full of them."

On a one-night stand at the Paris branch of the Gaslight Club chain, the Tooters help the club's regular vocalist belt out a hot jazz number.

She arranged for the band to play a one-night stand at the Gaslight.

Shortly thereafter, their stay at a Paris hotel was cut short early one morning when the band was roused by a furious hotelkeeper barking, "Get out! Get out!" At first the boys were uncertain of the cause for his displeasure, but a review of the previous night's activities unmistakably fastened the guilt on Oehrle.

He and Barbara, it turned out, had spent the small hours of the morning at Les Halles, the vast Paris market, celebrating her twentieth birthday with champagne. The celebration was nothing out of the ordinary—certainly not enough to account for the admiring circle of brawny and blood-spattered butchers who ringed the couple's sidewalk table at the Pied de Cochon. The attention-getter was Barbara's attire. She had rushed from the club to meet Oehrle after her final performance, without taking time to change from her Gaslight costume, an abbreviated affair emphasizing sequins, hip fringe and black net stockings.

The butchers' enthusiasm was not shared by the proprietor of the band's Montparnasse hotel when he came upon the young couple a few hours later, asleep in his lobby. Says Oehrle, "He flipped." It was time for the Route 2 Tooters to move on anyway—to Scandinavia, then Germany, ending with a stand at a Frankfurt night club. The tour is nearly over now; they sail home on the *Groote Beer* from Rotterdam September first.

It's been quite an experience, they all agree. They've seen Europe as few Americans ever do. And they've done it on less than a shoestring. But even the best party gets tiresome after a while, the boys confess. "Seven weeks is plenty," said Oehrle, with one week to go.

More valuable to them than all the things they've seen and done is the camaraderie the boys have formed among themselves.

"If I've done nothing else on this trip," says John Blegen, "I've gotten to know five other people really well, so well that I could *be* any one of them. You've got to have a hatrack to hang your relationships on, and we've got one not many other people can match." **THE END**

Photographs by Ted Russell

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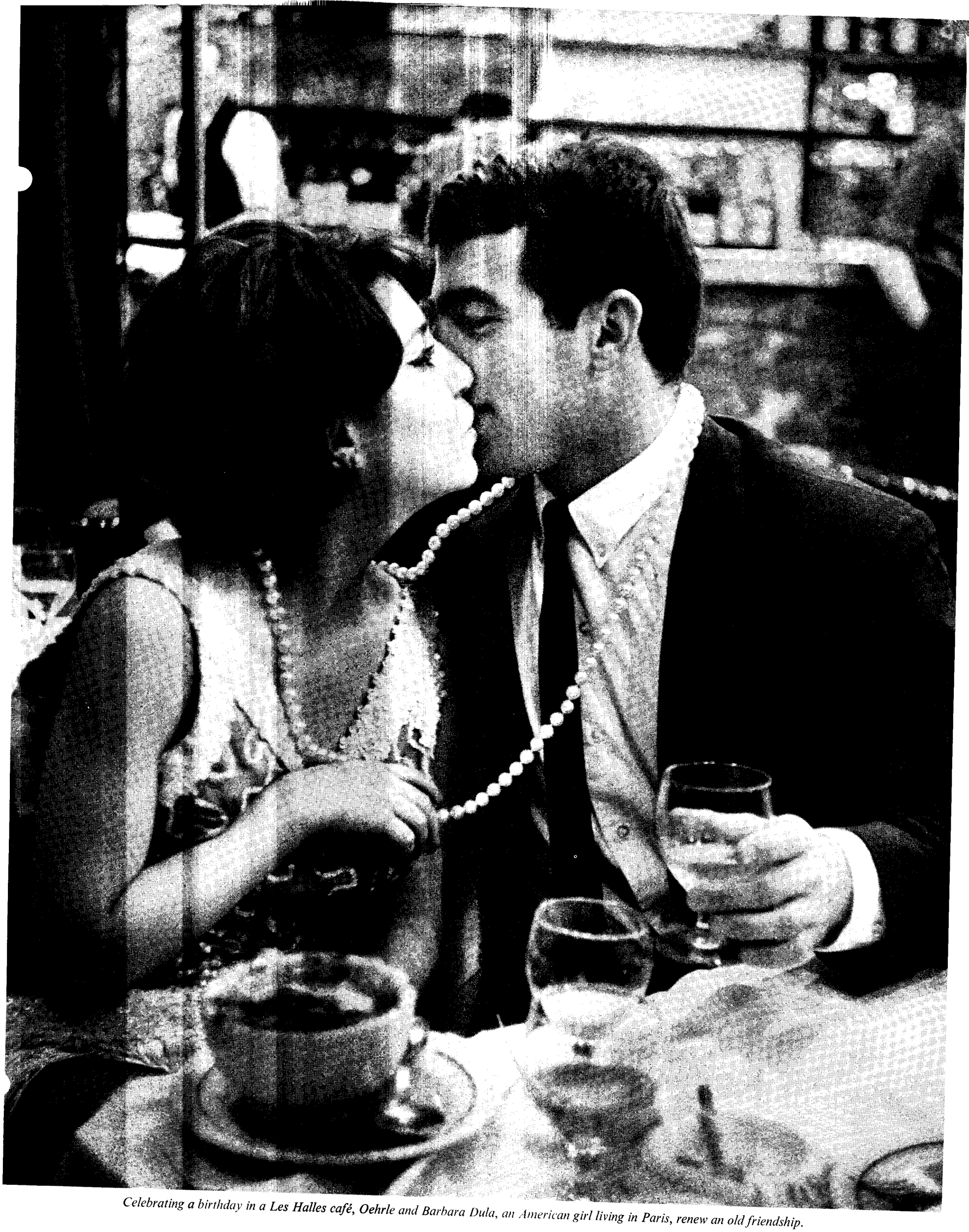

Celebrating a birthday in a Les Halles café, Oehrle and Barbara Dula, an American girl living in Paris, renew an old friendship.

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EDITORIALS

The President and the Congress

It's going to be a long hot fall. Medicare, the Administration farm bill, Federal aid to education: the Congress wouldn't approve the President's legislative program, so the President will go back to the country. "The American people," he says, "will have a choice, either to put anchor down or to sail . . . we'll see in November."

There is more than a little irony in the President's words. It seems only yesterday that Mr. Kennedy stood before the voters promising to "get this country moving again." If elected, he said in the fall of 1960, he would "bring a strong productive society that employs our people, educates our children, provides security for our aged and opportunity for all."

As former President Eisenhower said in his article in the August 11–18 issue of *The Post*, foreign affairs must not become a partisan political issue, because ". . . the goals of both parties in our relationships with other nations are pretty much the same. . . ." We are talking about domestic issues here, and the hard fact is that, despite the promises in the fall of 1960, the country isn't really moving. The economy has sputtered through most of the summer, and the President's efforts to prod the Congress into passing domestic social legislation have failed.

To a considerable extent the Administration has itself to blame. The kind of inspiring leadership that the 1960 campaign promised has not materialized. The Administration has tended to flood the Congress with messages and bills without establishing the proper priorities or arousing the necessary popular support. Individual bills all too frequently have been overloaded. "Every time they send up a bill," says a liberal legislator who supports the Administration most of the time, "they seem to think, 'this is the last time the ark will ever sail, so let's load on all the animals and then some.'"

The absence of Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn from Congressional leadership undoubtedly has hurt the Administration. In their heyday the Texas titans combined a skill and a prestige that their successors cannot begin to match. No matter what the final days may bring, this surely will go down as one of the most depressing sessions of Congress in memory. Senator McClellan's intrepid investigators set the tone by their sordid investigation of infringements of the rights of B-girls. Sen. Carl Hayden (Dem., Arizona) and Rep. Clarence Cannon (Dem., Missouri) engaged in a farcical fandango on the issue of who should preside over appropriations-committee conferences. Southern Democrats filibustered against the literacy-test bill, and liberal Democrats filibustered against the Administration's communications-satellite bill.

The Democratic leadership spent ten hours one day rounding up senators for a pair of quorum calls, and the whole thing reached ludicrous climax when Democratic Sen. Wayne Morse disowned the Democratic leadership of the Senate, Messrs. Mike Mansfield and Hubert Humphrey. "They are not my majority leader and my whip," he said. "I shall never look to them again for any protection of my rights on the floor of the Senate. . . ."

It was a strange way for the "greatest deliberative body on earth" to behave, but even this was not the basic problem. The real problem, and the real reason why the Kennedy Administration has been so unsuccessful in pushing new domestic social legislation through Congress, is Congress itself, that ponderous, tortoiselike institution that refuses to budge when the first sign of progressive domestic legislation appears. It doesn't figure to blame the Republicans, as the President did after the Medicare defeat. The Congress is heavily Democratic. (Democrats in the Senate, where Medicare was defeated, outnumber the Republicans by nearly two to one.) But the real point is bipartisan. The Congress, especially the House, is dominated by arch conservatives—Southern Democrats and Republicans—who are implacably opposed to progressive domestic social legislation. (There are all sorts of qualifications and exceptions, but this is their basic position.) That is why there haven't been any great new innovations in the way of domestic legislation since the early days of Franklin Roosevelt. Since those days even the hard-shelled Republicans have come to accept Social Security, bank insurance, rural electrification, unemployment compensation and the minimum wage.

The President hopes to elect a more tractable Congress in the fall. "If we can hold our own," he says, "if we can win five or ten seats, it could change the whole opinion in the House and Senate."

The political experts agree that a Democratic gain is unlikely. Only twice in this century, in 1902 and 1934, has the party in power gained congressional seats in an off-year election.

President Kennedy is still enormously popular, but the transfer of personal popularity has rarely worked in American politics. "Eisenhower tried it," says a well-seasoned Democratic Party professional. "He had all those congressmen over and had his picture taken with them, and it didn't work. Roosevelt tried it, and Woodrow Wilson killed himself trying." But Kennedy is a notable tradition bucker, and he certainly is entitled to have his go.

Nonetheless, the prospects are that the Eighty-eighth Congress will tend to put down anchor as resolutely as the Eighty-seventh. This is a sad state of affairs, because basic principles are involved. The Kennedy proposals are not radical. Despite the outcry from the A.M.A., Social Security strikes us as the practical way to finance medical care for the aged. The defeat of Medicare leaves unanswered the questions: When are we going to help those old people who cannot afford adequate medical care and how are we going to save their sons and daughters from being bankrupted by hospital bills? When is Congress going to come to grips with the shortage of 127,000 classrooms, and the prospect that by 1970 the number may rise to 600,000?

We are stuck on a set of arguments that belongs somewhere back in the 1930's. When Medicare was defeated, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, Rep. William Miller, called it a "cruel hoax," which is precisely what Alf Landon called Social Security in 1936. An adequate program of medical care for our vast population of old folks is as inevitable as was Social Security a quarter of a century ago.

Foreign affairs may obscure domestic issues: Khrushchev may decide to trigger Berlin, or Vietnam may involve us in another Korea, but the home-front problems remain. Sooner or later Congress is going to have to face up to them. It cannot go on forever sweeping them under the rug.

No Ladies in Orbit

Women in this century have secured the vote. They drive cars, frequent the bars, head corporations and hold important posts in the House and Senate. But one occupation is off limits—no woman is included among our astronauts.

Miss Jerri Cobb and Mrs. Jane Hart (wife of Michigan's Sen. Philip Hart), pilots of long experience, came before the House Science and Astronautics Committee recently to complain of discrimination against their sex. Not a brick was hurled, not a single window smashed. The ladies argued politely that women should be screened, tested and selected for astronauts' training. (Thirteen women, including Miss Cobb and Mrs. Hart, have taken preliminary physical courses at the Lovelace Foundation in Albuquerque, New Mexico.)

Astronaut John Glenn told the committee, "We would welcome them with open arms," but in spite of the generosity of his offer, women are not likely to be flitting around in outer space soon. James E. Webb, head of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, says: "We require that, in addition to the most extensive obtainable experience as jet-aircraft test-and-research pilots, each astronaut also possess extensive education, training and experience in one or more scientific and engineering fields. Under conditions as they exist in aviation at the present time, these qualifications are more readily met by men than by women." He quickly added, "Many women are already employed by NASA in numerous nonflight capacities."

Another representative of NASA was more succinct. "We have no openings for female astronauts," he said. Which means that for a time, at least, there is one place in this world—or out of it—that is reserved for men.

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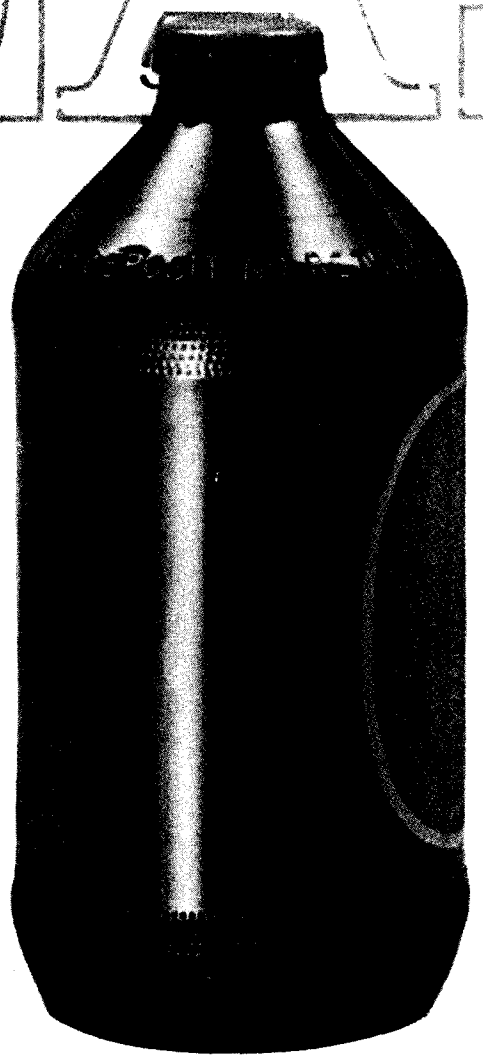

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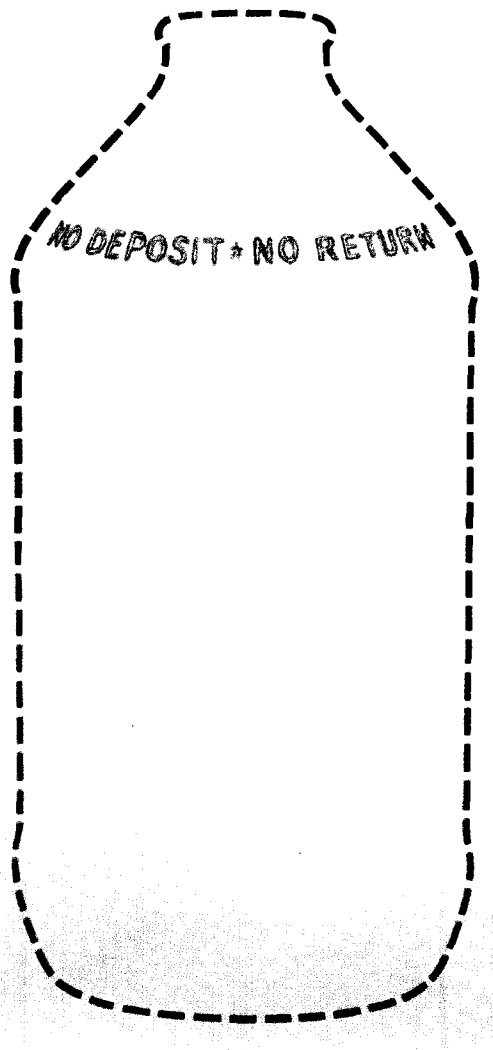

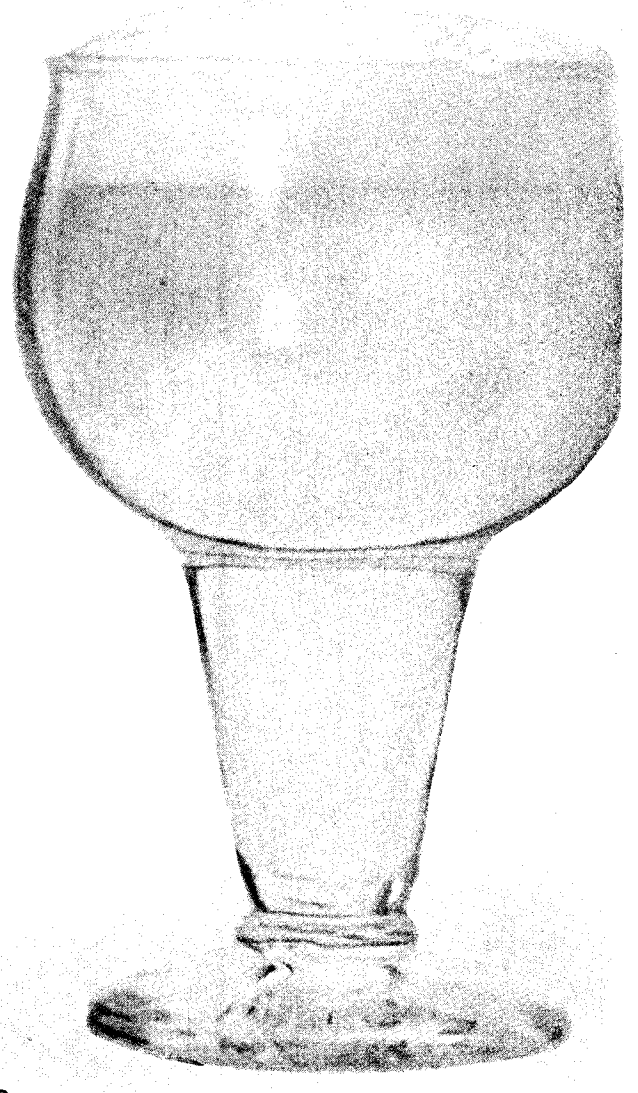

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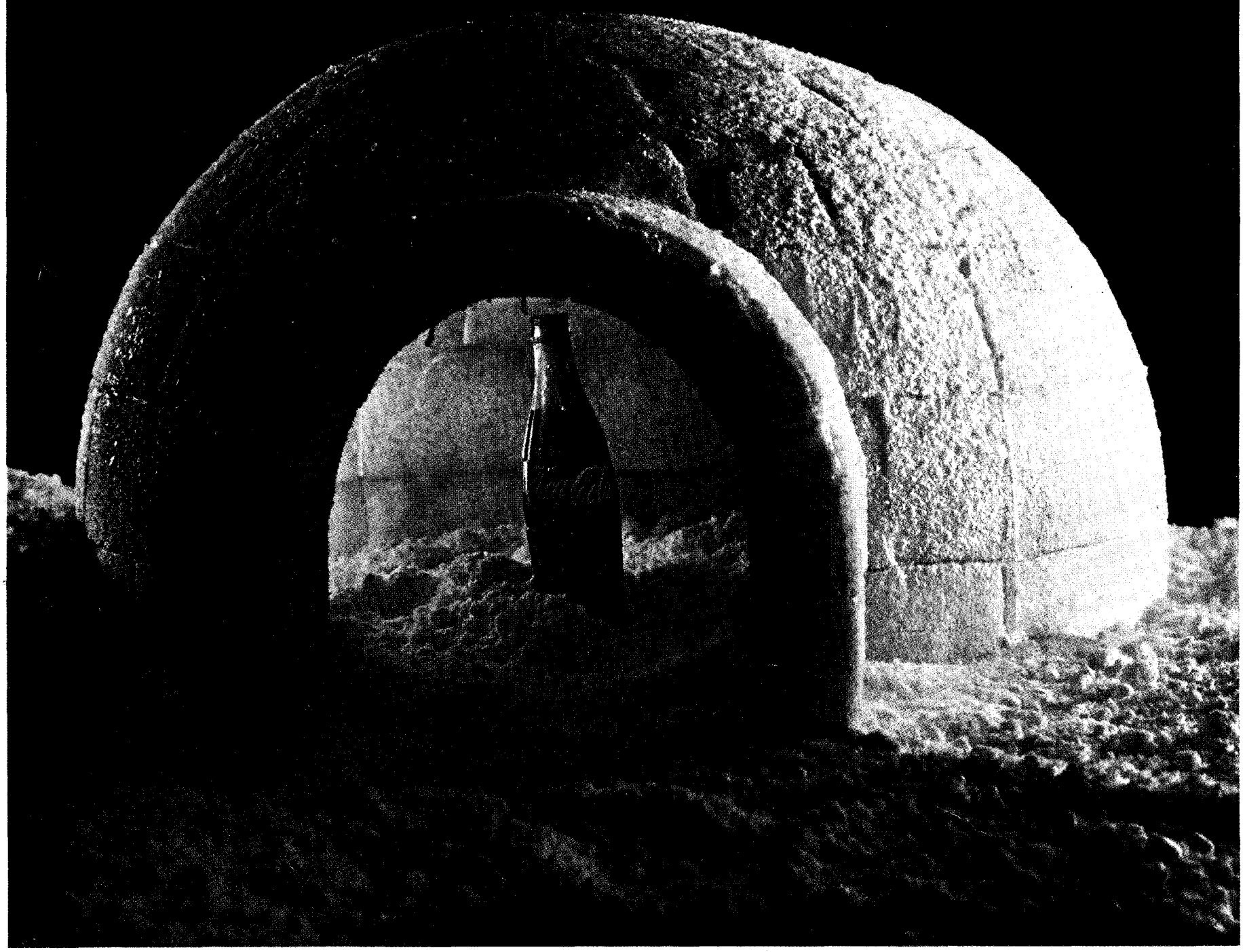

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